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A BOOK ABOUT DOCTORS.

BY

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AUTHOR OF

"NOVELS AND NOVELISTS," "CREWE RISE,"

IN TWO VOLUMES.

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A BOOK ABOUT DOCTORS.

CHAPTER I.

IMAGINATION AS A REMEDIAL POWER.

ASTROLOGY, alchemy, the once general belief in the healing effects of the royal touch, the use of charms and amulets, and mesmerism, are only various exhibitions of one superstition, having for their essence the same little grain of truth, and for the outward expression different forms of error. Disconnected as they appear at first sight, a brief examination discovers the common features which prove them to be of one family. By turns they have—each of them—given humiliating evidence of the irrational extravagances that reasoning creatures are capable of committing; and each of them, also, has conferred some benefits on man-

kind. The gibberish of Geber, and the alchemist who preceded and followed him, led to the study of chemistry, the utility and importance of which science we have only begun rightly to appreciate; and a curiosity about the foolishness of astrology led Sir Isaac Newton to his astronomical enquiries. Lord Bacon says—"The sons of chymistry, while they are busy seeking the hidden gold—whether real or not—have, by turning over and trying, brought much profit and convenience to mankind." And if the delusions of talismans, amulets, and charms, and the impostures of Mesmer, have had no greater consequences, they have at least afforded, to the observant and reflective, much valuable instruction with regard to the constitution of the human mind.

In the history of these superstitions we have to consider the universal faith which men in all ages have entertained in planetary influence, and which, so long as day and night, and the moon and tides endure, few will be found so ignorant or so insensible as to question. The grand end of alchemy was to transmute the base metals into gold; and it proposed to achieve this by obtaining possession of the different fires transmitted by the heavenly bodies to our planet, and subjecting, according to a mysterious system, the comparatively worthless substances of the mineral world to the force of these fires.

“Now,” says Paracelsus, in his “Secrets of Alchemy,” “we come to speake of a manifold spirit or fire, which is the cause of variety and diversity of creatures, so that there cannot one be found right like another, and the same in every part; as it may be seen in metals, of which there is none which hath another like itself: the *Sun* produceth his gold; the *Moon* produceth another metal far different, to wit, silver; *Mars* another, that is to say, iron; *Jupiter* produceth another kind of metal, to wit, tin; *Venus* another, which is copper; and *Saturn* another kind, that is to say, lead; so that they are all unlike, and several one from another; the same appeareth to be as well amongst men as all other creatures, the cause whereof is the multiplicity of fire. Where there is no great mixture of the elements, the *Sun* bringeth forth; where it is a little more thick, the *Moon*; where more gross, *Venus*; and thus, according to the diversity of mixtures, are produced divers metals; so that no metal appeared in the same mine like another.”

This, which is an extract from Turner’s translation of Paracelsus’s “Secrets of Alchemy,” (published in 1655), may be taken as a fair sample of the jargon of alchemy.

The same faith in planetary influence was the grand feature of astrology, which regarded all

natural phenomena as the effects of the stars acting upon the earth. Diseases of all kinds were referable to the heavenly bodies; and so, also, were the properties of those herbs or other objects which were believed in as remedial agents. In ancient medicine pharmacy was at one period only the application of the dreams of astrology to the vegetable world. The herb which put an ague or madness to flight, did so by reason of a mystic power imparted to it by a particular constellation, the outward signs of which quality were to be found in its colour or aspect. Indeed, it was not enough that "a simple," impregnated with curative power by heavenly beams, should be culled; but it had to be culled at a particular period of the year, at a particular day of the month, even at a particular hour, when the irradiating source of its efficacy was supposed to be affecting it with a peculiar force; and, moreover, it had to be removed from the ground or the stem on which it grew with a particular instrument or gesture of the body—a disregard of which forms would have obviated the kindly influence of the particular star, without whose benignant aid the physician and the drug were alike powerless.

Medical practitioners smile now at the mention of these absurdities. But many of them are ignorant that they, in their daily practice, help to per-

petuate the observance of one of these ridiculed forms. The sign which every member of the Faculty puts before his prescriptions, and which is very generally interpreted as an abbreviation for *Recipe*, is but the astrological symbol of Jupiter.

It was on this principle that a belief became prevalent that certain objects, either of natural formation or constructed by the instruments of art, had the power of counteracting noxious agents. An intimate connection was supposed to exist between the form or colour of an external substance and the use to which it ought to be put. Red objects had a mysterious influence on inflammatory diseases; and yellow ones had a similar power on those who were discoloured with jaundice. Edward II.'s physician, John of Gaddesden, informs us, "When the son of the renowned King of England lay sick of the small-pox, I took care that everything round the bed should be of a red colour, which succeeded so completely that the Prince was restored to perfect health without a vestige of a pustule remaining." Even as late as 1765, this was put in practice to the Emperor Francis I. The earliest talismans were natural objects, with a more or less striking external character, imagined to have been impressed upon them by the planets of whose influence they were especially

susceptible, and of whose virtues they were beyond all other substances the recipients. The amulet (which differs little from the talisman, save in that it must be worn suspended upon the person it is to protect, whereas the talisman might be kept by its fortunate possessor locked up in his treasure-house) had a like origin.

But when once a superstitious regard was paid to the external marks of a natural object, it was a short and easy step to produce the semblances of the revered characters by an artificial process, and then bestow on them the reverential feelings which had previously been directed to their originals. The ordinary course taken by a superstition in its degradation is one where its first sentiment becomes lost to sight, and its form is dogmatically insisted on. It was so in that phase of feticism which consisted in the blind reliance put on artificial talismans and amulets. The original significance of the talisman—the truth which was embodied in it as the emblem of the unseen powers that had produced it, in accordance with natural operations—was forgotten. The rows of lines and scratches, and the variegations of its colour, were only thought of; and the cunning of man—ever ready to make a god for himself—was exerted to improve upon them. In the multitude of new devices came inscriptions of mystic numbers, strange signs, agglomerations of

figures, and scraps from sacred rituals—Abraxas and Abracadabra, and the Fi-fo-fum nonsense of the later charms.

Creatures that were capable of detecting the influence of the planetary system on that portion of Nature which is unquestionably affected by it, and of imagining its presence in inanimate objects, which, to use cautious language, have never been proved by science to be sensible of such a power, of course magnified its consequences in all that related to the human intellect and character. The instant in which a man entered the world was regarded as the one when he was most susceptible. Indeed, a babe was looked upon as a piece of warm and pliant wax; and the particular planet which was in the ascendant when the nurse placed the new child of Adam amongst the people of earth stamped upon it a distinctive character. To be born under a particular star was then an expression that meant something. On the nature of the star it depended whether homunculus, squealing out its first agonies, was to be morose or gentle, patient or choleric, lively or saturnine, amorous or vindictive—a warrior or a poet—a dreamer or a man of action.

Laughing at the refinements of absurdity at which astrology had arrived in his day, the author of “Hudibras” says:—

“There’s but the twinkling of a star
Between a man of peace and war ;
A thief and justice, fool and knave,
A huffing officer and slave ;
A crafty lawyer and a pick-pocket,
A great philosopher and a blockhead ;
A formal preacher and a player,
A learn’d physician and manslayer.
As if men from stars did suck
Old age, diseases, and ill-luck,
Wit, folly, honour, virtue, vice,
Travel and women, trade and dice ;
And draw, with the first air they breathe,
Battle and murder, sudden death.
Are not these fine commodities
To be imported from the skies,
And vended here amongst the rabble
For staple goods and warrantable ? ”

Involved in this view of the universe was the doctrine that some exceptional individuals were born far superior to the mass of their fellow-creatures. Absurd as astrology was, still, its postulates having once been granted, the logic was unassailable which argued that those few, on whose birth lucky stars had shone benignantly, had a destiny and an organization distinct from those of ordinary mortals. The dicta of modern liberalism, and the Transatlantic dogma that “all men are by nature born equal,” would have appeared to an orthodox believer in this planetary religion nothing better than the ravings of madness or impiety. Monarchs of men, whatever

lowly station they at first occupied in life, were exalted above others because they possessed a distinctive excellence imparted to them at the hour of birth by the silent rulers of the night. It was useless to strive against such authority. To contend with it would have been to wrestle with the Almighty—ever present in his peculiarly favoured creatures.

Rulers being such, it was but natural for their servile worshippers to believe them capable of imparting to others, by a glance of the eye or a touch of the hand, an infinitesimal portion of the virtue that dwelt within them. To be favoured with their smiles was to bask in sunshine amid perfumes. To be visited with their frowns was to be chilled to the marrow, and feel the hail come down like keen arrows from an angry sky. To be touched by their robes was to receive new vigour. Hence came credence in the miraculous power of the imposition of royal, or otherwise sacred hands. Pyrrhus and Vespasian cured maladies by the touch of their fingers; and, long before and after them, earthly potentates and spiritual directors had, both in the East and the West, to prove their title to authority by displaying the same faculty.

In our own country more than in any other region of Christendom this superstition found supporters. From Edward the Confessor down

to Queen Anne, who laid her healing hands on Samuel Johnson, it flourished; and he was a rash man who, trusting to the blind guidance of human reason, dared to question that manifestation of the divinity which encircles kingship. Doubtless the gift of money made to each person who was touched did not tend to bring the cure into disesteem. It can be easily credited that, out of the multitude who flocked to the presence of Elizabeth and the Stuart kings for the benefit of their miraculous manipulations, there were many shrewd vagabonds who had more faith in the coin than in the touch bestowed upon them. The majority, however, it cannot be doubted, were as sincere victims of delusion as those who, at the close of the last century, believed in the efficacy of metallic tractors, and those who now unconsciously expose their intellectual infirmity as advocates of electro-biology and spirit-rapping. The populace, as a body, unhesitatingly believed that their sovereigns possessed this faculty as the anointed of the Lord. A story is told of a Papist who, much to his astonishment, was cured of the king's evil by Elizabeth, after her final rupture with the court of Rome.

"Now I perceive," cried the man, "by plain experience, that the excommunication against the Queen is of no effect, since God hath blessed her with such a gift."

Nor would it be wise to suppose that none were benefited by the treatment. The eagerness with which the vulgar crowd to a sight, and the intense excitement with which London mobs witness a royal procession to the houses of Parliament, or a Lord Mayor's pageant on its way from the City to Westminster, may afford us some idea of the inspiring sensations experienced by a troop of wretches taken from their kennels to Whitehall, and brought into personal contact with their sovereign—their ideal of grandeur! Such a trip was a stimulus to the nervous system, compared with which the shock of a galvanic battery would have been but the tickling of a feather. And, over and above this, was the influence of imagination, which in many ways may become an agent for restoring the tone of the nervous system, and so enabling Nature to overcome the obstacles to her healthy action.

Montaigne admirably treated this subject in his essay "Of the Force of Imagination;" and his anecdote of the happy results derived by an unfortunate nobleman from the use of the flat gold plate, graven with celestial figures, must have occurred to many of his readers who have witnessed the beneficial effects which are frequently produced by the practices of quackery.

"These apes' tricks," says Montaigne, "are the main cause of the effect, our fancy being so far se-

duced as to believe that such strange and uncouth formalities must of necessity proceed from some abstruse science. Their very inanity gives them reverence and weight."

And old Burton, touching, in his "*Anatomy of Melancholy*," on the power of imagination, says, quaintly :—

"How can otherwise blear eyes in one man cause the like affection in another? Why doth one man's yawning make another yawn? Why do witches and old women fascinate and bewitch children; but as Wierus, Paracelsus, Cardan, Migaldus, Valleriola, Cæsar Vanninus, Campanella, and many philosophers think, the forcible imagination of one party moves and alters the spirits of the other. Nay more, they cause and cure, not only diseases, maladies, and several infirmities by this means, as 'Avicenna de Anim, l. 4, sect. 4,' supposeth in parties remote, but move bodies from their places, cause thunder, lightning, tempests; which opinion Alkindus, Paracelsus, and some others approve of."

In this passage Burton touches not only on the effects of the imagination, but also on the impression which the nervous energy of one person may create upon the nervous sensibility of another. That such an impression can be produced, no one can question who observes the conduct of men in their ordinary relations to each other. By what-

ever term we christen it—endeavouring to define either the cause or its effect—we all concur in admitting that decision of character, earnestness of manner, enthusiasm, a commanding aspect, a piercing eye, or a strong will, exercise a manifest control over common natures, whether they be acting separately or in masses.

Of the men who, without learning, or an ennobling passion for truth, or a high purpose of any kind, have, unaided by physical force, commanded the attention and directed the actions of large numbers of their fellow-creatures, Mesmer is perhaps the most remarkable in modern history. But we will not speak of him till we have paid a few minutes' attention to one of his predecessors.

The most notable forerunner of Mesmer in this country was Valentine Greatrakes, who, in Charles the Second's reign, performed "severall marvailous cures by the stroaking of the hands." He was a gentleman of condition, and, at first, the dupe of his own imagination rather than a deliberate charlatan. He was born on the 14th of February, 1628, on his father's estate of Affane, in the County of Waterford, and was, on both sides, of more than merely respectable extraction, his father being a gentleman of good repute and property, and his mother being a daughter of Sir Edward Harris, Knt., a Justice of the King's Bench in Ireland. The first years of his school-life were

passed in the once famous Academy of Lismore ; but, when he had arrived at thirteen years of age, his mother (who had become a widow), on the outbreak of the rebellion, fled with him and his little brothers and sisters to England, where the fugitive family were hospitably entertained by Mr. Edmund Harris, a gentleman of considerable property, and one of the justice's sons. After concluding his education in the family of one John Daniel Getseus, a High-German minister of Stock Gabriel, in the County of Devon, Valentine returned to Ireland, then distracted with tumult and armed rebellion ; and, by prudently joining the victorious side, re-entered on the possession of his father's estate of Affane. He served for six years in Cromwell's forces (from 1650 to 1656) as a lieutenant of the Munster Cavalry, which was commanded by the Earl of Orrery. Valentine's commission was in the earl's regiment ; and, from the time of entering the army till the close of his career is lost sight of, he seems to have enjoyed the patronage and friendship of that nobleman's family.

When the Munster horse was disbanded in 1656, Valentine retired to Affane, and for a period occupied himself as an active and influential country gentleman. He was made Clerk of the Peace for the County of Cork, a Register for Transplantation, and a Justice of the Peace. In the per-

formance of the onerous duties which, in the then disturbed state of Ireland, these offices brought upon him, he gained deserved popularity and universal esteem. He was a frank and commanding personage, of pleasant manners, gallant bearing, fine figure, and singularly handsome face. With a hearty and musical voice, and a national stock of high animal spirits, he was the delight of all festive assemblies, and he took his pleasure freely, but never to excess. Indeed, he was a devout man. Men believed in God in those days, and Valentine was not ashamed, in his own household, and in his bearing to the outer world, to avow that it was his intention to serve the Lord. But, though he had all the purity of Puritanism, there was not in him even a taint of sectarian rancour or uncharitableness. When an anonymous writer aspersed his reputation, he responded—and no one could gainsay his words—with regard to his public career:—"I studied so to acquit myself before God and man in singleness and integrity of heart, that, to the comfort of my soul, and praise of God that directed me, I can with confidence say, I never took bribe nor reward from any man, though I had many and great ones before me (when I was Register for Transplantation); nor did I ever connive at or suffer a malefactor to go unpunished, if the person were guilty of any notorious crime (when I had power), nor

did I ever take the fee belonging to my office, if I found the person were injured, or in want; nor did I ever commit anyone for his judgment and conscience barely, so it led him not to do anything to the disturbance of the civil peace of the nation; nor did I take anything for my fee when he was discharged—for I bless God he has taken away a persecuting spirit from me, who would persuade all men to be Protestants, those principles being most consonant to Truth and the Word of God, in my judgment, and that profession which I have ever been of, and still am. . . . Yet (though there were orders from the power that then was, to all Justices of the Peace, for Transplanting all Papists that would not go to church), I never molested anyone that was known or esteemed to be innocent, but suffered them to continue in the English quarters, and that without prejudice. So that I can truly say, I never injured any man for his conscience, conceiving that ought to be informed, and not enforced.”

On the Restoration, Valentine Greatrakes lost his offices, and was reduced to the position of a mere private gentleman. His estate at Affane was a small one; but he laboured on it with good results, introducing into his neighbourhood a more scientific system of agriculture than had previously been known there, and giving an unprecedented quantity of employment to the poor.

Perhaps he missed the excitement of public business, and his energies, deprived of the vent they had for many years enjoyed, preyed upon his sensitive nature. Anyhow, he became the victim of his imagination, which, acting on a mind that had been educated in a school of spiritual earnestness and superstitious introspection, led him into a series of remarkable hallucinations. He first had fits of pensiveness and dejection, similar to those which tormented Cromwell, ere his genius had found for itself a more fit field of display than the management of a brewery and a few acres of marsh-land. Ere long he had an impulse, or a strange persuasion in his own mind (of which he was not able to give any rational account to another), which did very frequently suggest to him that there was bestowed on him the gift of curing the King's Evil, which, for the extraordinariness of it, he thought fit to conceal for some time, but at length communicated to his wife, and told her, "That he did verily believe that God had given him the blessing of curing the King's Evil; for, whether he were in private or in publick, sleeping or waking, still he had the same impulse; but her reply was to him, that she conceived this was a strange imagination." Such are his own words, save that we have adopted the oblique narration instead of his form, which uses the first person.

Patients either afflicted with King's Evil, or

were suffering only from aggravated boils and common festering sores, from which, as a matter of course, nature would in the space of a few weeks have relieved them. Doubtless many of Valentine's patients were suffering, not under scrofulous affections, but comparatively innocent tumours; for his cures were rapid, complete, and numerous. A second impulse gave him the power of curing ague; and a third inspiration of celestial aura imparted to him command, under certain conditions, over all human diseases. His modes of operation were various. When an afflicted person was laid before him, he usually offered up a prayer to God to help him to make him the humble instrument of divine mercy. And invariably when a patient derived benefit from his treatment, he exhorted him to offer up his thanks to his Heavenly Father. After the initiatory supplication the operator passed his hands over the affected part of the sick person's body, sometimes over the skin itself, and sometimes over the clothes. The mani-

ions varied in muscular force from delicate tickling to violent rubbing, according to the nature of the evil spirits by which the diseased people were tormented. Greatrakes's theory of disease was the scriptural one: the morbid power was a devil, which had to be expelled from the frame in which it had taken shelter. Sometimes the demon was exorcised by a few gentle passes; occasionally it fled, like a well-bred dog, at the verbal command of the physician, or retreated on being gazed at through the eyes of the mortal it tormented; but frequently the victory was not gained till the healer rubbed himself—like the rubber who in our own day makes such a large income at Brighton—into a red face and a copious perspiration. Henry Stubbe, a famous physician in Stratford-upon-Avon, in his “Miraculous Conformist,” published in 1666, gives the following testimony:—

“Proofs that he revives the Ferment of the Blood.—Mr. Bromley's brother, of Upton upon Severne, after a long quartane Ague, had by a Metastasis of the Disease such a chilnesse in the habit of the body, that no clothes could possibly warme him; he wore upon his head many spiced caps, and tenne pounds weight of linnen on his head. Mr. Greatarick stripped him, and rubbed him all over, and immediately he sweat, and was hot all over, so as that the bath never heated up as did

the hand of Mr. Greatarick's; this was his own expression. But Mr. Greatarick causing him to cast off all that multitude of caps and cloaths, it was supposed that it frustrated the happy effect, for he felt the recourse of his disease in some parts rendered the cure suspicious. But as often as Mr. Greatarick came and rubbed him he would be all in a flame againe for half-an-hour: the experiment whereof was frequently practised for five or six dayes at Ragly."

Greatrakes himself also speaks of his more violent curative exertions making him very hot. But it was only occasionally that he had to labour so vehemently. His eye, the glance of which had a fascinating effect on people of a nervous organization, and his fantastic ticklings, usually produced all the results required by his mode of treatment.

The fame of the healer spread far and wide. Not only from the most secluded parts of Ireland, but from civilized England, the lame and blind, the deaf, dumb, and diseased, made pilgrimages to the Squire of Affane. His stable, barn, and malt-house were crowded with wretches imploring his aid. The demands upon his time were so many and great, that he set apart three days in the week for the reception of patients; and on those days, from six in the morning till six in the evening, he ministered to his wretched clients. He took no fee but gratitude on the part of those he benefit-

ted, and a cheering sense that he was fulfilling the commands of the founder of his religion. The Dean of Lismore cited him to appear before the ecclesiastical court, and render an account of his proceedings. He went, and on being asked if he had worked any cures, replied to the court that they might come to his house and see. The judge asked if he had a licence to practise from the ordinary of the diocese; and he replied that he knew of no law which prohibited any man from doing what good he could to others. He was, however, commanded by the court not to lay his hands again on the sick, until he had obtained the Ordinary's licence to do so. He obeyed for two days only, and went on again more earnestly than ever.

Let a charlatan or an enthusiast spread his sails, the breeze of fashion is always present, and ready to swell them. The Earl of Orrery took his quondam lieutenant by the hand, and persuaded him to go over to England to cure the Viscountess Conway of a violent headache, which, in spite of the ablest physicians of England and France, she had suffered from for many years. Lord Conway sent him an urgent invitation to do so. He complied, and made his way to Rugby, in Warwickshire, where he was unable to give relief to his hostess, but was hospitably entertained for a month. His inability to benefit Lady Conway

did not injure his reputation. He did not profess to be able to cure everyone. An adverse influence—such as the sins of a patient, or his want of faith—was enough to counteract the healing power. In the jargon of modern mesmerism, which *practically* was only a revival of Great-rakes's extravagances, the physician could affect only those who were susceptible. But though Lady Conway was beyond the reach of his mysterious agency, the reverse was the case with others. The gentry and commonalty of Warwickshire crowded by thousands to him; and he touched, prayed over, and blessed them, and sent them away rejoicing. From Rugby he went to Worcester, at the request of the Lord Mayor and Aldermen of that city; and from Worcester he was carried up to London. Lord Arlington commanded him to appear at Whitehall, and tumble in his particular fashion for the amusement of Charles II. A man who could cure gout by a touch would have been an acquisition to such a Court as then presided over English manners.

In London he immediately became a star. The fashion of the West, and the wary opulence of the East, laid their offerings at his feet. For a time he ruled from Soho to Wapping. Mr. Justice Godfrey gave him rooms for the reception of patients in his mansion in Lincoln's-inn

Fields ; and thither flocked the mob of the indigent and the mob of the wealthy to pay him homage. Mr. Boyle (the brother of the Earl of Orrery), Sir William Smith, Dr. Denton, Dr. Fairclough, Dr. Faber, Sir Nathaniel Hobart, Sir John Godolphin, Dr. Wilkins, Dr. Whichcot, and Dr. Cudworth were amongst his most vehement supporters of the sterner sex. But the majority of his admirers were ladies. The Countess of Devonshire entertained him in her palace ; and Lady Ranelagh frequently amused the guests at her routs with Mr. Valentine Greatrakes, who, in the character of *the lion* of the season, performed with wondrous results on the prettiest or most hysterical of the ladies present. It was held as certain by his intimate friends that the curative property that came from him was a subtle aura, effulgent, and of an exquisitely sweet smell, that could only be termed the divine breath. "God," says Dr. Henry Stubbe, "had bestowed upon Mr. Greaterick a peculiar temperament, or composed his body of some particular ferments, the effluvia whereof, being introduced sometimes by a light, sometimes by a violent friction, should restore the temperament of the debilitated parts, reinvigorate the blood, and dissipate all heterogeneous ferments out of the bodies of the diseased by the eyes, nose, mouth, hands, and feet. I place the gift of healing in the temperament or composure

of his body, because I see it is necessary that he touch them. Besides, the Right Honourable the Lord Conway observed one morning, as he came into his lordship's chamber, a smell strangely pleasant, as if it had been of sundry flowers; and demanding of his man what sweet water he had brought into the room, he answered, *None*; whereupon his lordship smelled upon the hand of Mr. Greaterick, and found the fragrancy to issue thence; and examining his bosom, he found the like scent there also." Dean Rust gave similar testimony; and "Sir Amos Meredith, who had been Mr. Greaterick's bed-fellow," did the like.

Amongst the certificates of cures performed, which Greatrakes published, are two to which the name of Andrew Marvell is affixed, as a spectator of the stroking. One of them is the following:—

“MR. NICHOLSON'S CERTIFICATE.

“I, Anthony Nicholson, of Cambridge, Bookseller, have been affected sore with pains all over my body, for three-and-twenty years last past, have had advice and best directions of all the doctors there; have been at the bath in Somersetshire, and been at above one hundred pounds expense to procure ease, or a cure of these pains; and have found all the means I could be advised or directed to ineffectual for either, till, by the

advice of Dr. Benjamin Whichcot and Dean Rust, I applyed myself to Mr. Greatrake's for help, upon Saturday was sevenight, being the latter end of March, and who then stroked me ; upon which I was very much worse, and enforced to keep my bed for five or six days : but then being stroked twice since, by the blessing of God upon Mr. Greatrake's endeavours, I am perfectly cas'd of all pains, and very healthy and strong, inso-much as I intend (God willing) to return home towards Cambridge to-morrow morning, though I was so weak as to be necessitated to be brought up in men's arms, on Saturday last about 11 of the clock, to Mr. Greatrake's. Attested by me this tenth day of April, 1666. I had also an hard swelling in my left arm, whereby I was disabled from using it ; which being taken out by the said Mr. Greatrake's, I am perfectly freed of all pain, and the use thereof greatly restored.

“ ANTHONY NICHOLSON.

“ In the presence of Andrew Marvell, Jas. Fairclough, Tho. Alured, Tho. Pooley, W. Popple.”

There were worse features of life in Charles the Second's London than the popularity of Valentine Greatrakes ; but his triumph was of short duration. His professions were made the butts of

ridicule, to which his presence of mind and volubility were unable to respond with effect. It was asserted by his enemies that his system was only a cloak under which he offended the delicacy of virtuous women, and roused the vile passions of the unchaste. His tone of conversation was represented as compounded of the blasphemy of the religious enthusiast and the blasphemy of the obscene profligate. His boast that he never received a fee for his remedial services was met by flat contradiction, and a statement that he received presents to the amount of 100*l.* at a time from a single individual. This last accusation was never clearly disposed of; but it is probable that the reward he sought (if he looked for any) was restoration, through Court influence, to the commission of magistrates for his county, and the lost clerkship of the peace. The tide of slander was anyhow too strong for him, and he retired to his native country a less honoured though perhaps a not less honest man than he left it. Of his sincerity at the outset of his career as a healer there can be little doubt.

Valentine Greatrakes did unconsciously what many years after him Mesmer did by design. He in his remarkable career illustrated the power which a determined man may exercise over the will and nervous life of another. As soon as the

singular properties of the loadstone were discovered, they were presumed to have a strong medicinal effect; and in this belief physicians for centuries—and indeed almost down to present times—were in the habit of administering pulverized magnet in salves, plaisters, pills, and potions. It was not till the year 1660 that it was for the first time distinctly recorded in the archives of science, by Dr. Gilbert, of Colchester, that in a state of pulverization the loadstone no longer possessed any magnetic powers. But it was not till some generations after this that medical practitioners universally recognized the fact that powder of magnet, externally or internally administered, was capable of producing no other results than the presence of any ordinary ferruginous substance would account for. But long after this error had been driven from the domains of science, an unreasonable belief in the power of magnets applied externally to the body held its ground. In 1777-80, the Royal Society of Medicine in Paris made numerous experiments with a view to arrive at a just appreciation of the influence of magnets on the human system, and came to the conclusion that they were medicinal agents of no ordinary efficacy.

Such was the state of medical opinion at the close of the last century, when Perkins's tractors,

which were supposed to act magnetically, became the fashion. Mr. Perkins was a citizen of Connecticut, and certainly his celebrated invention was worthy of the 'cutest people on the 'varsal earth. Barnum's swindles were modest ventures by comparison. The entire world, old and new, went tractor-mad. Every valetudinarian bought the painted nails, composed of an alloy of various metals (which none but Perkins could make, and none but Perkins sell), and tickled with their sharp ends the parts of his frame which were regarded as the centres of disease.

The phenomena apparently produced by these instruments were astounding, and misled every observer of them; until Dr. Haygarth of Bath proved, by a process to which objection was impossible, that they were referable not to metal points, but to the mental condition of those who used them. "Robert Thomas," says Dr. Haygarth, in his interesting work, "aged forty-three, who had been for some time under the care of Dr. Lovell in the Bristol Infirmary, with a rheumatic affection of the shoulder, which rendered his arm perfectly useless, was pointed out as a proper object of trial by Mr. J. W. Dyer, apothecary to the house. Tuesday, April 19th, having everything in readiness, I passed through the ward, and, in a way that he might suspect nothing, questioned him respect-

ing his complaint. I then told him that I had an instrument in my pocket which had been very serviceable to many in his state ; and when I had explained to him how simple it was, he consented to undergo the operation. In six minutes no other effect was produced than a warmth upon the skin, and I feared that this *coup d'essai* had failed. The next day, however, he told me that ' he had received so much benefit that it had enabled him to lift his hand from his knee, which he had in vain several times attempted on Monday evening, as the whole ward witnessed.' The tractors I used being made of lead, I thought it advisable to lay them aside, lest, being metallic points, the proof against his fraud might be less complete. Thus much, however, was proved, that the patent tractors possessed no specific power independent of simple metals. Two pieces of wood, properly shaped and painted, were next made use of ; and in order to add solemnity to the farce, Mr Barton held in his hand a stop-watch, whilst Mr. Lax minuted the effects produced. In four minutes the man raised his hand several inches ; and he had lost also the pain in his shoulder usually experienced when attempting to lift anything. He continued to undergo the operation daily, and with progressive good effect ; for on the twenty-fifth he could touch the mantel-piece. On the

twenty-seventh, in the presence of Dr. Lovell and Mr. J. P. Noble, two common iron nails, disguised with sealing-wax, were substituted for the pieces of mahogany before used. In three minutes he felt something moving from his arm to his hand, and soon after he touched the board of rules, which hung a foot above the fire-place. This patient at length so far recovered that he could carry coals and use his arm sufficiently to help the nurse; yet, previous to the use of the spurious tractors, he could no more lift his hand from his knee than if a hundredweight were upon it, or a nail driven through it—as he declared in the presence of several gentlemen, whose names I shall have frequent occasion to mention. The fame of this case brought applications in abundance; indeed, it must be confessed that it was more than sufficient to act upon weak minds, and induce a belief that these pieces of wood and iron were endowed with some peculiar virtues.”

The result of Dr. Haygarth’s experiments was the overthrow of Perkins, and the enlightenment of the public as to the real worth of the celebrated metallic tractors. In achieving this the worthy physician added some interesting facts to the science of psychology. But of course his influence upon the ignorant and foolish persons he illuminated was only transient. Ere a few short years

or even months were over, they had embraced another delusion—not less ridiculous, but more pernicious.

CHAPTER II.

IMAGINATION AND NERVOUS EXCITEMENT.

MESMER.

AT a very early date the effects of magnetic influences, and the ordinary phenomena of nervous excitement, were the source of much confusion and perplexity to medical speculators, who, with an unsound logic that is perhaps more frequent than any other form of bad reasoning, accounted for what they could not understand by pointing to what they were only imperfectly acquainted with. The power of the loadstone was a mystery; the nervous phenomena produced by a strong will over a weak one were a mystery:—clearly the mysterious phenomena were to be attributed to the mysterious power. In its outset animal magnetism committed no other error than this. Its wilder extravagances were all subsequent to this

assumption, that two sets of phenomena, which it has never yet been proved are nearly allied, were connected, the one with the other, in the relation of cause and effect, or as being the offspring of one immediate and common cause.

To support this theory it called into its service the old astrological views regarding planetary influence. But it held also that the subtle fluid so transmitted to the animal life of our planet was capable of being passed on in greater or less volumes of quantity and intensity. Nervous energy was only that subtle fluid which was continually passing and repassing in impalpable currents between the earth and the celestial bodies; and when, by reason of the nervous energy within him, any one exercised control over another, he was deemed only to have infused him with some of his own stock of spiritual aura. Here was a new statement of the old dream which had charmed the poets and philosophers of buried centuries; and as it was a view which did not admit of positive disproof, it was believed by its excited advocates to be proved.

One of the first British writers on animal magnetism was William Maxwell, a Scotch physician, who enunciated his opinions with a boldness and perspicacity which do him much credit. The first four of his twelve conclusions are a very good specimen of his work:—

“*Conclusio* 1.—Anima non solum in corpore proprio visibili, sed etiam extra corpus est, nec corpore organico circumscribitur.

“*Conclusio* 2.—Anima extra corpus proprium, communiter sic dictum, operatur.

“*Conclusio* 3.—Ab omni corpore radii corporales fluunt, in quibus anima sua præsentia operatur; hisque energiam et potentiam operandi largitur. Sunt vero radii hi non solum corporales, sed et diversarum partium.

“*Conclusio* 4.—Radii hi, qui ex animalium corporibus emittuntur, spiritu vitali gaudent, per quem animæ mutationes dispensantur.”

The sixty-fifth of the aphorisms with which Maxwell concludes his book is an amusing one, as giving the orthodox animal-magnetic view of that condition of the affections which we term love, and also as illustrating the connection between astrology and charms.

“*Aphorism* 65.—Imaginatione vero producitur amor, quando imaginatio exaltata unius imaginationi alterius dominatur, eamque fingit sigillatque; atque hoc propter miram imaginationis volubilitatem vicissim fieri potest. Hinc incantationes effectum nanciscuntur, licet aliqualem forsan in se virtutem possideant, sine imaginatione tamen hæc virtus propter universalitatem distribui nequit.”

Long before animal magnetism was a stock subject of conversation at dinner-parties, there

was a vague knowledge of its pretensions floating about society ; and a curiosity to know how far its principles were reconcilable with facts animated men of science and lovers of the marvellous. Had not this been the state of public feeling, the sensations created by Sir Kenelm Digby's sympathetical cures, Greatrakes's administrations, Leverett's manual exercises, and Louthembourg's manipulations, would not have been so great and universal.

But the person who turned the credulity of the public on this point to the best account was Frederick Anthony Mesmer. This man did not originate a single idea. He only traded on the old day-dreams and vagaries of departed ages ; and yet he managed to fix his name upon a science (?), in the origination or development of which he had no part whatever ; and, by daring charlatanry, he made it a means of grasping enormous wealth. Where this man was born is uncertain. Vienna, Werseburg in Swabia, and Switzerland, contend for the honour of having given him to the world. At Vienna he took his M.D. degree, having given an inaugural dissertation on "The Influence of the Planets upon the Human Body." His course of self-delusion began with using magnets as a means of cure, when applied externally ; and he had resolutely advanced on the road of positive knavery, when, after his quarrel with his

old instructor, Maximilian Hel, he threw aside the use of steel magnets, and produced, by the employment of his fingers and eyes, greater marvels than had ever followed the application of the loadstone or Perkins's tractors. As his prosperity and reputation increased, so did his audacity—which was always laughable, when it did not disgust by its impiety.

On one occasion, Dr. Egg Von Ellekon asked him why he ordered his patients to bathe in river, and not in spring water? "Because," was the answer, "river water is exposed to the sun's rays." "True," was the reply, "the water is sometimes warmed by the sun, but not so much so that you have not sometimes to warm it still more. Why then should not spring water be preferable?" Not at all posed, Mesmer answered, with charming candour, "Dear doctor, the cause why all the water which is exposed to the rays of the sun is superior to all other water is because it is magnetized. I myself magnetized the sun some twenty years ago."

But a better story of him is told by Madame Campan. That lady's husband was attacked with pulmonary inflammation. Mesmer was sent for, and found himself called upon to stem a violent malady, not to gull the frivolous Parisians, who were then raving about the marvels of the new system. He felt his patient's pulse, made certain

inquiries, and then, turning to Madame Campan, gravely assured her that the only way to restore her husband to health was to lay in his bed, by his side, one of three things—a young woman of brown complexion, a black hen, or an old bottle. “Sir,” replied Madame Campan, “if the choice be a matter of indifference, pray try the empty bottle.” The bottle was tried, but Mons. Campan grew worse. Madame Campan left the room, alarmed and anxious, and, during her absence, Mesmer bled and blistered his patient. This latter treatment was more efficacious. But imagine Madame Campan’s astonishment when, on her husband’s recovery, Mesmer asked for and obtained from him a written certificate that he had been cured by Mesmerism!

It is instructive to reflect that the Paris which made for a short day Mesmer its idol, was not far distant from the Paris of the Reign of Terror. In one year the man received 400,000 francs in fees; and positively the French government, at the instigation of Maurepas, offered him an annual stipend of 20,000 francs, together with an additional 10,000 to support an establishment for patients and pupils, if he would stay in France. One unpleasant condition was attached to this offer: he was required to allow three nominees of the Crown to watch his proceedings. So inordinately high did Mesmer rate his claims, that he

stood out for better terms, and, like the dog of the fable, by endeavouring to get too much, lost what he might have secured. Ere long the Parisians recovered something of common sense. The enthusiasm of the hour had subsided; and the Royal Commission, composed of some of the best men of science to be found in the entire world, were enabled to explain to the public how they had been fooled by a trickster, and betrayed into practices scarcely less offensive to modesty than to reason. In addition to the public report, another private one was issued by the commissioners, urging the authorities, in the name of morality, to put a stop to the mesmeric mania.

Mesmer died in obscurity on the 5th of March, in the year 1815.

Animal magnetism, under the name of mesmerism, has been made familiar of late years to the ears of English people, if not to their understandings, by the zealous and indiscreet advocacy which its absurdities have met with in London and our other great cities. It is true that the disciples have outrun their master—that Mesmer has been out-mesmerized; but the same criticisms which have been here made on the system of the arch-charlatan may be applied to the vagaries of his successors, whether they be dupes or rogues. To electro-biologists, spirit-rappers, and table-turners the same arguments must be used as we employ

to mesmerists. They must be instructed that phenomena are not to be referred to magnetic influence, simply because it is difficult to account for them ; that it is especially foolish to set them down to such a cause, when they are manifestly the product of another power ; and that all the wonders which form the stock of their conversation, and fill the pages of the *Zoist*, are to be attributed, not to a lately discovered agency, but to nervous susceptibility, imagination, and bodily temperament, aroused by certain well-known stimulants.

They will doubtless be disinclined to embrace this explanation of their marvels, and will argue that it is much more likely that a table is made by ten or twelve gentlemen and ladies to turn rapidly round, without the application of muscular force, than that these ladies and gentlemen should delude themselves into an erroneous belief that such a phenomenon has been produced. To disabuse them of such an opinion, they must be instructed in the wondrous and strangely delicate mechanism of the human intellect and affections. And after such enlightenment they must be hopelessly dull or perverse if they do not see that the metaphysical explanation of "their cases" is not only the true one, but that it opens up to view far more astonishing features in the constitution of man than any that are dreamt of in the vain philosophy of mesme-

ism. It is humiliating to think that these remarks should be an appropriate comment on the silliness of the so-called educated classes of the nineteenth century. That they are out of place, none can advance, when one of the most popular of pulpit orators of London has not hesitated to commit to print, in a work of religious pretensions, the almost blasphemous suggestion that table-turning is a phenomenon consequent upon the first out-poured drops of "the seventh vial" having reached the earth.

CHAPTER III.

MAKE WAY FOR THE LADIES !

IT is time to say something about the ladies as physicians. Once they were the chief practitioners of medicine ; and even to recent times had a monopoly of that branch of art over which Dr. Locock presides. The question has lately been agitated whether certain divisions of remedial industry ought not again to be set aside for them ; and the patronage afforded to the lady who (in spite of the ridicule thrown on her, and the rejection of her advances by various medical schools to which she applied for admission as a student), managed to obtain a course of medical instruction at one of the London schools, and practised for a brief time in London previous to her departure for a locality more suited to her operations, would seem to indicate that public feeling is not averse to the thought

of employing—under certain conditions and for certain purposes—female physicians.

Of the many doctoresses who have flourished in England during the last 200 years, only a few have left any memorial of their actions behind them. Of *the wise women* (a class of practitioners, by-the-by, still to be found in many rural villages and in certain parts of London) to whom our ancestors intrusted the care of themselves, their wives, and children, with as much confidence as we of the present generation place in the members of the College of Physicians, we question if two score could be rescued from oblivion. Some of them wrote books, and so, by putting their names “in print,” have a slight hold on posthumous reputation. Two of them are immortalized by mention in the records of the “Philosophical Transactions for 1694.” These ladies were Mrs. Sarah Hastings and Mrs. French. The curious may refer to the account there given of the ladies’ skill; and also, for further particulars relative to Sarah Hastings, a glance may be given to M. de la Cross’s “Memoirs for the Ingenious,” published in the month of July, 1693. We do not care to transcribe the passages into our own pages; though, now that it is the fashion to treat all the unpleasant details of nursing as matters of romance, we presume there is nothing in the cases mentioned calculated to shock public delicacy.

A most successful "wise woman" was Joanna Stephens, an ignorant and vulgar creature, who, just before the middle of the last century, proclaimed that she had discovered a sovereign remedy for a painful malady, which, like the small-pox, has become in the hands of modern surgery so manageable that ere long it will be ranked as little more than "a temporary discomfort." Joanna was a courageous woman. She went straightway to temporal peers, bishops, duchesses, and told them she was the woman for their money. They believed her, testified to the marvellous cures which she had effected, and allowed her to make use of their titles to awe sceptics into respect for her powers. Availing herself of this permission, she published books containing lists of her cures, backed up by letters from influential members of the nobility and gentry.

In the April number of the *Gentleman's Magazine* for the year 1738, one reads—"Mrs. Stephens has proposed to make her medicine publick, on consideration of 5,000*l.* to be raised by contribution and lodged with Mr. Drummond, banker; he has received since the 11th of this month about 500*l.* on that account." By the end of the month the banker had in his hands 720*l.* 8*s.* 6*d.*

This generous offer was not made until the in-

ventor of the nostrums had enriched herself by enormous fees drawn from the credulity of the rich of every sect and rank. The subscription to pay her the amount she demanded for her secret was taken up enthusiastically. Letters appeared in the Journals and Magazines, arguing that no humane or patriotic man could do otherwise than contribute to it. The movement was well whipped up by the press. The Bishop of Oxford gave 10*l.* 10*s.*; Bishop of Gloucester, 10*l.* 10*s.*; the Earl of Pembroke, 50*l.*; Countess of Deloraine, 5*l.* 5*s.*; Lady Betty Jermaine, 21*l.*; Lady Vere Beauclerc, 10*l.* 10*s.*; Earl of Godolphin, 100*l.*; Duchess of Gordon, 5*l.* 5*s.*; Viscount Lonsdale, 52*l.* 10*s.*; Duke of Rutland, 50*l.*; the Bishop of Salisbury, 25*l.*; Sir James Lowther, Bart., 25*l.*; Lord Cadogan, 2*l.* 2*s.*; Lord Cornwallis, 20*l.*; Duchess of Portland, 21*l.*; Earl of Clarendon, 25*l.*; Lord Lymington 5*l.*; Duke of Leeds, 21*l.*; Lord Galloway, 30*l.*; General Churchill (Spot Ward's friend), 10*l.* 10*s.*; Countess of Huntingdon, 10*l.* 10*s.*; Hon. Frances Woodhouse, 10*l.* 10*s.*; Sir Thomas Lowther, Bart., 5*l.* 5*s.*; Duke of Richmond, 30*l.*; Sir George Saville, Bart., 5*l.* 5*s.*

These were only a few of the noble and distinguished dupes of Joanna Stephens. Mrs. Crowe, in her profound and philosophic work, "Spiritualism, and the Age we live in," informs us that "the solicitude" about the subject of table-turning

“displayed by many persons in high places, is the best possible sign of the times; and it is one from which she herself hopes that the period is arrived when we shall receive further help from God.” Hadn’t Joanna Stephens reason to think that the period had arrived when she and her remedial system would receive further help from God? What would not Read—(we do not allude to the empiric oculist knighted by Queen Anne, but to a quack of our own time)—give to have such a list of aristocratic supporters?

The agitation, however, for a public subscription for Joanna Stephens was not so successful as her patrician supporters anticipated. They succeeded in collecting 1356*l.* 3*s.* But Joanna stood out: her secret should not go for less than 5000*l.* “No pay, no cure!” was her cry. The next thing her friends did was to apply to Parliament for the required sum—and, positively, their request was granted. The nation, out of its taxes, paid what the individuals of its wealthy classes refused to subscribe. A commission was appointed by Parliament, that gravely enquired into the particulars of the cures alleged to be performed by Joanna Stephens; and, finding the evidence in favour of the lady unexceptionable, they awarded her the following certificate, which ought to be preserved to all ages as a valuable example of senatorial wisdom:—

“THE CERTIFICATE REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF
PARLIAMENT.

“March 5, 1739.

“We, whose names are underwritten, being the major part of the Justices appointed by an Act of Parliament, entitled, “*An Act for providing a Reward to Joanna Stephens, upon proper discovery to be made by her, for the use of the Publick, of the Medicines prepared by her,*——”—do certify, that the said Joanna Stephens did, with all convenient speed after the passing of the said Act, make a discovery to our satisfaction, for the use of the publick, of the said medicines, and of her method of preparing the same; and that we have examined the said medicines, and of her method of preparing of the same, and are convinced by experiment of the *Utility, Efficacy, and Dissolving Power* thereof.

“JO. CANT,	THO. OXFORD,
HARDWICKE, C.,	STE. POYNTZ,
WILMINGTON, P.,	STEPHEN HALES,
GODOLPHIN, C. P. S.,	JO. GARDINER,
DORSET,	SIM. BURTON,
MONTAGUE,	PETER SHAW,
PEMBROKE,	D. HARTLEY,
BALTIMORE,	W. CHESELDEN,
CORNBURY,	C. HAWKINS,
M. GLOUCESTER,	SAM. SHARP.”

When such men as Cheselden, Hawkins, and

Sharp could sign such a certificate, we need feel no surprise at the conduct of Dr. Nesbit and Dr. Pellet (Mead's early friend, who rose to be president of the College of Physicians). These two gentlemen, who were on the commission, having some scruples about the words, "dissolving power," gave separate testimonials in favour of the medicines. St. John Long's cause, it may be remembered, was advocated by Dr. Ramadge, a Fellow of the College.

The country paid its money, and obtained Joanna's prescriptions. Here is a portion of the lady's statement:—

"A Full Discovery of the Medicines given by me, Joanna Stephens, and a particular account of my method of preparing and giving the same."

"My medicines are a Powder, a Decoction, and Pills.

"The Powder consists of egg-shells and snails—both calcined.

"The Decoction is made by boiling some herbs (together with a ball which consists of soap, swine's-cresses burnt to a blackness, and honey) in water.

"The Pills consist of snails calcined, wild carrot seeds, burdock seeds, ashen keys, hips and hawes—all burnt to a blackness—soap and honey.

"The powder is thus prepared:—Take hen's

egg-shells, well drained from the whites, dry and clean; crush them small with the hands, and fill a crucible of the twelfth size (which contains nearly three pints) with them lightly, place it on the fire till the egg-shells be calcined to a greyish white, and acquire an acrid, salt taste: this will take up eight hours, at least. After they are thus calcined, put them in a dry, clean earthen pan, which must not be above three parts full, that there may be room for the swelling of the egg-shells in stacking. Let the pan stand uncovered in a dry room for two months, and no longer; in this time the egg-shells will become of a milder taste, and that part which is sufficiently calcined will fall into a powder of such a fineness, as to pass through common hair-sieve, which is to be done accordingly.

“In like manner, take garden snails, with their shells, cleaned from the dirt; fill a crucible of the same size with them whole, cover it, and place it on the fire as before, till the snails have done smoaking, which will be in about an hour—taking care that they do not continue in the fire after that. They are then to be taken out of the crucible, and immediately rubbed in a mortar to a fine powder, which ought to be of a very dark-grey colour.

“*Note.*—If pit-coal be made use of, it will be proper—in order that the fire may the sooner burn clear on the top—that large cinders, and not fresh coals, be placed upon the tiles which cover the crucibles.

“These powders being thus prepared, take the egg-shell powder of six crucibles, and the snail powder of one; mix them together, and rub them in a mortar, and pass them through a cypress sieve. This mixture is immediately to be put up into bottles, which must be close stopped, and kept in a dry place for use. I have generally added a small quantity of swine’s-cresses, burnt to a blackness, and rubbed fine; but this was only with a view to disguise it.

“The egg-shells may be prepared at any time of the year, but it is best to do them in summer. The snails ought only to be prepared in May, June, July, and August; and I esteem those best which are done in the first of these months.

“The decoction is thus prepared:—Take four ounces and a half of the best Alicant soap, beat it in a mortar with a large spoonful of swine’s cresses burnt to a blackness, and as much honey as will make the whole of the consistence of paste. Let this be formed into a ball. Take this ball, and green camomile, or camomile flowers, sweet fennel, parsley, and burdock leaves, of each an ounce (when there are not greens, take the same quantity of roots); slice the ball, and boil them in two quarts of soft water half an hour, then strain it off, and sweeten it with honey.

“The pills are thus prepared:—Take equal quantities by measure of snails calcined as before,

of wild carrot seeds, burdock seeds, ashen keys, hips and hawes, all burnt to a blackness, or, which is the same thing, till they have done smoaking; mix them together, rub them in a mortar, and pass them through a cypress sieve. Then take a large spoonful of this mixture, and four ounces of the best Alicant soap, and beat them in a mortar with as much honey as will make the whole of a proper consistence for pills; sixty of which are to be made out of every ounce of the composition."

Five thousand pounds for such stuff as this!—and the time was coming when the nation grudged an inadequate reward to Jenner, and haggled about the purchase of Hunter's Museum!

But a more remarkable case of feminine success in the doctoring line was that of Mrs. Mapp, who was a contemporary of Mrs. Stephens. Under the patronage of the Court, "Drop and Pill" Ward (or "Spot" Ward, as he was also called, from a mole on his cheek) was astonishing London with his cures, and his gorgeous equipage which he had the royal permission to drive through St. James's Park, when the attention of the fashionable world was suddenly diverted to the proceedings of "Crazy Sally of Epsom." She was an enormous, fat, ugly, drunken woman, known as a haunter of fairs, about which she loved to reel, screaming and abusive, in a state of roaring intoxication. This attractive lady

was a bone-setter; and so much esteemed was she for skill in her art, that the town of Epsom offered her a 100*l.* if she would reside there for a year. The following passage we take from the *Gentleman's Magazine*, for 1736:—"Saturday 31. In the *Daily Advertiser*, July 28, Joshua Ward, Esq., having the queen's leave, recites seven extraordinary cases of persons which were cured by him, and examined before her Majesty, June 7, objections to which had been made in the *Grub Street Journal*, June 24. But the attention of the public has been taken off from the wonder-working Mr. Ward to a strolling woman, now at Epsom, who calls herself Crazy Sally; and had performed cures in bone-setting to admiration, and occasioned so great a resort, that the town offered her 100 guineas to continue there a year."

"Crazy Sally" awoke one morning and found herself famous. Patients of rank and wealth flocked in from every quarter. Attracted by her success, an Epsom swain made an offer of marriage to Sally, which she, like a fool, accepted. Her maiden name of Wallin (she was a daughter of a Wiltshire bone-setter of that name) she exchanged at the altar for that of Mapp. If her marriage was not in all respects fortunate, she was not burdened with much of her husband's society. He lived with her only for a fortnight, during which short space of time he thrashed her soundly twice

or thrice, and then decamped with a hundred guineas of her earnings. She found consolation for her wounded affections in the homage of the world. She became a notoriety of the first water, and every day some interesting fact appeared about her in the prints and public journals. In one we are told "the cures of the woman bone-setter of Epsom are too many to be enumerated: her bandages are extraordinary neat, and her dexterity in reducing dislocations and setting fractured bones wonderful. She has cured persons who have been twenty years disabled, and has given incredible relief in the most difficult cases. The lame come daily to her, and she gets a great deal of money, persons of quality who attend her operations making her presents."

Poets sounded her praises. Vide *Gentleman's Magazine*, August, 1736 :—

" ON MRS MAPT, THE FAMOUS BONE-SETTER OF EPSOM.

" Of late, without the least pretence to skill,
Ward's grown a fam'd physician by a pill;
Yet he can but a doubtful honour claim,
While envious Death oft blasts his rising fame.
Next travell'd Taylor fills us with surprise,
Who pours new light upon the blindest eyes;
Each journal tells his circuit through the land,
Each journal tells the blessings of his hand;
And lest some hireling scribbler of the town
Injure his history, he writes his own.

We read the long accounts with wonder o'er;
Had he wrote less, we had believed him more.
Let these, O Mapp, thou wonder of the age!
With dubious arts endeavour to engage;
While you, irregularly strict to rules,
Teach dull collegiate pedants they are fools;
By merit, the sure path to fame pursue—
For all who see thy art must own it true."

Mrs. Mapp continued to reside in Epsom, but she visited London once a week. Her journeys to and from the metropolis she performed in a chariot drawn by four horses, with servants wearing splendid liveries. She used to put up at the Grecian Coffee-House, where Sir Hans Sloane witnessed her operations, and was so favourably impressed by them, that he put under her charge his niece, who was suffering from a spinal affection, or, to use the exact and scientific language of the newspapers, "whose back had been broke nine years, and stuck out two inches." The eminent lady went to the playhouse in Lincoln's-inn Fields to see the *Husband's Relief* acted. Her presence not only produced a crowded house, but the fact that she sate between Taylor the quack oculist on one side, and Ward the drysalter on the other, gave occasion for the production of the following epigram, the point of which is perhaps almost as remarkable as its polish:—

"While Mapp to the actors showed a kind regard,
On one side *Taylor* sat, on the other *Ward*;

When their mock persons of the drama came,
 Both *Ward* and *Taylor* thought it hurt ~~the~~ their fame;
 Wonder'd how Mapp could in good humour be.
 'Zooms!' crys the manly dame, 'it hurts not me;
 Quacks without art may either blind or kill,
 But demonstration proves that mine is skill."

On the stage, also, a song was sung in honour of Mrs. Mapp, and in derision of Taylor and Ward. It ran thus:—

" You surgeons of London, who puzzle your pates,
 To ride in your coaches, and purchase estates,
 Give over for shame, for pride has a fall,
 And the doctress of Epsom has out-done you all.

Derry down, &c.

" What signifies learning or going to school,
 When a woman can do, without reason or rule,
 What puts you to nonplus, and baffles your art;
 For petticoat practice has now got the start.

Derry down, &c.

" In physic, as well as in fashions, we find
 The newest has always its run with mankind;
 Forgot is the bustle 'bout Taylor and Ward,
 And Mapp's all the cry, and her fame's on record.

Derry down, &c.

" Dame Nature has given a doctor's degree—
 She gets all the patients, and pockets the fee:
 So if you don't instantly prove her a cheat,
 She'll loll in her carriage, whilst you walk the street.

Derry down, &c."

On one occasion, as this lady was proceeding up the Old Kent Road to the Borough, in her carriage and four, dressed in a loosely-fitting

robe-de-chambre, and manifesting by her manner that she had partaken somewhat too freely of Geneva water, she found herself in a very trying position. Her fat frame, indecorous dress, intoxication, and dazzling equipage were in the eyes of the mob such sure signs of royalty, that she was immediately taken for a Court lady, of German origin and unpopular repute, whose word was omnipotent at St. James's.

Soon a crowd gathered round the carriage, and, with the proper amount of swearing and yelling, were about to break the windows with stones, when the spirited occupant of the vehicle, acting very much as Nell Gwyn did on a similar occasion, rose from her seat, and letting down the glasses, exclaimed, with an imprecation more emphatic than polite, "——! Don't you know me? I am Mrs. Mapp, the bone-setter!"

This brief address so tickled the humour of the mob, that the lady proceeded on her way amidst deafening acclamations and laughter.

The Taylor mentioned as sitting on one side of Mrs. Mapp in the playhouse was a notable character. He was a cunning, plausible, shameless blackguard. Such being his character, of course he was successful in his vocation of quack. Dr. King, in his "Anecdotes of his own Times," speaks of him with respect. "I was at Tunbridge," says the Doctor, "with Chevalier Taylor,

the oculist. He seems to understand the anatomy of the eye perfectly well; he has a fine hand and good instruments, and performs all his operations with great dexterity; but he undertakes everything (even impossible cases), and promises everything. No charlatan ever appeared with fitter and more excellent talents, or to greater advantage; he has a good person, is a natural orator, and has a faculty of learning foreign languages. He has travelled over all Europe, and has always with him an equipage suitable to a man of the first quality; and has been introduced to most of the sovereign princes, from whom he has received many marks of their liberality and esteem."

Dr. King, in a Latin inscription to the mountebank, says:—

"Hic est, hic vir est,
Quem docti, indoctique omnes impensé mirantur,
Johannes Taylor;
Cœcigenorum, cœcorum, cœcitantium,
Quot quot sunt ubique,
Spes unica—Solamen—Salus."

The Chevalier Taylor (as he always styled himself), in his travels about the country, used to give lectures on "The Eye," in whatever place he tarried. These addresses were never explanatory of the anatomy of the organ, but mere absurd rhapsodies on it as an ingenious and wonderful contrivance.

Chevalier's oration to the University of Oxford, which is still extant, began thus:—

“The eye, most illustrious sons of the muses, most learned Oxonians, whose fame I have heard celebrated in all parts of the globe—the eye, that most amazing, that stupendous, that comprehending, that incomprehensible, that miraculous organ, the eye, is the Proteus of the passions, the herald of the mind, the interpreter of the heart, and the window of the soul. The eye has dominion over all things. The world was made for the eye, and the eye for the world.

“My subject is Light, most illustrious sons of literature—intellectual light. Ah! my philosophical, metaphysical, my classical, mathematical, mechanical, my theological, my critical audience, my subject is the eye. You are the eye of England!

“England has two eyes—Oxford and Cambridge. They are the two eyes of England, and two intellectual eyes. You are the right eye of England, the elder sister in science, and the first fountain of learning in all Europe. What filial joy must exult in my bosom, in my vast circuit, as copious as that of the sun himself, to shine in my course, upon this my native soil, and give light even at Oxford! . . .

“The eye is the husband of the soul!

“The eye is indefatigable. The eye is an angelic faculty. The eye in this respect is a female. The eye is never tired of seeing; that is, of taking in, assimilating, and enjoying all Nature’s vigour.”

When the Chevalier was ranting on in this fashion at Cambridge (of course there terming Oxford the *left* eye of England), he undertook to express every passion of the mind by the eye alone.

“Here you have surprise, gentlemen; here you have delight; here you have terror!”

“Ah!” cried an undergraduate, “there’s no merit in that, for you tell us beforehand what the emotion is. Now next time say nothing—and let me guess what the feeling is you desire to express.”

“Certainly,” responded the Doctor, cordially; “nothing can be more reasonable in the way of a proposition. Now then, sir, what is this?”

“Oh, veneration, I suppose.”

“Certainly—quite right—and this?”

“Pity.”

“Of course, sir: you see, it’s impossible for an observant gentleman like yourself to misunderstand the language of the eye,” answered the oculist, whose plan was only to assent to his young friend’s decisions.

In the year 1736, when the Chevalier was at

the height of his fame, he received the following humorous letter:—

“DOMINE,—O tu, qui in oculis hominum versaris, et quaecunque tractas rem, *acu* tangis, salve! Tu, qui, instar Phœbi, lumen orbi, et orbis luminibus reddis, iterum salve!

“Cum per te Gallia, per te nostræ academïæ, duo regni lumina, clarius intuentur, cur non ad urbem Edinburgi, cum toties ubique erras, cursum tendis? nam quædam cæcitas cives illic invasit. Ipsos magistratus *Gutta Serena* occupavit, videntur enim videre, sed nihil vident. Idcirco tu istam *Scoticam Nebulam* ex oculis remove, et quodcunque latet in tenebris, in lucem profer. Illi violenter carcerem, tu oculos leniter reclude; illi lucem Porteio ademerunt, tu illis lucem restitue, et quamvis fingant se dupliciter videre, fac ut simpliciter tantum oculo irretorto conspiciant. Peractoque cursu, ad Angliam redi artis tuæ plenus, Toriosque (ut vulgo vocantur) qui adhuc cæcutiant et hallucinantur, illuminato. Ab ipsis clericis, si qui sint cæci ductores, nubem discute; immo ipso Sole lunaque, cum laborant eclipsi, quæ, instar tui ipsius, transit per varias regiones obumbrans, istam molem caliginis amoveto. Sic eris Sol Mundi, sic eris non solum nomine Sartor, sed re Oculorum omnium resarcitor; sic omnis Charta Publica tuam Claritudinem celebrabit, et ubicunque frontem tuam ostendis,

nemo non te, O vir spectatissime, admirabitur. Ipse lippus scriptor hujus epistolæ maxime gauderet te Medicum Illustrissimum, cum omnibus tuis oculatis testibus, Vindsoriæ videre.—VALE.”

The Chevalier had a son and a biographer in the person of John Taylor, who, under the title of “John Taylor, Junior,” succeeded to his father’s trumpet, and blew it with good effect. The title-page of his biography of his father enumerates some half-hundred crowned or royal heads, to whose eyes the “Chevalier John Taylor, Opthalmiater Pontifical, Imperial, and Royal,” administered.

But this work was feeble and contemptible compared with the Chevalier’s autobiographic sketch of himself, in his proposal for publishing which he speaks of his loves and adventures in the following modest style:—

“I had the happiness to be also personally known to two of the most amiable ladies this age has produced—namely, Lady Inverness and Lady Mackintosh; both powerful figures, of great abilities, and of the most pleasing address—both the sweetest prattlers, the prettiest reasoners, and the best judges of the charms of high life that I ever saw. When I first beheld these wonders I gazed on their beauties, and my attention was busied in admiring the order and delicacy of their discourse, &c. For were

I commanded to seek the world for a lady adorned with every accomplishment that man thinks desirable in the sex, I could only be determined by finding their resemblance. . . .

“I am perfectly acquainted with the history of Persia, as well before as since the death of Thamas Kouli Khan; well informed of the adventures of Prince Heraclius; was personally known to a minister he sent to Moscow in his first attempt to conquer that country; and am instructed in the cruel manner of putting out the eyes of conquered princes, and of cutting away the eyelids of soldiers taken in war, to make them unfit for service.

“I have lived in many convents of friars of different orders, been present at their creation to various degrees, and have assisted at numberless entertainments upon those occasions.

“I have been in almost every female nunnery in all Europe (*on account of my profession*), and could write many volumes on the adventures of these religious beauties.

“I have been present at the making of nuns of almost every order, and assisted at the religious feasts given on those occasions.

“I have met with a very great variety of singular religious people called Pilgrims. . . .

“I have been present at many extraordinary diversions designed for the amusement of the

sovereign, viz.—hunting of different sorts of wild beasts, as in Poland; bull-fighting, as in Spain.

“I am well acquainted with all the various punishments for different crimes, as practised in every nation—been present at the putting of criminals to death by various ways, viz., striking off heads, breaking on the wheel, &c.

“I am also well instructed in the different ways of giving the torture to extract confession—and am no stranger to other singular punishments, such as impaling, burying alive with head above ground, &c.

“And lastly, I have assisted, have seen the manner of embalming dead bodies of great personages, and am well instructed in the manner practised in some nations for preserving them entire for ages, with little alteration of figure from what they were when first deprived of life. . . .

“All must agree that no man ever had a greater variety of matter worthy to be conveyed to posterity. I shall, therefore, give my best care to, so to paint my thoughts, and give such a dress of the story of my life, that tho’ I shall talk of the Great, the Least shall not find cause of offence.”

The occasion of this great man issuing this modest proposal to the public is involved in some

mystery. It would seem that he determined to publish his own version of his adventures, in consequence of being dissatisfied with his son's sketch of them. John Taylor, Junior, was then resident in Hatton Garden, living as an eye-doctor, and entered into an arrangement with a publisher, without his father's consent, to write the Chevalier's biography. Affixed to the indecent pamphlet which was the result of this agreement, are the following epistolary statements:—

“MY SON,—If you should unguardedly have suffered your name at the head of a work which must make us all contemptible, this must be printed in it as the best apology for yourself and father:—

“TO THE PRINTER.

“Oxford, Jan. 10, 1761.

“My dear and only son having respectfully represented to me that he has composed a work, intitled *My Life and Adventures*, and requires my consent for its publication, notwithstanding I am as yet a stranger to the composition, and consequently can be no judge of its merits, I am so well persuaded that my son is in every way incapable of saying aught of his father but what must redound to his honour and reputation, and so perfectly convinced of the goodness of his heart, that it does not seem possible I should err in my judg-

sovereign, viz.—hunting of different sorts of wild beasts, as in Poland; bull-fighting, as in Spain.

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ment, by giving my consent to a publication of the said work. And as I have long been employed in writing my own *Life and Adventures*, which will with all expedition be published, 'twill hereafter be left with all due attention to the candid reader, whether the *Life of the Father* written by the son, or the *Life of the Father* written by himself, best deserves approbation.

“THE CHEVALIER TAYLOR,
“Ophthalmiater, Pontifical, Imperial, and Royal.

“* * The above is a true copy of the letter my Father sent me. All the answer I can make to the bills he sends about the town and country is, that I have maintained my mother these eight years, and do this at the present time ; and that, two years since, I was concerned for him, for which I have paid near 200*l*.

“As witness my hand,
JOHN TAYLOR, *Oculist*.”
“Hatton Garden.”

It is impossible to say whether these differences were genuine, or only feigned by the two quacks, in order to keep silly people gossiping about them. Certainly the accusations brought against the Chevalier, that he had sponged on his son, and declined to support his wife, are rather grave ones to introduce into a make-believe quarrel. But, on the other hand, when the Chevalier's auto-biogra-

phy appeared it was prefaced with the following dedicatory letter to his son:—

DEAR SON—Can I do ill when I address to you the story of your father's life? Whose name can be so proper as your own to be prefixed to a work of this kind? You who was born to represent me living, when I shall cease to be—born to pursue that most excellent and important profession to which I have for so many years laboured to be useful—born to defend my cause and support my fame—may I not *presume*, my son, that you will defend your father's cause? May I not *affirm* that you, my son, will support your father's fame? After having this said, need I add more than remind you—that, to a father, nothing can be so dear as a deserving son—nor state so desirable as that of the man who holds his successor, and knows him to be worthy. Be prosperous. Be happy.

“I am, your affectionate Father,

“THE CHEVALIER JOHN TAYLOR.”

This unctuous address to “my lion-hearted boy” is equalled in drollery by many passages of the work itself, which (in the language of the title-page) “contains all most worthy the attention of a Traveller—also a dissertation on the Art of Pleasing, with the most interesting observations on the Force of Prejudice; numberless adven-

tures, as well amongst nuns and friars as with persons in high life; with a description of a great variety of the most admirable relations, which, though told in his well-known peculiar manner, each one is strictly true, and within the Chevalier's own observations and knowledge."

Apart from the bombast of his style, the Chevalier's "well-known peculiar manner" was remarkable for little besides tautology and a fantastic arrangement of words. In his orations, when he aimed at sublimity, he indulged in short sentences, each of which commenced with a genitive case, followed by an accusative; after which came the verb succeeded by the nominative. Thus, at such crises of grandiloquence, instead of saying, "I will lecture on the wonders of the eye," he would invert the order to, "Of the eye on the wonders lecture will I." By doing this, he maintained that he surpassed the finest periods of Tully! There is a letter in Nichols's "Literary Anecdotes," in which a lecture given by this mountebank at Northampton is excellently described. "The doctor," says the writer, "appeared dressed in black, with a long, light flowing ty'd wig; ascended a scaffold behind a large table raised about two feet from the ground, and covered with an old piece of tapestry, on which was laid a dark-coloured cafoy chariot-seat with four black bunches (used upon hearses) tyed to the corners for tassels, four large candles on each

side the cushion, and a quart decanter of drinking water, with a half-pint glass to moisten his mouth."

The fellow boasted that he was the author of forty-five works in different languages. Once he had the audacity to challenge Johnson to talk Latin with him. The doctor responded with a quotation from Horace, which the charlatan took to be the doctor's own composition. "*He said a few words well enough,*" Johnson said magnanimously, when he repeated the story to Boswell. "Taylor," said the doctor, "is the most ignorant man I ever knew, but sprightly; Ward, the dull-est."

John Taylor, Junr., survived his father more than fifteen years, and to the last had a lucrative business in Hatton Garden. His father had been oculist to George the Second; but this post, on the death of the Chevalier, he failed to obtain, it being given to a foreign *protégé* of the Duke of Bedford's. He made a great noise about the sufferings of the poor, and proposed to the different parishes of London to attend the paupers labouring under diseases of the eye at two guineas a-year for each parish. He was an illiterate, vulgar, and licentious scoundrel; and yet when he died, on the 17th September, 1787, he was honoured with a long memoir in the *Gentleman's Magazine*, as

one "whose philanthropy was exerted so fully as to class him with a Hanway or a Howard."

If an apology is needed for devoting so much space, in a chapter devoted to the ladies, to the John Taylors, it must be grounded on the fact that the Chevalier was the son of an honest widow woman who carried on a respectable business, as an apothecary and doctress, at Norwich. In this she resembled Mrs. Blood, the wife of the Colonel of that name, who for years supported herself and son at Romford by keeping an apothecary's shop under the name of Weston. Colonel Blood was also himself a member of the Faculty. For some time, whilst meditating his *grand coup*, he practised as a doctor in an obscure part of the City, under the name of Ayliffe.

CHAPTER IV.

MESSENGER MONSEY.

AMONGST the celebrities of the medical profession, who have left no memorial behind them more durable or better known than their wills in Doctors' Commons, was Messenger Monsey, the great grandfather of our ex-Chancellor, Lord Cranworth.

We do not know whether his lordship is aware of his descent from the eccentric physician. Possibly he is not, for the Monseys, though not altogether of a plebeian stock, were little calculated to throw *éclat* over the genealogy of a patrician house.

Messenger Monsey, who used with a good deal of unnecessary noise to declare his contempt of the ancestral honours which he in reality possessed, loved to tell of the humble origin

of his family. The first Duke of Leeds delighted in boasting of his lucky progenitor, Jack Osborn, the shop lad, who rescued his master's daughter from a watery grave in the Thames, and won her hand away from a host of noble suitors, who wanted—literally, the young lady's *pin-money*. She was the only child of a wealthy pin maker carrying on his business on London Bridge, and the jolly old fellow, instead of disdaining to bestow his heiress on a 'prentice, exclaimed, "Jack won her, and he shall wear her!" Dr. Monsey, in the hey-day of his social fame, told his friends that the first of his ancestors of any note was a baker, and a retail dealer in hops. At a critical point of this worthy man's career, when hops were "down" and feathers were "up," to raise a small sum of money for immediate use, he ripped open his beds, sold the feathers, and stuffed the tick with unsaleable hops. Soon a change in the market occurred, and once more operating on the couches used by himself and children, he sold the hops at a profit, and bought back the feathers. "That's the way, sir, by which my family hopped from obscurity!" the doctor would conclude.

We have reason for thinking that this ancestor was the physician's great-grandfather. As is usually found to be the case, where a man thinks lightly of the advantages of birth, Mes-

senger was by no means of despicable extraction. His grandfather was a man of considerable property, and married Elizabeth Messenger, co-heir of Thomas Messenger, lord of Whitwell Manor, in the county of Norfolk, a gentleman by birth and position; and his father, the Rev. Robert Monsey, a Norfolk rector, married Mary, the daughter of Roger Clopton, rector of Downham. Of the antiquity and importance of the Cloptons amongst the gentle families of England this is no place to speak; but further particulars relative to the Monsey pedigree may be found by the curious in Blomefield's "History of Norfolk." On such a descent a Celt would persuade himself that he represented kings and rulers. Monsey, like Sidney Smith after him, preferred to cover the whole question with jolly, manly ridicule, and put it out of sight.

Messenger Monsey was born in 1693, and received in early life an excellent education; for though his father at the Revolution threw his lot in with the non-jurors, and forfeited his living, the worthy clergyman had a sufficient paternal estate to enable him to rear his only child without any painful considerations of cost. After spending five years at St. Mary's Hall, Cambridge, Messenger studied physic for some time under Sir Benjamin Wrench, at Norwich. Starting on his own account, he practised for a

while at Bury St. Edmunds, in Suffolk, but with little success. He worked hard, and yet never managed in that prosperous and beautiful county town to earn more than three hundred guineas in the same year. If we examined into the successes of medical celebrities, we should find in a great majority of cases fortune was won by the aspirant either annexing himself to, and gliding into the confidence of, a powerful clique, or else by his being through some lucky accident thrown in the way of a patron. Monsey's rise was of the latter sort. He was still at Bury, with nothing before him but the prospect of working all his days as a country doctor, when Lord Godolphin, son of Queen Anne's Lord Treasurer, and grandson of the great Duke of Marlborough, was seized, on his road to Newmarket, with an attack of apoplexy. Bury was the nearest point where medical assistance could be obtained. Monsey was summoned, and so fascinated his patient with his conversational powers that his lordship invited him to London, and induced him to relinquish his country practice.

From that time Monsey's fortune was made. He became to Whigs very much what, in the previous generation, Radcliffe had been to the Tories. Sir Robert Walpole genuinely loved him, seizing every opportunity to enjoy his

society, and never doing anything for him ; and Lord Chesterfield was amongst the most zealous trumpeters of his medical skill. Lively, sagacious, well read, and brutally sarcastic, he had for a while a society reputation for wit scarcely inferior to Swift's ; and he lived amongst men well able to judge of wit. Garrick and he were for many years intimate friends, until, in a contest of jokes, each of the two brilliant men lost his temper, and they parted like Roland and Sir Leoline—never to meet again. Garrick probably would have kept his temper under any other form of ridicule, but he never ceased to resent Monsey's reflection on his avarice to the Bishop of Sodor and Man.

"Garrick is going to quit the stage," observed the Bishop.

"That he'll never do," answered Monsey, making use of a Norfolk proverb, "so long as he knows a guinea is cross on one side and pile on the other."

This speech was never forgiven. Lord Bath endeavoured to effect a reconciliation between the divided friends, but his amiable intention was of no avail.

"I thank you," said Monsey ; "but why will your lordship trouble yourself with the squabbles of a Merry Andrew and quack doctor?"

When the tragedian was on his death-bed,

Monsey composed a satire on the sick man, renewing the attack on his parsimony. Garrick's illness terminating fatally, the doctor destroyed his verses, but some scraps of them still remain to show their spirit and power. A consultation of physicians was represented as being held over the actor:—

“Seven wise physicians lately met,
 To save a wretched sinner;
 Come, Tom, said Jack, pray let's be quick,
 Or I shall lose my dinner.

* * * *

“Some roared for rhubarb, jalap some,
 And some cried out for Dover;
 Let's give him something, each man said—
 Why e'en let's give him—over.”

After much learned squabbling, one of the sages proposed to revive the sinking energies of the poor man by jingling guineas in his ears. The suggestion was acted upon, when—

“Soon as the fav'rite sound he heard,
 One faint effort he try'd;
 He op'd his eyes, he stretched his hands,
 He made one grasp—and dy'd.”

Though, on the grave closing over his antagonist, Monsey suppressed these lines, he continued to cherish an animosity to the object of them. The spirit in which, out of respect to death, he drew a period to their quarrel, was

much like that of the Irish peasant in the song, who tells his ghostly adviser that he forgives Pat Malone with all his heart (supposing death should get the better of him)—but should he recover, he would pay the rascal off roundly. Sir Walter Scott somewhere tells a story of a Highland chief, in his last moments, declaring that he from the bottom of his heart forgave his old enemy, the head of a hostile clan—and concluding the Christian statement with a final address to his son—"But may all evil light upon ye, Ronald, if ye e'er forgie the heathen."

Through Lord Godolphin's interest, Monsey was appointed physician to Chelsea College, on the death of Dr. Smart. For some time he continued to reside in St. James's: but on the death of his patron he moved to Chelsea, and spent the last years of his life in retirement—and to a certain extent banishment—from the great world. The hospital offices were then filled by a set of low-born scoundrels, or discharged servants, whom the ministers of the day had some reason of their own for providing for. The surgeon was that Mr. Ranby who positively died of rage because Henry Fielding's brother (Sir John) would not punish a hackney coachman who had been guilty of the high treason of—being injured and abused by

the plaintiff. With this man Monsey had a tremendous quarrel; but though in the right, he had to submit to Ranby's powerful connections.

This affair did not soften his temper to the other functionaries of the hospital with whom he had to associate at the hall table. His encounter with the venal elector who had been nominated to a Chelsea appointment is well known, though an account of it would hurt the delicacy of these somewhat prudish pages. Of the doctor's insolence the following is a good story:—

A clergyman, who used to bore him with pompous and pedantic talk, was arguing on some point with Monsey, when the latter exclaimed:—

"Sir, if you have faith in your opinion, will you venture a wager upon it?"

"I could—but I wont," was the reply.

"Then," rejoined Monsey, "you have very little wit, or very little money." The logic of this retort puts one in mind of the eccentric actor who, under somewhat similar circumstances, asked indignantly, "Then, sir, how *dare* you advance a statement in a public room which you are not prepared to substantiate with a bet?"

Monsey was a Unitarian, and not at all backward to avow his creed. As he was riding in

Hyde Park with a Mr. Robinson, that gentleman, after deploring the corrupt morals of the age, said, with very bad taste, "But, doctor, I talk with one who believes there is no God." "And I," retorted Monsey, "with one who believes there are three." Good Mr. Robinson was so horrified, that he clapped spurs to his horse, galloped off, and never spoke to the doctor again.

Monsey's Whiggism introduced him to high society, but not to lucrative practice. Sir Robert Walpole always extolled the merits of his "Norfolk Doctor," but never advanced his interests. Instead of covering the great minister with adulation, Monsey treated him like an ordinary individual, telling him when his jokes were poor, and not hesitating to worst him in argument. "How happens it," asked Sir Robert over his wine, "that nobody will beat me at billiards, or contradict me, but Dr. Monsey?" "Other people," put in the doctor, "get places—I get a dinner and praise." The Duke of Grafton treated him even worse. His Grace staved off paying the physician his bill for attending him and his family at Windsor, with promises of a place. When "the little place" fell vacant, Monsey called on the duke, and reminded him of his promise. "Ecod—ecod—ccod," was the answer, "but the Chamberlain has just been here to tell me he has promised it to Jack——." When the disappointed applicant told the lord-

chamberlain what had transpired, his lordship replied, "Don't, for the world, tell his Grace; but before he knew I had promised it, here is a letter he sent me soliciting for *a third person*."

Amongst the vagaries of this eccentric physician was the way in which he extracted his own teeth. Round the tooth sentenced to be drawn he fastened securely a strong piece of catgut, to the opposite end of which he affixed a bullet. With this bullet and a full measure of powder a pistol was charged. On the trigger being pulled, the operation was performed effectually and speedily. The doctor could only rarely prevail on his friends to permit him to remove their teeth by this original process. Once a gentleman who had agreed to try the novelty, and had even allowed the apparatus to be adjusted, at the last moment exclaimed, "Stop, stop, I've changed my mind!" "But I haven't, and you're a fool and a coward for your pains," answered the doctor, pulling the trigger. In another instant the tooth was extracted, much to the timid patient's delight and astonishment.

At Chelsea, to the last, the doctor saw on friendly terms all the distinguished medical men of his day. Cheselden, fonder of having his horses admired than his professional skill extolled, as Pope and Freind knew, was his frequent visitor. He had also his loves. To Mrs. Montague, for

many years, he presented a copy of verses on the anniversary of her birth-day. But after his quarrel with Garrick, he saw but little of the lady, and was, rarely, if ever, a visitor at her magnificent house in Portman Square. Another of his flames, too, was Miss Berry, of whom the loss still seems to be recent. In his old age avarice—the very same failing he condemned so much in Garrick—developed itself in Monsey. In comparatively early life his mind was in a flighty state about money matters. For years he was a victim of that incredulity which makes the capitalist imagine a great and prosperous country to be the most insecure of all debtors. He preferred investing his money in any wild speculation to confiding it to the safe custody of the funds. Even his ready cash he for long could not bring himself to trust in the hands of a banker. When he left town for a trip, he had recourse to the most absurd schemes for the protection of his money. Before setting out, on one occasion, for a journey to Norfolk, incredulous with regard to cash-boxes and bureaus, he hid a considerable quantity of gold and notes in the fire-place of his study, covering them up artistically with cinders and shavings. A month afterwards, returning (luckily a few days before he was expected) he found his old housemaid preparing to entertain a few friends at tea in her master's room. The

hospitable domestic was on the point of lighting the fire, and had just applied a candle to the doctor's notes, when he entered the room, seized on a pail of water that chanced to be standing near, and, throwing its contents over the fuel and the old woman, extinguished the fire and her presence of mind at the same time. Some of the notes, as it was, were injured, and the Bank of England made objections to cashing them.

To the last Monsey acted by his own rules instead of by those of other people. He lived to extreme old age, dying in his rooms in Chelsea College, on December 26th, 1788, in his ninety-fifth year; and his will was as remarkable as any other feature of his career. To a young lady mentioned in it, with the most lavish encomiums on her wit, taste, and elegance, was left an old battered snuff-box—not worth sixpence; and to another young lady, whom the testator says he intended to have enriched with a handsome legacy, he leaves the gratifying assurance that he changed his mind on finding her “a pert conceited minx.” After inveighing against bishops, deans, and chapters, he left an annuity to two clergymen who had resigned their preferment on account of the Athanasian doctrine. He directed that his body should not be insulted with any funeral ceremony, but should undergo dissection; after which, the “remainder of my carcase” (to use his own words)

“may be put into a hole, or crammed into a box with holes, and thrown into the Thames.” In obedience to this part of the will, Mr. Forster, surgeon, of Union Court, Broad Street, dissected the body, and delivered a lecture on it to the medical students in the theatre of Guy’s Hospital. The bulk of the doctor’s fortune, amounting to about 16,000*l.*, was left to his only daughter for life, and afterwards, by a complicated entail, to her *female* descendants. This only child, Charlotte Monsey, married William Alexander, a linendraper in Cateaton Street, City, and had a numerous family. One of her daughters married the Rev. Edmund Rolfe, rector of Cockerley Clay, Norfolk, of which union Robert Monsey Rolfe, Baron Cranworth of Cranworth, county of Norfolk, is the offspring.

Before making the above-named and final disposition of his body, the old man found vent for his ferocious cynicism and vulgar infidelity in the following epitaph, which is scarcely less characteristic of the society in which the writer had lived, than it is of the writer himself:—

“MOUNSEY’S EPITAPH, WRITTEN BY HIMSELF.

“Here lie my old bones ; my vexation now ends ;
 I have lived much too long for myself and my friends.
 As to churches and churchyards, which men may call holy,
 ’Tis a rank piece of priestcraft, and founded on folly.
 What the next world may be never troubled my pate ;
 And be what it may, I beseech you, O fate,
 When the bodies of millions rise up in a riot,
 To let the old carcase of Mounsey be quiet.”

Unpleasant old scamp though he in many respects was, Monsey retains even at this day so firm a hold of the affections of all students who like ferreting into the social history of the last century, that no chance letter of his writing is devoid of interest. The following specimen of his epistolary style, addressed to his fair patient, the accomplished and celebrated Mrs. Montague (his acquaintance with which lady has already been alluded to), is transcribed from the original manuscript in the possession of Dr. Diamond :—

“ 4th of March, a minute past 12.

“ DEAR MADAME,

“ Now dead men’s ghosts are getting out of their graves, and there comes the ghost of a doctor in a white sheet to wait upon you. Your Tokay is got into my head and your love into my heart, and they both join to club their thanks for the pleasantest day I have spent these seven years ; and to my comfort I find a man may be in love, and be happy, provided he does not go to book for it. I could have trusted till the morning to show my gratitude, but the Tokay wou’d have evaporated, and then I might have had nothing to talk of but an ache in my head and pain in my heart. Bacchus and Cupid should always be together, for the young gentleman is very apt to be silly when he’s alone by himself ; but when

old toss-pot is with him, if he pretends to fall a-whining, he hits him a cursed knock on the pate, and says: ‘Drink about, you No, Bacchus, don’t be in a passion. Upon my soul you have knocked out one of my eyes!’ ‘Eyes, ye scoundrel? Why, you never had one since you were born Apollo would have couched you, but your mother said no; for then,’ says she, ‘he can never be blamed for his shot, any more than the people that are shot at.’ She knew ’twould bring grist to her mill; for what with those who pretended they were in love and were not so, and those who were really so and wouldn’t own it, I shall find rantum scantum work at Cyprus, Paphos, and Cythera. Some will come to acquire what they never had, and others to get rid of what they find very troublesome, and I shall mind none of ’em. You see how the goddess foresaw and predicted my misfortunes. She knew I was a sincere votary, and that I was a martyr to her serene influence. Then how could you use me so like an Hyrcanian tygress, and be such an infidel to misery; that though I hate you mortally, I wish you may feel but one poor *half-quarter-of-an-hour* before you slip your breath—how shall I rejoice at your horrid agonies? *Nec enim lex justior ulla quam necis artifices arte perire suâ*—Remember Me.

“My ills have disturbed my brain, and the

revival of old ideas has set it a-boiling, that till I have skim'd off the froth, I can't pretend to say a word for myself; and by the time I have cleared off the scum, the little grudge that is left may be burnt to the bottom of the pot.

“ My mortal injuries have turned my mind,
And I could hate myself for being blind.
But why should I thus rave of eyes and looks ?
All I have felt is fancy—all from Books.
I stole my charmers from the cuts of Quarles,
And my dear Clarissa from the grand Sir Charles.
But if his mam or Cupid live above,
Who have revenge in store for injured love,
O Venus, send dire ruin on her head,
Strike the Destroyer, lay the Victress dead ;
Kill the Triumphress, and avenge my wrong
In height of pomp, while she is warm and young.
Grant I may stand and dart her with my eyes
While in the fiercest pangs of life she lies,
Pursue her sportive soul and shoot it as it flies.
And cry with joy—There Montague lies flat,
Who wronged my passion with her barbarous Chat,
And was as cruel as a Cat to Rat,
As cat to rat—ay, ay, as cat to rat.
And when you got her up into your house,
Clinch yr. fair fist, and give her such a souse :
There, Hussy, take you that for all your Prate,
Your barbarous heart I do a-bo-mi-nate.
I'll take your part, my dearest faithful Doctor !
I've told my son, and see how he has mockt her !
He'll fire her soul and make her rant and rave ;
See how she groans to be old Vulcan's slave.
The fatal bow is bent. Shoot, Cupid, shoot,
And there's your Montague all over soot.

Now say no more, my little Boy is blind,
 For sure this tyrant he has paid in kind.
 She fondly thought to captivate a lord,
 A lord, sweet queen? 'Tis true, upon my word.
 And what's his name? His name? Why—
 And thought her parts and wit the feat had done.
 But he had parts and wit as well as she.
 Why, then, 'tis strange those folks did not agree.
 Agree? Why, had she lived one moment longer,
 His love was strong, but madam's grew much stronger.

Hiatus valde deplendus.

So for her long neglect of Venus' altar
 I changed Cu's Bowstring to a silken Halter ;
 I made the noose, and Cupid drew the knot.
 Dear mam ! says he, don't let her lie and rot,
 She is too pretty. Hold your tongue, you sot !
 The pretty blockhead? None of yr. rogue's tricks.
 Ask her, she'll own she's turned of thirty-six.
 I was but twenty when I got the apple,
 And let me tell you, 'twas a cursed grapple.
 Had I but staid till I was twenty-five,
 I'd surely lost it, as you're now alive!
 Paris had said to Juno and Minerva,
 Ladies, I'm yours, and shall be glad to serve yer ;
 I must have bowed to wisdom and to power.
 And Troy had stood it to this very hour,
 Homer had never wrote, nor wits had read
 Achilles' anger or Patroclus dead.
 We gods and goddesses had lived in riot,
 And the blind fool had let us all be quiet
 Mortals had never been stunn'd with πόças ὤχους
 Nor Virgil's wooden horse play'd Hocus Pocus.
 Hang the two Bards ! But Montague is pretty.
 Sirrah, you lie ; but I'll allow she's witty.
 Well ! but I'm told she was so at fifteen.
 Ay, and the veriest so that e'er was seen.
 Why, that I own ; and I myself——"

“But, hold! as in all probability I am going to tell a parcel of cursed lies, I’ll travel no further, lay down my presumptuous pen, and go to bed; for it’s half-past two, and two hours and an half is full long enough to write nonsense at one time. You see what it is to give a Goth Tokay: you manure your land with filth, and it produces Tokay; you enrich a man with Tokay, and he brings forth the froth and filth of nonsense. You will learn how to bestow it better another time. I hope what you took yourself had a better, or at least no bad, effect. I wish you had wrote me a note after your first sleep. There wou’d have been your sublime double-distilled treble-refined wit. I shou’dn’t have known it to be yours if it could have been anybody’s else.

“Pray, don’t show these humble rhimes to R—y. That puppy will write notes upon ’em, or perhaps paint ’em upon sign-posts, and make ’em into an invitation to draw people in to see the Camel and Dromedary—for I see he can make anything of anything; but, after all, why should I be afraid? Perhaps he might make something of nothing. I have wrote in heroics. Sure the wretch will have a reverence for heroics, especially for such as he never saw before, and never may again. Well, upon my life I will go to bed—’tis a burning shame to sit up so. I lie, for my fire is out, and so will my candle too if I write a word more.

“So I will only make my mark. X

“God eternally bless and preserve you from such writers.”

“March 5th, 12 o'clock.

“DEAR MRS. MONTAGUE,

“My fever has been so great that I have not had any time to write to you in such a manner as to try and convince you that I had recovered my senses, and I could write a sober line. Pray, how do you do after your wine and its effects on you, as well as upon me? You are grown a right down rake, and I never expect you for a patient again as long as we live, the last relation I should like to stand to you in, and which nothing could make bearable but serving you, and that is a *J'ay pays* for all my misery in serving you ill.

“I am called out, so adieu.”

“March 6th.

“How do you stand this flabby weather? I tremble to hear, but want to hear of all things. If you have done with my stupid West India Ly., pray send 'em, for they go to-morrow or next day at latest. 'Tis hardly worth while to trouble Ld. L. with so much chaff and so little wheat—then why you?

“Very true. 'Tis a sad thing to have to do with a fool, who can't keep his nonsense to himself. You know I am a rose, but I have terrible prickles. Dear madam, adieu. Pray God I may hear you

are well, or that He will enable me to make you so, for you must not be sick or die. I'll find fools and rogues enough to be that for you, that are good for nothing else, and hardly, very hardly, good enough for that. Adieu, Adieu! I say Adieu, Adieu.

“M. M.”

Truly did Dr. Messenger Monsey understand the art of writing a long letter about nothing.

CHAPTER V.

AKENSIDE.

THERE were two Akensides—Akenside the poet, and Akenside the man ; and of the *man* Akenside there were numerous subdivisions. Remarkable as a poet, he was even yet more noteworthy a private individual in his extreme inconsistency. No character is more commonplace than the one to which is ordinarily applied the word contradictory ; but Akenside was a curiosity from the extravagance in which this form of “the commonplace” exhibited itself in his disposition and manners.

By turns he was placid, irritable, simple, affected, gracious, haughty, magnanimous, mean, benevolent, harsh, and sometimes even brutal. At times he was marked by a childlike docility, and at other times his vanity and arrogance

displayed him almost as a madman. Of plebeian extraction, he was ashamed of his origin, and yet was throughout life the champion of popular interests. Of his real humanity there can be no doubt, and yet in his demeanour to the unfortunate creatures whom, in his capacity of a hospital-physician, he had to attend, he was always supercilious, and often cruel.

Like Byron, he was 'lame, one of his legs being shorter than the other; and of this personal disfigurement he was even more sensitive than was the author of "Childe Harold" of his deformity. When his eye fell on it he would blush, for it reminded him of the ignoble condition in which he was born. His father was a butcher at Newcastle-upon-Tyne; and one of his cleavers, falling from the shop-block, had irremediably injured the poet's foot, when he was still a little child.

Akenside was not only the son of a butcher—but, worse still, a nonconformist butcher; and from an early period of his life he was destined to be a sectarian minister. In his nineteenth year he was sent to Edinburgh to prosecute his theological studies, the expenses of this educational course being in part defrayed by the Dissenters' Society. But he speedily discovered that he had made a wrong start, and persuaded his father to

refund the money the Society had advanced, and to be himself at the cost of educating him as a physician. The honest tradesman was a liberal and affectionate parent. Mark remained three years at Edinburgh, a member of the Medical Society, and an industrious student; and then proceeded to Leyden, where he remained for the same length of time, and took his degree of doctor of physic, May 16, 1744. At Leyden he became warmly attached to a fellow-student named Dyson; and wonderful to be related, the two friends, notwithstanding one was under heavy pecuniary obligations to the other, and they were very unlike each other in some of their principal characteristics, played the part of Pylades and Orestes, even into the Valley of Death. Akenside was poor, ardent, and of a nervous, poetic temperament. Dyson was rich, sober, and matter-of-fact, a prudent placeholder. He rose to be clerk of the House of Commons, and a Lord of the Treasury; but the atmosphere of political circles and the excitement of public life never caused his heart to forget its early attachment. Whilst the poet lived Dyson was his munificent patron, and when death had stepped in between them, his literary executor. Indeed, he allowed him for years no less a sum than 300*l.* per annum.

Akenside was never very successful as a phy-

sician, although he thoroughly understood his profession, and in some important particulars advanced its science. Dyson introduced him into good society, and recommended him to all his friends; but the greatest income Akenside ever made was most probably less than what he obtained from his friend's generosity. Still, he must have earned something, for he managed to keep a carriage and pair of horses; and 300*l.* per annum, although a hundred years ago that sum went nearly twice as far as it would now, could not have supported the equipage. His want of patients can easily be accounted for. He was a vain, tempestuous, crotchety little man, little qualified to override the prejudices which vulgar and ignorant people cherish against lawyers and physicians who have capacity and energy enough to distinguish themselves in any way out of the ordinary track of their professional duties.

He was admitted, by mandamus, to a doctor's degree at Cambridge; he became a fellow of the Royal Society, and a fellow of the Royal College of Physicians. He tried his luck at Northampton, and found he was not needed there; he became an inhabitant of Hampstead, but failed to ingratiate himself with the opulent gentry who in those days resided in that suburb; and lastly fixed himself in Bloomsbury Square (*ætat.* 27), where he

resided till his death. After some delay, he became a physician of St. Thomas's Hospital, and an assistant physician of Christ's Hospital—read the Gulstonian Lectures before the College of Physicians, in 1755—and was also Krohnian Lecturer. In speeches and papers to learned societies, and to various medical treatises, amongst which may be mentioned his "*De Dysentariâ Commentarius*," he tried to wheedle himself into practice. But his efforts were of no avail. Sir John Hawkins, in his absurd *Life of Dr. Johnson*, tells a good story of Saxby's rudeness to the author of the "*The Pleasures of Imagination*." Saxby was a custom-house clerk, and made himself liked in society by saying the rude things which other people had the benevolence to feel, but lacked the hardihood to utter. One evening at a party Akenside argued, with much warmth and more tediousness, that physicians were better and wiser men than the world ordinarily thought. "Doctor," said Saxby, "after all you have said, my opinion of the profession is this: the ancients endeavoured to make it a science, and failed; and the moderns to make it a trade, and succeeded."

He was not liked at St. Thomas's Hospital. The gentle Lettsom, whose mild poetic nature had surrounded the author of "*The Pleasures of Imagination*" with a halo of romantic interest,

when he entered himself a student of that school, was shocked at finding the idol of his admiration so irritable and unkindly a man. He was, according to Lettsom's reminiscences, thin and pale, and of a strumous countenance. His injured leg was lengthened by a false heel. In dress he was scrupulously neat and delicate, always having on his head a well-powdered white wig, and by his side a long sword. Any want of respect to him threw him into a fit of anger. One amongst the students who accompanied him on a certain occasion round the wards spat on the floor behind the physician. Akenside turned sharply on his heel, and demanded who it was that dared to spit in his face. To the poor women who applied to him for medical advice he exhibited his dislike in the most offensive and cruel manner. The students who watched him closely, and knew the severe disappointment his affections had suffered in early life, whispered to the novice that the poet-physician's moroseness to his female patients was a consequence of his having felt the goads of despised love. The fastidiousness of the little fellow at having to come so closely in contact with the vulgar rabble, induced him sometimes to make the stronger patients precede him with brooms, and clear a way for him through the crowd of diseased wretches. Bravo, my butcher's boy! This story of Akenside and his lictors, pushing back the unsightly mob of

lepers, ought to be read side by side with that of the proud Duke of Somerset, who, when on a journey, used to send outriders before him to clear the roads, and prevent vulgar eyes from looking at him.

On one occasion Akenside ordered an unfortunate male patient of St. Thomas's to take boluses of bark. The poor fellow complained that he could not swallow them. Akenside was so incensed at the man's presuming to have an opinion on the subject, that he ordered him to be turned out of the hospital, saying, "He shall not die under my care." A man who would treat his *poor* patients in this way did not deserve to have any *rich* ones. These excesses of folly and brutality, however, ere long reached the ears of honest Richard Chester, one of the governors, and that good fellow gave the doctor a good scolding, roundly telling him, "Know, thou art a servant of this charity."

Akenside's self-love received a more humorous stab than the poke administered by Richard Chester's blunt cudgel, from Mr. Baker, one of the surgeons of St. Thomas's. To appreciate the full force of the story, the reader must recollect that the jealousy, which still exists between the two branches of the medical profession, was a century since so violent that even considerations of interest failed in some cases to in-

duce eminent surgeons and physicians to act together. One of Baker's sons was the victim of epilepsy, and frequent fits had impaired his faculties. Baker was naturally acutely sensitive of his child's misfortune, and when Akenside had the bad taste to ask to what study the afflicted lad intended to apply, he answered, "I find he is not capable of making a surgeon, so I have sent him to Edinburgh to make a physician of him." Akenside felt this sarcasm so much, that he for a long time afterwards refused to hold any intercourse with Baker.

But Akenside had many excuses for his irritability. He was very ambitious, and he failed to achieve that success which the possession of great powers warranted him in regarding as his due. It was said of Garth that no physician understood his art more, or his trade less; and this, as Mr. Bucke, in his beautiful "*Life of Akenside*," remarks, was equally true of the doctor of St. Thomas's. He had a thirst for human praise and worldly success, and a temperament that caused him, notwithstanding all his sarcasms against love, to estimate at their full worth the joys of married life; yet he lived all his days a poor man, and died a bachelor. Other griefs also contributed to sour his temper. His lot was cast in times that could not justly appreciate his literary excellences. His sin-

cere admiration of classic literature and art and manners was regarded by the coarse herd of rich and stupid Londoners as so perfectly ridiculous, that when Smollett had the bad taste to introduce him into *Peregrine Pickle*, as the physician who gives a dinner after the manner of the ancients, the applause was general, and every city tradesman who had scholarship enough to read the novel had a laugh at the expense of a man who has some claims to be regarded as the greatest literary genius of his time. The polished and refined circles of English life paid homage to his genius, but he failed to meet with the cordial recognition he deserved. Johnson, though he placed him above Gray and Mason, did not do him justice. Boswell didn't see much in him. Horace Walpole differed from the friend who asked him to admire the "Pleasures of Imagination." The poets and wits of his own time had a high respect for his critical opinion, and admitted the excellence of his poetry—but almost invariably with some qualification. And Akenside was one who thirsted for the complete assent of the applauding world. He died of a putrid sore throat, in his forty-ninth year, on the 23rd of June, 1770; and we doubt not, when the Angel of Death touched him, the heart that ceased to beat was one that had known much sorrow.

Akenside's poetical career was one of unfulfilled promise. At the age of twenty-three he had written "The Pleasures of the Imagination." Pope was so struck with the merits of the poem, that when Dodsley consulted him about the price set on it by the author (120*l.*), he told him to make no niggardly offer, for it was the work of no every-day writer. But he never produced another great work. Impressed with the imperfections of his achievement, he occupied himself with incessantly touching and re-touching it up, till he came to the unwise determination of rewriting it. He did not live to accomplish this suicidal task; but the portion of it which came to the public was inferior to the original poem, both in power and art.

CHAPTER VI.

LETTSON.

HIGH amongst literary, and higher yet amongst benevolent, physicians must be ranked John Coakley Lettson, formerly president of the Philosophical Society of London. A West Indian, and the son of a planter, he was born on one of his father's little islands, Van Dyke, near Tortola, in the year 1744. Though bred a Quaker, he kept his heart so free from sectarianism, and his life so entirely void of the formality and puritanic asceticism of the Friends, that his ordinary acquaintance marvelled at his continuing to wear the costume of the brotherhood. At six years of age he was sent to England for education, being for that purpose confided to the protection of Mr. Fothergill, of Warrington, a Quaker minister,

and younger brother of Dr. John Fothergill. After receiving a poor preparatory education, he was apprenticed to a Yorkshire apothecary, named Sutcliffe, who by industry and intelligence had raised himself from the position of a weaver to that of the first medical practitioner of Settle. In the last century a West Indian was to the inhabitants of a provincial district a rare curiosity; and Sutcliffe's surgery, on the day that Lettsom entered it in his fifteenth year, was surrounded by a dense crowd of gaping rustics, anxious to see a young gentleman accustomed to walk on his head. This extraordinary demonstration of curiosity was owing to the merry humour of Sutcliffe's senior apprentice, who had informed the people that the new pupil, who would soon join him, came from a country where the feet of the inhabitants were placed in an exactly opposite direction to those of Englishmen.

Sutcliffe did find his new apprentice a very handy one. "Thou mayest make a physician, but I think not a good apothecary," the old man was in the habit of saying; and the prediction in due course turned out a correct one. Having served an apprenticeship of five years, and walked for two the wards of St. Thomas's Hospital, where Akenside was a physician, conspicuous for supercilious manner and want of feeling, Lettsom returned to the West Indies, and settled as a

medical practitioner in Tortola. He practised there only five months, earning in that time the astonishing sum of 2,000*l.*; when, ambitious of achieving a high professional position, he returned to Europe, visited the medical schools of Paris and Edinburgh, took his degree of M.D. at Leyden on the 20th of June, 1769, was admitted a licentiate of the Royal College of Physicians of London in the same year, and in 1770 was elected a fellow of the Society of Antiquaries.

From this period till his death in 1815 (Nov. 20), he was one of the most prominent figures in the scientific world of London. As a physician, he was a most fortunate man; for without any high reputation for professional acquirements, and with the exact reverse of a good preliminary education, he made a larger income than any other physician of the same time. Dr. John Fothergill never made more than 5,000*l.* in one year; but Lettsom earned 3,600*l.* in 1783—3,900*l.* in 1784—4,015*l.* in 1785—and 4,500*l.* in 1786. After that period his practice rapidly increased, so that in some years his receipts were as much as 12,000*l.* But although he pocketed such large sums, half his labours were entirely gratuitous. Necessitous clergymen and literary men he invariably attended with unusual solicitude and attention, but without ever taking a fee for his services. Indeed, generosity was the ruling feature of his life. Although

he burdened himself with the public business of his profession, was so incessantly on the move from one patient to another that he habitually knocked up three pairs of horses a-day, and had always some literary work or other upon his desk, he nevertheless found time to do an amount of labour, in establishing charitable institutions and visiting the indigent sick, that would by itself have made a reputation for an ordinary person.*

To give the mere list of his separate benevolent services would be to write a book about them. The General Dispensary, the Finsbury Dispensary, the Surrey Dispensary, and the Margate Sea-bathing Infirmary originated in his exertions; and he was one of the first projectors of—the Philanthropic Society, St. George's-in-the-Fields, for the Prevention of Crimes, and the Reform of the Criminal Poor; the Society for the Discharge and Relief of Persons Imprisoned for Small Debts; the Asylum for the Indigent Deaf and Dumb; the Institution for the Relief and Employment of the Indigent Blind; and the Royal Humane Society, for the recovery of the apparently drowned or dead. And year by year his pen sent forth some publication or other to promote the welfare of the poor, and succour the afflicted. Of course there were crowds of clever spectators of the world's work, who smiled as the doctor's carriage passed them

in the streets, and said he was a deuced clever fellow to make ten thousand a-year so easily; and that, after all, philanthropy was not a bad trade. But Lettsom was no calculating humanitarian, with a tongue discoursing eloquently on the sufferings of mankind, and an eye on the sharp look-out for his own interest. What he was before the full stare of the world, that he was also in his own secret heart, and those private ways into which hypocrisy cannot enter. At the outset of his life, when only twenty-three years old, he liberated his slaves—although they constituted almost his entire worldly wealth, and he was anxious to achieve distinction in a profession that offers peculiar difficulties to needy aspirants. And when his career was drawing to a close, he had to part with his beloved country-seat, because he had impoverished himself by lavish generosity to the unfortunate.

There was no sanctimonious affectation in the man. He wore a drab coat and gaiters, and made the Quaker's use of *Thou* and *Thee*; but he held himself altogether apart from the prejudices of his sect. A poet himself of some respectability, he delighted in every variety of literature, and was ready to shake any man by the hand—Jew or Gentile. He liked pictures and works of sculpture, and spent large sums upon them; into the various scientific movements

of the time he threw himself with all the energy of his nature; and he disbursed a fortune in surrounding himself at Camberwell with plants from the tropics. He liked good wine, but never partook of it to excess, although his enemies were ready to suggest that he was always glad to avail himself of an excuse for getting intoxicated. And he was such a devoted admirer of the fair sex, that the jealous swarm of needy men who envied him his prosperity, had some countenance for their slander that he was a Quaker debauched. He married young, and his wife outlived him; but as husband he was as faithful as he proved in every other relation of life.

Saturday was the day he devoted to entertaining his friends at Grove Hill, Camberwell; and rare parties there gathered round him—celebrities from every region of the civilized world, and the best “good fellows” of London. Boswell was one of his most frequent guests, and, in an ode to Charles Dilly, celebrated the beauties of the physician’s seat and his humane disposition:—

“My cordial Friend, still prompt to lend
Your cash when I have need on’t;
We both must bear our load of care—
At least we talk and read on’t.

- “ Yet are we gay in ev’ry way,
Not minding where the joke lie ;
On Saturday at bowls we play
At Camberwell with Coakley.
- “ Methinks you laugh to hear but half
The name of Dr. Lettsom :
From him of good—talk, liquors, food—
His guests will always get some.
- “ And guests has he, in ev’ry degree,
Of decent estimation :
His liberal mind holds all mankind
As an extended Nation.
- “ O’er Lettsom’s cheer we’ve met a peer—
A peer—no less than Lansdowne !
Of whom each dul’ and envious skull
Absurdly cries—The man’s down ! ”
- “ Down do they say ? How then, I pray,
His king and country prize him !
Through the whole world known, his peace alone
Is sure t’ immortalize him.
- “ Lettsom we view a *Quaker* true,
’Tis clear he’s so in one sense :
His *spirit*, strong, and ever young,
Refutes pert Priestley’s nonsense.
- “ In fossils he is deep, we see ;
Nor knows Beasts, Fishes, Birds ill ;
With plants not few, some from Pelew,
And wondrous Mangel Wurzel !
- “ West India bred, warm heart, cool head,
The city’s first physician ;
By schemes humane—want, sickness, pain,
To aid in his ambition.

“ From terrace high he feasts his eye,
When practice grants a furlough;
And, while it roves o’er Dulwich groves,
Looks down—even upon Thurlow.”

The concluding line is an allusion to the Lord Chancellor’s residence at Dulwich.

In person, Lettsom was tall and thin—indeed, almost attenuated: his face was deeply lined, indicating firmness quite as much as benevolence; and his complexion was of a dark yellow hue. His eccentricities were numerous. Like the founder of his sect, he would not allow even respect for royalty to make an alteration in his costume which his conscience did not approve; and George III., who entertained a warm regard for him, allowed him to appear at Court in the ordinary Quaker garb, and to kiss his hand, though he had neither powder on his head, nor a sword by his side. Lettsom responded to his sovereign’s courtesy by presenting him with some rare and unpurchasable medals.

Though his writings show him to have been an enlightened physician for his time, his system of practice was not of course free from the violent measures which were universally believed in during the last century. He used to say of himself, in doggerel English, that possibly was quite as good as the Latin of his prescriptions :—

“When patients comes to I,
I physics, bleeds, and sweats 'em;
Then—if they choose to die,
What's that to I—I lets 'em.”—(I. Lettsom.)

But his prescriptions were not invariably of a kind calculated to depress the system of his patient. On one occasion an old American merchant, who had been ruined by the rupture between the colonies and the mother country, requested his attendance and professional advice. The unfortunate man was seventy-four years of age, and bowed down with the weight of his calamities.

“Those trees, doctor,” said the sick man, looking out of his bedroom window over his lawn, “I planted, and have lived to see some of them too old to bear fruit; they are part of my family: and my children, still dearer to me, must quit this residence, which was the delight of my youth, and the hope of my old age.”

The Quaker physician was deeply affected by these pathetic words, and the impressive tone with which they were uttered. He spoke a few words of comfort, and quitted the room, leaving on the table, as his prescription—a cheque for a large sum of money. Nor did his goodness end there. He purchased the house of his patient's creditors, and presented it to him for life.

As Lettsom was travelling in the neighbourhood of London, a highwayman stopped his carriage, and, putting a pistol into the window, demanded him to surrender his money. The faltering voice and hesitation of the robber showed that he had only recently taken to his perilous vocation, and his appearance showed him to be a young man who had moved in the gentle ranks of life. Lettsom quickly responded that he was sorry to see such a well-looking young man pursuing a course which would inevitably bring him to ruin; that he would *give* him freely all the money he had about him, and would try to put him in a better way of life, if he liked to call on him in the course of a few days. As the doctor said this, he gave his card to the young man, who turned out to be another victim of the American war. He had only made one similar attempt on the road before, and had been driven to lawless action by unexpected pennilessness. Lettsom endeavoured in vain to procure aid for his *protégé* from the commissioners for relieving the American sufferers; but eventually the Queen, interested in the young man's case, presented him with a commission in the army; and in a brief military career, that was cut short by yellow fever in the West Indies, he distinguished himself so much that his name appeared twice in the *Gazette*.

On one of his benevolent excursions the doctor found his way into the squalid garret of a poor woman who had seen better days. With the language and deportment of a lady she begged the physician to give her a prescription. After enquiring carefully into her case, he wrote on a slip of paper to the overseers of the parish—

“A shilling per diem for Mrs. Moreton. Money, not physic, will cure her.

“LETTSON.”

Of all Lettsom's numerous works, including his contributions to the *Gentleman's Magazine*, under the signature of “Mottles,” the anagram of his own name, the one most known to the general reader is the “History of some of the Effects of Hard Drinking.” It concludes with a scale of Temperance and Intemperance, in imitation of a thermometer. To each of the two conditions seventy degrees are allotted. Against the seventieth (or highest) degree of Temperance is marked “Water,” under which, at distances of ten degrees, follow “Milk-and-Water,” “Small Beer,” “Cyder and Perry,” “Wine,” “Porter,” “Strong Beer.” The tenth degree of Intemperance is “Punch;” the twentieth, “Toddy and Crank;” the thirtieth, “Grog and Brandy-and-Water;” the fortieth, “Flip and Shrub;” the fiftieth, “Bitters infused in Spirits,

Usquebaugh, Hysteric Water;" the sixtieth, "Gin, Anniseed, Brandy, Rum, and Whisky" in the morning; the seventieth, like the sixtieth, only taken day and night. Then follow, in tabular order, the vices, diseases, and punishments of the different stages of Intemperance. The mere enumeration of them ought to keep the most confirmed toper sober for the rest of his days:—

"Vices.—Idleness, Feevishness, Quarrelling, Fighting, Lying, Swearing, Obscenity, Swindling, Perjury, Burglary, Murder, Suicide.

"Diseases.—Sickness, Tremors of the Hands in the Morning, Bloatedness, Inflamed Eyes, Red Nose and Face, Sore and Swelled Legs, Jaundice, Pains in the Limbs, Dropsy, Epilepsy, Melancholy, Madness, Palsy, Apoplexy, Death.

"Punishments.—Debt, Black Eyes, Rags, Hunger, Hospital, Poorhouse, Jail, Whipping, the Hulks, Botany Bay, Gallows!"

This reads like Hogarth's Gin Lane.

CHAPTER VII.

A FEW MORE QUACKS.

OF London's modern quacks, one of the most daring was James Graham, M.D., of Edinburgh, who introduced into England the juggleries of Mesmer, profiting by them in this country scarcely less than his master did on the Continent. His brother married Catherine Macaulay, the author of the immortal history of England, which no one now-a-days reads; the admired of Horace Walpole; the lady whose statue, during her lifetime, was erected in the chancel of the church of St. Stephen's, Walbrook. Graham's sister was married to Dr. Arnold, of Leicester, the author of a valuable book on Insanity.

With a little intellect and more knavery, Dr. Graham ran a course very similar to Mesmer. He emerged from obscurity in or about the year 1780, and established himself in a spacious man-

sion in the Royal Terrace, Adelphi, overlooking the Thames, and midway between the Blackfriars and Westminster Bridges. The river front of the house was ornamented with classic pillars; and inscribed over the principal entrance, in gilt letters on a white compartment, was "Templum Æsculapio Sacrum." The "Temple of Health," as it was usually spoken of in London, quickly became a place of fashionable resort. Its spacious rooms were supplied with furniture made to be stared at—sphinxes, dragons breathing flame, marble statues, paintings, medico-electric apparatus, rich curtains and draperies, stained glass windows, stands of armour, immense pillars and globes of glass, and remarkably arranged plates of burnished steel. Luxurious couches were arranged in the recesses of the apartments, whereon languid visitors were invited to rest; whilst the senses were fascinated with strains of gentle music, and the perfumes of spices burnt in swinging censers. The most sacred shrine of the edifice stood in the centre of "The Great Apollo Apartment," described by the magician in the following terms:—"This room is upwards of thirty feet long, by twenty wide, and full fifteen feet high in the ceiling; on entering which, words can convey no adequate idea of the astonishment and awful sublimity which seizes the mind of every spectator. The

first object which strikes the eye astonishes, expands, and ennobles the soul of the beholder, is a magnificent temple, sacred to health, and dedicated to Apollo. In this tremendous edifice are combined or singly dispensed the irresistible and salubrious influences of electricity, or the elementary fire, air, and magnetism; three of the greatest of those agents or universal principles, which, pervading all created being and substances that we are acquainted with, connect, animate, and keep together all nature!—or, in other words, principles which constitute, as it were, the various faculties of the material soul of the universe: *the Eternally Supreme Jehovah Himself* being the essential source—the Life of that Life—the Agent of those Agents—the Soul of that Soul—the all-creating, all-sustaining, all-blessing God!—not of this world alone—not of the other still greater worlds which we know compose our solar system! Not the creator, the soul, the preserver of this world alone—or of any one of those which we have seen roll with uninterrupted harmony for so many thousands of years!—not the God of the millions of myriads of worlds, of systems, and of various ranks and orders of beings and intelligences which probably compose the aggregate of the grand, the vast, the incomprehensible system of the universe!—but the eternal, infinitely wise, and infinitely powerful, infinitely

good God of the whole—the Great Sun of the Universe!”

This blasphemy was regarded in Bond Street and Mayfair as inspired wisdom. It was held to be wicked not to believe in Dr. Graham. The “Temple” was crowded with the noble and wealthy; and Graham, mingling the madness of a religious enthusiast with the craft of a charlatan, preached to his visitors, and prayed over them with the zeal of Joanna Southcote. He composed a form of prayer to be used in the Temple, called “The Christian’s Universal Prayer,” a long rigmorole of spasmodic nonsense, to the printed edition of which the author affixed the following note: “The first idea of writing this prayer was suggested by hearing, one evening, the celebrated Mr. Fischer play on the hautboy, with inimitable sweetness, *his long-winded* variations on some old tunes. I was desirous to know what effect that would have when extended to literary composition. I made the experiment as soon as I got home, on the Lord’s Prayer, and wrote the following in bed, before morning.”

About the “Temple of Health” there are a few other interesting particulars extant. The woman who officiated in the “Sanctum Sanctorum” was the fair and frail Emma—in due course to be the wife of Sir William Hamilton, and the goddess of Nelson. The charges for consulting the oracle, or a

mere admission in the Temple, were thus arranged: "The nobility, gentry, and others, who apply through the day, viz. from ten to six, must pay a guinea the first consultation, and half a guinea every time after. No person whomsoever, even personages of the first rank, need expect to be attended at their own houses, unless confined to bed by sickness, or to their room through extreme weakness; and from those whom he attends at their houses two guineas each visit is expected. Dr. Graham, for reasons of the highest importance to the public as well as to himself, has a chymical laboratory and a great medicinal cabinet in his own house; and in the above fixed fees, either at home or abroad, every expense attending his advice, medicines, applications, and operations, and *influences*, are included—a few tedious, complex, and expensive operations in the Great Apollo apartment only excepted."

But the humour of the man culminated when he bethought himself of displaying the crutches and spectacles of restored patients, as trophies of his victories over disease. "Over the doors of the principal rooms, under the vaulted compartments of the ceiling, and in each side of the centre arches of the hall, are placed walking-sticks, ear-trumpets, visual glasses, crutches, &c. left, and here placed as most honourable trophies, by deaf, weak, paralytic, and emaciated persons,

cripples, &c., who, being cured, have happily no longer need of such assistances."

Amongst the furniture of the "Temple of Health" was a celestial bed, provided with costly draperies, and standing on glass legs. Married couples, who slept on this couch, were sure of being blessed with a beautiful progeny. For its use 100*l.* per night were demanded, and numerous persons of rank were foolish enough to comply with the terms. Besides his celestial bed and magnetic tomfooleries, Graham vended an "Elixir of Life," and subsequently recommended and superintended earth-bathing. Any one who took the elixir might live as long as he wished. For a constant supply of so valuable a medicine, 1,000*l.* paid in advance was the demand. More than one nobleman paid that sum. The Duchess of Devonshire patronized Graham, as she did every other quack who came in her way; and her folly was countenanced by Lady Spencer, Lady Clermont, the Comtesse de Polignac, and the Comtesse de Chalon.

Of all Dr. Graham's numerous writings one of the most ridiculous is "A clear, full, and faithful Portraiture, or Description, and ardent Recommendation of a certain most beautiful and spotless Virgin Princess, of Imperial descent! To a certain youthful Heir-Apparent, in the possession of whom alone his Royal Highness can be truly,

permanently, and supremely happy. Most humbly dedicated to his Royal Highness, George, Prince of Wales, and earnestly recommended to the attention of the Members of both Houses of Parliament." When George the Third was attacked for the first time with mental aberration, Graham hastened down to Windsor, and obtaining an interview there with the Prince Regent, with thrilling earnestness of manner assured his Royal Highness that he would suffer in the same way as his father unless he married a particular princess that he (Dr. Graham) was ready to introduce to him. On the prince inquiring the name of the lady, Graham answered, "Evangelical Wisdom." Possibly the royal patient would have profited, had he obeyed the zealot's exhortation. The work, of which we have just given the title, is a frantic rhapsody on the beauties and excellence of the Virgin Princess Wisdom, arranged in chapters and verses, and begins thus:—

"CHAP. I.

"Hear! all ye people of the earth, and understand; give ear attentively, O ye kings and princes, and be admonished; yea, learn attentively, ye who are the rulers and the judges of the people.

"2. Let the inhabitants of the earth come before me with all the innocency and docility of

little children ; and the kings and governors, with all purity and simplicity of heart.

“3. For the Holy Spirit of Wisdom ! or celestial discipline ! flees from duplicity and deceit, and from haughtiness and hardness of heart ; it removes far from the thoughts that are without understanding ; and will not abide when unrighteousness cometh in.”

The man who was fool enough to write such stuff as this had however some common sense. He detected the real cause of the maladies of half those who consulted him, and he did his utmost to remove it. Like the French quack Villars, he preached up “abstinence” and “cleanliness.” Of the printed “general instructions” to his patients, No. 2 runs thus :—“It will be unreasonable for Dr. Graham’s patients to expect a complete and a lasting cure, or even great alleviation of their peculiar maladies, unless they keep their body and limbs most perfectly clean with frequent washings, breathe fresh open air day and night, be simple in the quality and moderate in the quantity of their food and drink, and totally give up using the deadly poisons and weakeners of both body and soul, and the canker-worms of estates, called foreign tea and coffee, red port wine, spirituous liquors, tobacco and snuff, gaming and late hours, and all sinful and unnatural and excessive indulgence of the animal appetites, and of the

diabolical and degrading mental passions. On practising the above rules, and a widely-open window day and night, and on washing with cold water, and going to bed every night by eight or nine, and rising by four or five, depends the very perfection of bodily and mental health, strength, and happiness."

Many to whom this advice was given thought that ill-health which made them unable to enjoy anything was no worse an evil than health bought on terms that left them nothing to enjoy. During his career Graham moved his "Temple of Health" from the Adelphi to Pall-Mall. But he did not prosper in the long-run. His religious extravagances for a while brought him adherents, but when they took the form of attacking the Established Church, they brought on him an army of adversaries. He came also into humiliating collision with the Edinburgh authorities.

Perhaps the curative means employed by Graham were as justifiable and beneficial as the remedies of the celebrated doctors of Whitworth in Yorkshire, the brothers Taylor. These gentlemen were farriers, by profession, but condescended to prescribe for their own race as well, always however regarding the vocation of brute-doctor as superior in dignity to that of a physician. Their system of practice was a vigorous one. They made no gradual and insidious advances

on disease, but opened against it a bombardment of shot and shell from all directions. They bled their patients by the gallon, and drugged them by the stone. Their druggists, Ewbank and Wallis of York, used to supply them with a ton of Glauber's salts at a time. In their dispensary scales and weights were regarded as the bugbears of ignoble minds. Every Sunday morning they bled *gratis* anyone who liked to demand a prick from their lancets. Often a hundred poor people were seated on the surgery benches at the same time, waiting for venesection. When each of the party had found a seat the two brothers passed rapidly along the lines of bared arms, the one doctor deftly applying the ligature above the elbow, and the other immediately opening the vein, the crimson stream from which was directed to a wooden trough that ran round the apartment in which the operations were performed. The same magnificence of proportion characterized their administration of kitchen physic. If they ordered a patient broth, they directed his nurse to buy a large leg of mutton, and boil it in a copper of water down to a strong decoction, of which a quart should be administered at stated intervals.

When the little Abbé de Voisenon was ordered by his physician to drink a quart of ptisan per hour he was horrified. On his next visit the doctor asked,

"What effect has the ptisan produced?"

"Not any," answered the little Abbé.

"Have you taken it all?"

"I could not take more than half of it."

The physician was annoyed, even angry, that his directions had not been carried out, and frankly said so.

"*Ah, my friend,*" pleaded the Abbé, "*how could you desire me to swallow a quart an hour?—I hold but a pint!*"

This reminds us of a story we have heard told of an irascible physician who died after attaining a venerable age, at the close of the last century. The story is one of those which, told once, are told many times, and affixed to new personages, according to the whim or ignorance of the narrator.

"Your husband is very ill—very ill—high fever," observed the Doctor to a poor labourer's wife; "and he's old, worn, emaciated: his hand is as dry as a Suffolk cheese. You must keep giving him water—as much as he'll drink; and, as I am coming back to-night from Woodbridge, I'll see him again. There—don't come snivelling about me!—my heart is a deuced deal too hard to stand that sort of thing. But, since you want something to cry about, just listen—your husband *isn't going to die yet!* There, now, you're

disappointed. Well, you brought it on yourself. Mind, lots of water—as much as he'll drink."

The Doctor was ashamed of the feminine tenderness of his heart, and tried to hide it under an affectation of cynicism, and a manner, at times, verging on brutality. Heaven bless all his descendants, scattered over the whole world, but all of them brave and virtuous! A volume might be written on his good qualities; his only bad one being extreme irascibility. His furies were many, and sprung from divers visitations; but nothing was so sure to lash him into a tempest as to be pestered with idle questions.

"Water, sir?" whined Molly Meagrim. "To be sure, your honour—water he shall have, poor dear soul! But, your honour, how much water ought I to give him?"

"Zounds, woman! haven't I told you to give him as much as he'll take?—and you ask me how much! *How much?*—give him a couple of pails of water, if he'll take 'em. Now, do you hear me, you old fool? Give him a couple of pails."

"The Lord bless your honour—yes," whined Molly.

To get beyond the reach of her miserable voice the Doctor ran to his horse, and rode off to Wood-

bridge. At night, as he returned, he stopped at the cottage to enquire after the sick man.

"He's bin took away, yer honour," said the woman, as the physician entered. "The water didn't fare to do him noan good—noan in the lessest, sir. Only then we couldn't get down the right quantity, though we did our best. We got down better nor a pail and a half, when he slipped out o' our hands. Ah, yer honour! if we could but ha' got him to swaller the rest, he might still be alive! But we did our best, Doctor."

Clumsy empirics, however, as the Taylors were, they attended people of the first importance. The elder Taylor was called to London to attend Thurlow, Bishop of Durham, the brother of Lord Chancellor Thurlow. The representative men of the Faculty received him at the bishop's residence, but he would not commence the consultation till the arrival of John Hunter. "I wont say a word till Jack Hunter comes," roared the Whitworth doctor; "he's the only man of you who knows anything." When Hunter arrived, Taylor proceeded to his examination of the bishop's state, and, in the course of it, used some ointment which he took from a box.

"What's it made of?" Hunter asked.

"That's not a fair question," said Taylor, turning to the Lord Chancellor, who happened to be

present. "No, no, Jack. I'll send you as much as you please, but I wont tell you what it's made of."

CHAPTER VIII.

ST. JOHN LONG.

IN the entire history of charlatanism, however, it would be difficult to point to a career more extraordinary than the brilliant though brief one of St. John Long, in our own cultivated London, at a time scarcely more than a generation distant from the present. Though a pretender, and consummate quack, he was distinguished from the vulgar herd of cheats by the possession of enviable personal endowments, a good address, and a considerable quantity of intellect. The son of an Irish basket-maker, he was born in or near Done-
raile, and in his boyhood assisted in his father's humble business. His artistic talents, which he cultivated for some time without the aid of a drawing-master, enabled him, while still quite a lad, to discontinue working as a rush-weaver. For

a little while he stayed at Dublin, and had some intercourse with Daniel Richardson the painter; after which he moved to Limerick county, and started on his own account as a portrait-painter, and an instructor in the use of the brush. That his education was not superior to what might be expected in a clever youth of such lowly extraction, the following advertisement, copied from a Limerick paper of February 10, 1821, attests:—

“Mr. John Saint John Long, Historical and Portrait Painter, the only pupil of Daniel Richardson, Esq., late of Dublin, proposes, during his stay in Limerick, to take portraits from Italian Head to whole length; and parson desirous of getting theirs done, in historical, hunting, shooting, fishing, or any other character; or their family, grouped in one or two paintings from life-size to miniature, so as to make an historical subject, choosing one from history.

“The costume of the period from whence it would be taken will be particularly attended to, and the character of each preserved.

“He would take views in the country, terms per agreement. Specimens to be seen at his Residence, No. 116, Georges Street, opposite the Clubhouse, and at Mr. James Dodds, Paper-staining Warehouse, Georges Street.

“Mr. Long is advised by his several friends to give instructions in the Art of Painting in Oils,

Opeak, Chalk, and Water-colours, &c., to a limited number of Pupils of Respectability two days in each week at stated hours.

“Gentlemen are not to attend at the same hour the Ladies attend at. He will supply them in water-colours, &c.”

How the young artist came possessed of the name of St. John is a mystery. When he blazed into notoriety, his admirers asserted that it came to him in company with noble blood that ran in his veins; but more unkind observers declared that it was assumed, as being likely to tickle the ears of his credulous adherents. His success as a provincial art-professor was considerable. The gentry of Limerick liked his manly bearing and lively conversation, and invited him to their houses to take likenesses of their wives, flirt with their daughters, and accompany their sons on hunting and shooting excursions. Emboldened by good luck in his own country, and possibly finding the patronage of the impoverished aristocracy of an Irish province did not yield him a sufficient income, he determined to try his fortune in England. Acting on this resolve, he hastened to London, and with ingratiating manners and that persuasive tongue which nine Irishmen out of ten possess, he managed to get introductions to a few respectable drawing-rooms. He even obtained some employment from Sir

Thomas Lawrence, as colour-grinder and useful assistant in the studio; and was elected a member of the Royal Society of Literature, and also of the Royal Asiatic Society. But like many an Irish adventurer, before and after him, he found it hard work to live on his impudence, pleasant manners, and slender professional acquirements. He was glad to colour anatomical drawings for the professors and pupils of one of the minor surgical schools of London; and in doing so picked up a few pounds and a very slight knowledge of the structure of the human frame. The information so obtained stimulated him to further researches, and, ere a few more months of starvation had passed over, he deemed himself qualified to cure all the bodily ailments to which the children of Adam are subject.

He invented a lotion or liniment endowed with the remarkable faculty of distinguishing between sound and unsound tissues. To a healthy part it was as innocuous as water; but when applied to a surface under which any seeds of disease were lurking, it became a violent irritant, creating a sore over the seat of mischief, and stimulating nature to throw off the morbid virus. He also instructed his patients to inhale the vapour which rose from a certain mixture compounded by him in large quantities, and placed in the interior of a large mahogany case, which very much re-

sembled an upright piano. In the sides of this piece of furniture were apertures, into which pipe-stalks were screwed for the benefit of afflicted mortals, who, sitting on easy lounges, smoked away like a party of Turkish elders.

With these two agents St. John Long engaged to combat every form of disease—gout, palsy, obstructions of the liver, cutaneous affections; but the malady which he professed to have the most complete command over was consumption. His success in surrounding himself with patients was equal to his audacity. He took a large house in Harley Street, and fitted it up for the reception of people anxious to consult him; and for some seasons every morning and afternoon (from 8 a.m. to 4 p.m.) the public way was blocked up with carriages pressing to his door. The old and the young alike flocked to him; but nine of his patients out of every ten were ladies. For awhile the foolish of every rank in London seemed to have but one form in which to display their folly. Needy matrons from obscure suburban villages came with their guineas to consult the new oracle; and ladies of the highest rank, fashion, and wealth hastened to place themselves and their daughters at the mercy of a pretender's ignorance.

Unparalleled were the scenes which the re-

ception-rooms of that notorious house in Harley Street witnessed. In one room were two enormous inhalers, with flexible tubes running outwards in all directions, and surrounded by dozens of excited women—ladies of advanced years, and young girls giddy with the excitement of their first London season—puffing from their lips the medicated vapour, or waiting till a mouth-piece should be at liberty for their pink lips. In another room the great magician received his patients. Some he ordered to persevere in inhalation, others he divested of their raiment, and rubbed his miraculous liniment into their backs, between the shoulders or over their bosoms. Strange to say, these lavations and frictions—which invariably took place in the presence of third persons, nurses or invalids—had very different results. The fluid, which, as far as the eye could discern, was taken out of the same vessel, and was the same for all, would instantaneously produce on one lady a burning excoriation, which had in due course to be dressed with cabbage-leaves; but on another would be so powerless that she could wash in it, or drink it copiously, like ordinary pump-water, with impunity. “Yes,” said the wizard, “that was his system, and such were its effects. If a girl had tubercles in her lungs, the lotion applied to the outward surface of her chest would produce a sore, and extract the virus

from the organs of respiration. If a gentleman had a gouty foot, and washed it in this new water of Jordan, at the cost of a little temporary irritation the vicious particles would leave the affected part. But on any sound person who bathed in it the fluid would have no power whatever."

The news of the wonderful remedy flew to every part of the kingdom; and from every quarter sick persons, wearied of a vain search after an alleviation of their sufferings, flocked to London with hope renewed once more. Long had so many applicants for attention that he was literally unable to give heed to all of them; and he availed himself of this excess of business by selecting for treatment those cases only where there seemed every chance of a satisfactory result. In this he was perfectly candid, for time after time he declared that he would take no one under his care who seemed to have already gone beyond hope. On one occasion he was called into the country to see a gentleman who was in the last stage of consumption; and after a brief examination of the poor fellow's condition, he said frankly—

"Sir, you are so ill that I cannot take you under my charge at present. You want stamina. Take hearty meals of beefsteaks and strong

beer; and if you are better in ten days, I'll do my best for you and cure you."

It was a safe offer to make, for the sick man lived little more than forty-eight hours longer.

But notwithstanding the calls of his enormous practice, St. John Long found time to enjoy himself. He went a great deal into fashionable society, and was petted by the great and highborn, not only because he was a notoriety, but because of his easy manners, imposing carriage, musical though hesitating voice, and agreeable disposition. He was tall and slight, but strongly built; and his countenance, thin and firmly set, although frank in expression, caused beholders to think highly of his intellectual refinement, as well as of his decision and energy. Possibly his personal advantages had no slight influence with his feminine applauders. But he possessed other qualities yet more fitted to secure their esteem—an Irish impetuosity of temperament and a sincere sympathy with the unfortunate. He was an excellent horseman, hunting regularly, and riding superb horses. On one occasion, as he was cantering round the Park, he saw a man strike a woman, and without an instant's consideration he pulled up, leaped to the ground, seized the fellow bodily, and with one enormous effort flung him slap over the Park rails.

But horse-exercise was the only masculine pas-

time he was very fond of. He was very temperate in his habits; and, although Irish gentlemen *used* to get tipsy, he never did. Painting, music, and the society of a few really superior women, were the principal sources of enjoyment to which this brilliant charlatan had recourse in his leisure hours. Many were the ladies of rank and girls of gentle houses who would have gladly linked their fortunes to him and his ten thousand a-year.* But though numerous matrimonial overtures were made to him, he persevered in his bachelor style of life; and although he was received with peculiar intimacy into the privacy of female society, scandal never even charged him with a want of

* A writer in the *Gentleman's Magazine* for 1843 observes:—"In England, after Sir Astley, whose superiority of mind or dexterity of hand stood uncontested, another practitioner in that category of the Faculty of which it has been said, '*Periculis nostris, et experimenta per mortes agunt medici*,' the once famous St. John Long was, I believe, the most largely requited. I had some previous knowledge of him, and in 1830 he showed me his pass-book with his bankers, Sir Claude Scott and Co., displaying a series of credits from July, 1829 to July, 1830, or a single year's operations, to the extent of £13,400. But the delusion soon vanished. One act of liberality on his part at that period, however, I think it fair to record. To a gentleman who had rendered him some literary aid, which his defective education made indispensable, he presented double, not only what he was assured would be an ample remuneration, but what exceeded fourfold the sum his friend would have been satisfied with, or had expected."

honour or delicacy towards women, apart from his quackery. Indeed, he broke off his professional connection with one notorious lady of rank, rather than gratify her eccentric wish to have her likeness taken by him in that remarkable costume—or no costume at all—in which she was wont to receive her visitors.

In the exercise of his art he treated women unscrupulously. Amidst the crowd of ladies who thronged his reception-rooms he moved, smiling, courteous, and watchful, listening to their mutual confidences about their maladies, the constitutions of their relations, and their family interests. Every stray sentence the wily man caught up and retained in his memory, for future use. To induce those to become his patients who had nothing the matter with them, and consequently would go to swell the list of his successful cases, he used the most atrocious artifices.

“Ah, Lady Emily, I saw your dear sister,” he would say to a patient, “yesterday—driving in the Park—lovely creature she is! Ah, poor thing!”

“Poor thing, Mr. Long!—why, Catherine is the picture of health!”

“Ah,” the adroit fellow would answer, sadly, “you think so—so does she—and so does every one besides myself who sees her; but—but—unless prompt remedial measures are taken, that dear girl, ere two short years have flown, will be

in her grave." This mournful prophecy would be speedily conveyed to Catherine's ears; and, under the influence of that nervous horror and apprehension of death which almost invariably torments the youthful and healthy, she would implore the great physician to save her from her doom. It was not difficult to quiet her anxious heart. Attendance at 41, Harley Street, for six weeks, during which time a sore was created on her breast by the corrosive liniment, and cured by the application of cabbage leaves and nature's kindly processes, enabled her to go out once more into the world, sounding her saviour's praises, and convinced that she might all her life long expose herself to the most trying changes of atmosphere, without incurring any risk of chest-affection.

But Mr. Long had not calculated that, although nine hundred and ninety-nine constitutions out of every thousand would not be materially injured by his treatment, he would at rare intervals meet with a patient of delicate organization, on whom the application of his blistering fluid would be followed by the most serious consequences. In the summer of the year 1830, two young ladies, of a good Irish family named Cashin, came to London, and were inveigled into the wizard's net. They were sisters; and the younger of them, being in delicate health, called on Mr.

Long, accompanied by her elder sister. The ordinary course of inhalation and rubbing was prescribed for the invalid; and ere long, frightened by the quack's prediction that, unless she was subjected to immediate treatment, she would fall into a rapid consumption, the other young lady submitted to have the corrosive lotion rubbed over her back and shoulders. The operation was performed on the 3rd of August. Forthwith a violent inflammation was established; the wound, instead of healing, became daily and hourly of a darker and more unhealthy aspect; unable to bear the cabbage leaves on the raw and suppurating surface, the sufferer induced her nurse to apply a comforting poultice to the part, but no relief was obtained from it. St. John Long was sent for, and on the 14th (just eleven days after the exhibition of the corrosive liniment), he found his victim in a condition of extreme exhaustion and pain, and suffering from continued sickness. Taking these symptoms as a mere matter of course, he ordered her a tumbler of mulled wine, and took his departure. On the following day (Sunday 15th) he called again, and offered to dress the wound. But the poor girl, suddenly waking up to the peril of her position, would not permit him to touch her, and, raising herself with an effort in her bed, exclaimed—

“Indeed, Mr. Long, you shall not touch my back again—you very well know that when I became your patient I was in perfect health, but now you are killing me!” Without losing his self-command at this pathetic appeal, he looked into her earnest eyes, and said, impressively—

“Whatever inconvenience you are now suffering, it will be of short duration, for in two or three days you will be in better health than you ever were in your life.”

But his words did not restore her confidence. The next day (the 16th) Mr., now Sir Benjamin, Brodie, was sent for, and found on the wretched girl's back an inflamed surface about the size of a plate, having in the centre a spot as large as the palm of his hand, which was in a state of mortification. The time for rescue was past. Sir Benjamin prescribed a saline draught to allay the sickness; and within twenty-four hours Catherine Cashin, who a fortnight before had been in perfect health and high spirits—an unusually lovely girl, in her 25th year—lay upon her bed in the quiet of death.

An uproar immediately ensued; and there was an almost universal cry from the intelligent people of the country, that the empiric should be punished. A coroner's inquest was held; and, in spite of the efforts made by the

charlatan's fashionable adherents, a verdict was obtained from the jury of manslaughter against St. John Long. Every attempt was made by a set of influential persons of high rank to prevent the law from taking its ordinary course. The issue of the warrant for the apprehension of the offender was most mysteriously and scandalously delayed; and had it not been for the energy of Mr. Wakley, who, in a long and useful career of public service, has earned for himself much undeserved obloquy, the affair would, even after the verdict of the coroner's jury, have been hushed up. Eventually, however, on Saturday, October 30th, St. John Long was placed in the dock of the Old Bailey, charged with the manslaughter of Miss Cashin. Instead of deserting him in his hour of need, his admirers—male and female—presented themselves at the Central Criminal Court, to encourage him by their sympathy, and to give evidence in his favour. The carriages of distinguished members of the nobility brought fair freights of the first fashion of May-fair down to the gloomy court-house that adjoins Newgate; and belles of the first fashion sat all through the day in the stifling atmosphere of the crowded court, looking languishingly at their hero in the dock, who, from behind his barrier of rue and fennel, distributed to them smiles of grateful recognition. The judge (Mr. Justice Park) mani-

fested throughout the trial a strong partisanship with the prisoner; and the Marchioness of Ormond, who was accommodated with a seat on the bench by his lordship's side, conversed with him in whispers during the proceedings. The summing up was strongly in favour of the accused; but, in spite of the partial judge, and an array of fashionable witnesses in favour of the prisoner, the jury returned a verdict of guilty.

As it was late on Saturday when the verdict was given, the judge deferred passing sentence till the following Monday. At the opening of the court on that day a yet greater crush of the *beau monde* was present; and the judge, instead of awarding a term of imprisonment to the guilty man, condemned him merely to pay a fine of 250*l.*, or to be imprisoned till such fine was paid. Mr. St. John Long immediately took a roll of notes from his pocket, paid the mulct, and, leaving the court with his triumphant friends, accepted a seat in Lord Sligo's curricule, and drove to the west end of the town.

The scandalous sentence was a fit conclusion to the absurd scenes which took place in the court of the Old Bailey, and at the coroner's inquest. At one or the other of these inquiries the witnesses advanced thousands of outrageous statements, of which the following may be taken as a fair specimen:—

One young lady gave evidence that she had been cured of consumption by Mr. Long's liniment; she knew she had been so cured, because she had a very bad cough, and, after the rubbing in of the ointment, the cough went away. An old gentleman testified that he had for years suffered from attacks of the gout, at intervals of from one to three months; he was convinced Mr. Long had cured him, because he had been free from gout for five weeks. Another gentleman had been tortured with headache; Mr. Long applied his lotion to it—the humour which caused his headache came away in a clear limpid discharge. A third gentleman affirmed that Mr. Long's liniment had reduced a dislocation of his child's hip-joint. The Marchioness of Ormond, on oath, stated that she *knew* that Miss Cashin's back was rubbed with the same fluid as she and her daughters had used to wash their hands with; but she admitted that she neither *saw* the back rubbed, nor *saw* the fluid with which it was rubbed taken from the bottle. Sir Francis Burdett also bore testimony to the harmlessness of Mr. Long's system of practice. Mr. Wakley, in the *Lancet*, asserted that Sir Francis Burdett had called on Long to ask him if his liniment would give the Marquis of Anglesea a leg, in the place of the one he lost at Waterloo, if it were applied to the stump. Long gave an

encouraging answer; and the lotion was applied, with the result of producing not an entire foot and leg—but a great toe!

Miss Cashin's death was quickly followed by another fatal case. A Mrs. Lloyd died from the effects of the corrosive lotion; and again a coroner's jury found St. John Long guilty of manslaughter, and again he was tried at the Old Bailey—but this second trial terminated in his acquittal.

It seems scarcely credible, and yet it is true, that these exposures did not have the effect of lessening his popularity. The respectable organs of the Press—the *Times*, the *Chronicle*, the *Standard*, the *John Bull*, the *Lancet*, the *Evening Standard*, the *Spectator*, the *Globe*, and *Fraser*, combined in doing their utmost to render him contemptible in the eyes of his supporters. But all their efforts were in vain. His old dupes remained staunch adherents to him, and every day brought fresh converts to their body. With unabashed front he went everywhere, proclaiming himself a martyr in the cause of humanity, and comparing his evil treatment to the persecutions that Galileo, Harvey, Jenner, and Hunter underwent at the hands of the prejudiced and ignorant. Instead of uncomplainingly taking the lashes of satirical writers, he first endeavoured to bully them into silence,

and, swaggering into newspaper and magazine offices, asked astonished editors how they *dared* to call him a *quack*. Finding, however, that this line of procedure would not improve his position, he wrote his defence, and published it in an octavo volume, together with numerous testimonials of his worth from grateful patients, and also a letter of warm eulogy from Dr. Ramadge, M.D., Oxon., a fellow of the College of Physicians. This book is one of the most interesting to be found in quack literature. On the title-page is a motto from Pope—"No man deserves a monument who could not be wrapped in a winding-sheet of papers written against him;" and amongst pages of jargon about humoral pathology, it contains confident predictions that if his victims had *continued* in his system, they would have lived. The author accuses the most eminent surgeons and physicians of his time of gross ignorance, and of having conspired together to crush him, because they were jealous of his success and envious of his income. He even suggests that the saline draught, prescribed by Sir Benjamin Brodie, killed Miss Cashin. Amongst those whose testimonials appear in the body of the work are the *then* Lord Ingestre (his enthusiastic supporter), Dr. Macartney, the Marchioness of Ormond, Lady Harriet Kavanagh, the Countess of Buckinghamshire, and the Marquis of Sligo.

The Marchioness of Ormond testifies how Mr. Long had miraculously cured her and daughter of "headaches," and her youngest children of "smart attacks of feverish colds, one with inflammatory sore throat, the others with more serious bad symptoms." The Countess of Buckinghamshire says she is cured of "headache and lassitude;" and Lord Ingestre avows his belief that Mr. Long's system is "preventive of disease," because he himself is much less liable to catch cold than he was before trying it.

Numerous pamphlets also were written in defence of John St. John Long, Esq., M.R.S.L., and M.R.A.S. An anonymous author (calling himself a graduate of Trinity College, Cambridge, and Member of the Middle Temple), in a tract dated 1831, does not hesitate to compare the object of his eulogy with the author of Christianity. "But who can wonder at Mr. Long's persecutions? The brightest character that ever stepped was persecuted, even unto death! His cures were all perverted, but they were not the less complete; they were miraculous, but they were not the less certain!"

To the last St. John Long retained his practice; but death removed him from the scene of his triumphs while he was still a young man. The very malady, his control over which he had

so loudly proclaimed, brought his career—in which knavery or self-delusion, doubtless both, played a part—to an end. He died of consumption, at the age of thirty-seven years. Even in the grave his patients honoured him, for they erected an elegant and costly monument to his memory, and adorned it with the following inscription:—

"It is the fate of most men
 To have many enemies, and few friends.
 This monumental pile
 Is not intended to mark the career,
 But to shew
 How much its inhabitant was respected
 By those who knew his worth,
 And the benefits
 Derived from his remedial discovery.
 He is now at rest,
 And far beyond the praises or censures
 Of this world.
 Stranger, as you respect the receptacle of the dead
 (As one of the many who will rest here),
 Read the name of
 John Saint John Long
 without comment."

Notwithstanding the exquisite drollery of this inscription, in speaking of a plebeian quack-doctor (who, by the exercise of empiricism, raised himself to the possession of 5,000*l.* per annum, and the intimate friendship of numbers of the aristocracy) as the victim of "many enemies and few friends," it cannot be said to be

open to much censure. Indeed, St. John Long's worshippers were for the most part of that social grade in which bad taste is rare, though weakness of understanding possibly may not be uncommon.

The sepulchre itself is a graceful structure, and occupies a prominent position in the Kensal Green cemetery, by the side of the principal carriage-way, leading from the entrance-gate to the chapel of the burial-ground. Immediately opposite to it, on the other side of the gravel drive, stands not inappropriately the flaunting sepulchre of Andrew Ducrow, the horse-ride, "whose death," the inscription informs us, "deprived the arts and sciences of an eminent professor and liberal patron." When any cockney bard shall feel himself inspired to write an elegy on the west-end grave-yard, he will not omit to compare John St. John Long's tomb with that of "the liberal patron of the arts and sciences," and also with the cumbrous heap of masonry which covers the ashes of Dr. Morrison, hygeist, which learned word, being interpreted, means "the inventor of Morrison's pills."

To give a finishing touch to the memoir of this celebrated charlatan, it may be added that after his death his property became the subject of tedious litigation; and amongst the claimants upon it was a woman advanced in years, and of an address and style that proved her to belong to

a very humble state of life. This woman turned out to be St. John Long's wife. He had married her when quite a lad, had found it impossible to live with her, and consequently had induced her to consent to an amicable separation. This discovery was a source of great surprise and also of enlightenment to the numerous high-born and richly-endowed ladies who had made overtures of marriage to the idolized quack, and, much to their surprise, had had their advances adroitly but firmly declined.

There are yet to be found in English society ladies—not silly, frivolous women, but some of those on whom the world of intellect has put the stamp of its approval—who cherish such tender reminiscences of St. John Long, that they cannot mention his name without their eyes becoming bright with tears. Of course this proves nothing, save the credulity and fond infatuation of the fair ones who love. The hands of women decked Nero's tomb with flowers.

CHAPTER IX.

THE QUARRELS OF PHYSICIANS.

FOR many a day authors have had the reputation of being more sensitive and quarrelsome than any other set of men. Truth to tell, they are not always so amiable and brilliant as their works. There is in them the national churlishness inducing them to nurse a contempt for every one they don't personally know, and a spirit of antagonism towards nearly every one they do. But to say this is only to say that they are made of British oak. Unfortunately, however, they carry on their contentions in a manner that necessitates their differences having a wide publicity and a troublesome duration of fame. Soldiers, when they quarrelled in the last century, shot one another like gentlemen, at two paces' distance, and with the crack of their pistols the whole noise

of the matter ceased. Authors, from time immemorial, have in their angry moments rushed into print, and lashed their adversaries with satire rendered permanent by aid of the printer's devil,—thus letting posterity know all the secrets of their folly, whilst the merciful grave put an end to all memorial of the extravagances of their friends. There was less love between Radcliffe and Hannes, Freind and Blackmore, Gibbons and Garth, than between Pope and Dennis, Swift and Grub-street. But we know all about the squabbles of the writers from their poems; whereas only a vague tradition, in the form of questionable anecdotes, has come down to us of the animosities of the doctors—a tradition which would long ere this have died out, had not Garth—author as well as physician—written the “Dispensary,” and a host of dirty little apothecaries contracted a habit of scribbling lampoons about their professional superiors.

Luckily for the members of it, the Faculty of Medicine is singularly barren of biographies. The career of a physician is so essentially one of confidence, that even were he to keep a memorial of its interesting occurrences, his son wouldn't dare to sell it to a publisher as the “Revelations of a Departed Physician.” Long ere it would be decent or safe to print such a diary, the public would have ceased to take an interest in the

writer. Pettigrew's "Life of Lettsom," and Macilwain's "Memoirs of Abernethy," are almost the only two passable biographies of eminent medical practitioners in the English language; and the last of these does not presume to enter fully on the social relations of the great surgeon. The lives of Hunter and Jenner are meagre and unworthily executed, and of Bransby Cooper's life of his uncle little can be said that is not in the language of emphatic condemnation.

From this absence of biographical literature the medical profession at least derives this advantage—the world at large knows less of their petty feuds and internal differences than it would otherwise. The life of a man written honestly is little more than a history of quarrels—glossed over with pleasant names and high-sounding epithets.

The few memorials, however, that we get of the quarrels of physicians are of a kind that makes us wish we had more. Of the great battle of the apothecaries with the physicians we have already spoken in the notice of Sir Samuel Garth. To those who are ignorant of human nature it may appear incredible that a body, so lovingly united against common foes, should have warred amongst themselves. Yet such was the case. A London druggist once put up at the chief inn of a provincial capital, whither he had come in the course of his annual summer ride. The good

man thought it would hurt neither his health nor his interests to give "a little supper" to the apothecaries of the town with whom he was in the habit of doing business. Bent on giving practical expression to this resolve, he sallied out from "The White Horse," and spent a few hours in calling on his friends—asking for orders and delivering invitations. On returning to his inn, he gave orders for a supper for twelve—as eleven medical gentlemen had engaged to sup with him. When the hour appointed for the repast was at hand, a knock at the door was followed by the appearance of guest A, with a smile of intense benevolence and enjoyment. Another rap—and guest B entered. A looked blank—every trace of happiness suddenly vanishing from his face. B stared at A, as much as to say, "You be ——!" A shuffled with his feet, rose, made an apology to his host for leaving the room to attend to a little matter, and disappeared. Another rap—and C made his bow of greeting. "I'll try to be back in five minutes, but if I'm not, don't wait for me," cried B, hurriedly seizing his hat and rushing from the apartment. C, a cold-blooded, phlegmatic man, sat down unconcernedly, and was a picture of sleeping contentment till the entry of D, when his hair stood on end, and he fled into the inn-yard, as if he were pursued by a hyena. E knocked and said, "How d' you do?"

D sprung from his chair, and shouted, "Good-bye!" And so it went on till, on guest No. 11 joining the party—that had received so many new comers, and yet never for an instant numbered more than three—No. 10 jumped through the window, and ran down the street to the bosom of his family. The hospitable druggist and No. 11 found, on a table provided for twelve, quite as much supper as they required.

Next morning the druggist called on A for an explanation of his conduct. "Sir," was the answer, "I could not stop in the same room with such a scoundrel as B." So it went straight down the line. B had vowed never to exchange words with C. C would be shot, rather than sit at the same table with such a scoundrel as D.

"You gentlemen," observed the druggist, with a smile to each, "seem to be almost as well disposed amongst yourselves as your brethren in London; only *they*, when they meet, don't run from each other, but draw up, square their elbows, and fight like men."

The duel between Mead and Woodward, as it is more particularly mentioned in another part of these volumes, we need here only allude to. The contest between Cheyne and Wynter was of a less bloody character. Cheyne was a Bath physician, of great practice and yet greater popularity—dying in 1743, at the age of seventy-two. At one

time of his life he was so prodigiously fat that he weighed 32 stone. He and a gentleman named Tantley were the two stoutest men in Somersetshire. One day, after dinner, the former asked the latter what he was thinking about.

"I was thinking," answered Tantley, "how it will be possible to get either you or me into the grave after we die."

Cheyne was nettled, and retorted, "Six or eight stout fellows will do the business for me, but you must be taken at twice."

Cheyne was a sensible man, and had more than one rough passage of arms with Beau Nash, when the beau was dictator of the pump-room. Nash called the doctor in and asked him to prescribe for him. The next day, when the physician called and enquired if his prescription had been followed, the beau languidly replied :—

"No, i' faith, doctor, I haven't followed it. 'Pon honour, if I had I should have broken my neck, for I threw it out of my bedroom-window."

But Cheyne had wit enough to reward the inventor of the white hat for this piece of insolence. One day he and some of his learned friends were enjoying themselves over the bottle, laughing with a heartiness unseemly in philosophers, when, seeing the beau draw near, the doctor said :—

"Hush, we must be grave now, here's a fool coming our way."

Cheyne became ashamed of his obesity, and earnestly set about overcoming it. He brought himself down by degrees to a moderate diet, and took daily a large amount of exercise. The result was that he reduced himself to under eleven stone, and, instead of injuring his constitution, found himself in the enjoyment of better health. Impressed with the value of the discovery he had made, he wrote a book urging all people afflicted with chronic maladies to imitate him and try the effects of temperance. Doctors, notwithstanding their precepts in favour of moderation, neither are, nor ever have been, averse to the pleasures of the table. Many of them warmly resented Cheyne's endeavours to bring good living into disrepute. Possibly they deemed he attacked their interests not less than he reflected on their habits. Dryden wrote,

“The first physicians by debauch were made,
Excess began, and sloth sustained the trade;
By chace our long-liv'd fathers earned their food,
Toil strung their nerves and purified their blood;
But we, their sons, a pamper'd race of men,
Are dwindled down to threescore years and ten.
Better to hunt in fields for health unbought,
Than fee the doctor for a nauseous draught;
The wise for cure on exercise depend,
God never made his work for man to mend.”

Dr. Wynter arose to dispose of Cheyne in a summary fashion. Wynter had two good reasons

for hating Cheyne : Wynter was an Englishman and loved wine, Cheyne was a Scotchman and loved milk.

DR. WYNTER TO DR. CHEYNE.

“Tell me from whom, fat-headed Scot,
Thou didst thy system learn ;
From Hippocrate thou hadst it not,
Nor Celsus, nor Pitcairn.

“Suppose we own that milk is good,
And say the same of grass ;
The one for babes is only food,
The other for an ass.

“Doctor, one new prescription try,
(A friend’s advice forgive),
Eat grass, reduce thyself, and die,
Thy patients then may live.”

Cheyne responded, with more wit and more good manners, in the following fashion.

DR. CHEYNE TO DR. WYNTER.

“My system, doctor, is my own,
No tutor I pretend ;
My blunders hurt myself alone,
But yours your dearest friend.

“Were you to milk and straw confin’d,
Thrice happy might you be ;
Perhaps you might regain your mind,
And from your wit be free.

“I can’t your kind prescription try,
But heartily forgive ;
’Tis natural you should wish me die,
That you yourself may live.”

The concluding two lines of Cheyne's answer were doubtless little to the taste of his unsuccessful opponent.

In their contentions physicians have not often had recourse to the duel. With them an appeal to arms has rarely been resorted to, but when it has been deliberately made the combatants have usually fought with decision. The few duels fought between women have for the most part been characterized by American ferocity. Madame Dunoyer mentions a case of a duel with swords between two ladies of rank, who would have killed each other had they not been separated. In a feminine duel on the Boulevard St. Antoine, mentioned by De la Colombière, both the principals received several wounds on the face and bosom—a most important fact illustrative of the pride the fair sex take in those parts.* Sometimes ladies have distinguished themselves by fighting duels with men. Mademoiselle Dureux fought her lover Antinotti in an open street. The actress Maupin challenged Dumény, but he declined to give her satisfaction; so the lady stripped him of watch and snuff-box, and bore them away as trophies of victory. The same lady, on another occasion, having insulted in a ball-room a distinguished personage of her own sex, was requested by several gentlemen to quit the entertainment.

* *Vide* Millingen's "History of Duelling."

She obeyed, but forthwith fought and challenged each of the meddlesome cavaliers—and killed them all! The slaughter accomplished, she returned to the ball-room, and danced in the presence of her rival. The Marquise de Nesle and the Countess Polignac, under the Regency, fought with pistols for the possession of the Duc de Richelieu. In or about the year 1827, a lady of Châteauroux, whose husband had received a slap in the face, called out the offender, and, severely wounding him in a duel fought with swords, wiped off the stain from her lord's honour. The most dramatic affair of honour, however, in the annals of female duelling occurred in the year 1828, when a young French girl challenged a *garde du corps* who had seduced her. At the meeting the seconds took the precaution of loading without ball, the fair principal of course being kept in ignorance of the arrangement. She fired first and saw her seducer remain unhurt. Without flinching, or trembling, or changing colour, she stood watching her adversary, whilst he took a deliberate aim (in order to test her courage), and then, after a painful pause, fired into the air.

Physicians have been coupled with priests, as beings holding a position between the two sexes. In the Lancashire factories they allow women and clergymen the benefit of an *entrée*—because they

don't understand business. Doctors and ladies could hardly be coupled together by the same consideration; but they might be put in one class out of respect to that gentleness of demeanour and suavity of voice which distinguish the members of the medical profession, in common with well-bred women.

Gentle though they be, physicians have, however, sometimes indulged in wordy wrangling, and then had recourse to more sanguinary arguments.

The duel between Dr. Williams and Dr. Bennet was one of the bloodiest in the eighteenth century. They first battered each other with pamphlets, and then exchanged blows. Matters having advanced so far, Dr. Bennet proposed that the fight should be continued in a gentlemanly style—with powder instead of fists. The challenge was declined; whereupon Dr. Bennet called on Dr. Williams, to taunt him with a charge of cowardice. No sooner had he rapped at the door, than it was opened by Williams himself, holding in his hand a pistol, loaded with swan-shot, which he, without a moment's parley, discharged into his adversary's breast. Severely wounded, Bennet retired across the street to a friend's house, followed by Williams, who fired another pistol at him. Such was the demoniacal fury of Williams, that, not contented with this

outrage, he then drew his sword, and ran Bennet through the body. But this last blow was repaid. Bennet managed to draw his rapier, and give his ferocious adversary a home-thrust—his sword entering the breast, coming out through the shoulder-blade, and snapping short. Williams crawled back in the direction of his house, but before he could reach it he fell down dead. Bennet lived only four hours. A pleasant scene for the virtuous capital of a civilized and Christian people!

The example of Dr. Bennet and Dr. Williams was not lost upon the physicians of our American cousins. In the August of 1830, a meeting took place, near Philadelphia, between Dr. Smith and Dr. Jeffries. They exchanged shots at eight paces, without inflicting any injury, when their friends interposed, and tried to arrange the difficulty; but Dr. Jeffries swore that he would not leave the ground till some one had been killed. The principals were therefore put up again. At the second exchange of shots Dr. Smith's right arm was broken, when he gallantly declared that, as he was wounded, it would be gratifying to his feelings to be killed. Third exchange of shots, and Dr. Smith, firing with his left arm, hits his man in the thigh, causing immense loss of blood. Five minutes were occupied in bandaging the wound; when Dr. Jeffries, properly primed with

brandy, requested that no further obstacles might be raised between him and satisfaction. For a fourth time the madmen were put up—at the distance of six feet. The result was fatal to both. Dr. Smith dropped dead with a ball in his heart. Dr. Jeffries was shot through the breast, and survived only a few hours. The conduct of Dr. Jeffries during those last few hours was admirable, and most delightfully in keeping with the rest of the proceeding. On seeing his antagonist prostrate, the doctor asked if he was dead. On being assured that his enemy lived no longer, he observed, “Then I die contented.” He then stated that he had been a school-mate with Dr. Smith, and that, during the fifteen years throughout which they had been on terms of great intimacy and friendship, he had valued him highly as a man of science and a gentleman.

One of the latest duels in which an English physician was concerned as a principal was that fought on the 10th of May, 1833, near Exeter, between Sir John Jeffcott and Dr. Hennis. Dr. Hennis received a wound, of which he died. The affair was brought into the Criminal Court, and was for a short time a *cause célèbre* on the western circuit; but the memory of it has now almost entirely disappeared.

But, as we have already stated, duels have been rare in the medical profession. Like the

ladies, physicians have, in their periods of anger, been content with speaking ill of each other. That they have not lost their power of courteous criticism and judicious abuse, anyone may learn, who, for a few hours, breathes the atmosphere of their cliques. It is good to hear an allopathic physician perform his duty to society by frankly stating his opinion of the character and conduct of an eminent homœopathic practitioner. Perhaps it is better still to listen to an apostle of homœopathy, when he takes up his parable and curses the hosts of allopathy. "Sir, I tell you in confidence," observed a distinguished man of science, tapping his auditor on the shoulder, and mysteriously whispering in his ear, "I know *things* about *that man* that would make him end his days in penal servitude." The next day the auditor was closeted in the consulting-room of *that man*, when that man said—quite in confidence, pointing as he spoke to a strong box, and jingling a bunch of keys in his pocket—"I have *papers* in that box, which, properly used, would tie a certain friend of ours up by the neck."

Lettsom, loose-living man though he was for a member of the Society of Friends, had enough of the quaker element in him to be very fond of controversy. He dearly loved to expose quackery, and in some cases did good service in that way. In the *Medical Journal*

he attacked, A D. 1806, no less a man than Brodum, the proprietor of the Nervous Cordial, avowing that that precious compound had killed thousands; and also stating that Brodum had added to the crime of wholesale murder the atrocities of having been born a Jew, of having been a shoe-black in Copenhagen, and of having at some period of his chequered career carried on an ignoble trade in oranges. Of course Brodum saw his advantage. He immediately brought an action against Phillips, the proprietor of the *Medical Journal*, laying his damages at 5,000*l*. The lawyers anticipated a harvest from the case, and were proceeding not only against Phillips, but various news-vendors also, when a newspaper editor stepped in between Phillips and Brodum, and contrived to settle the dispute. Brodum's terms were not modest ones. He consented to withdraw his actions, if the name of the author was given up, and if the author would whitewash him in the next number of the Journal, under the same signature. Lettsom consented, paid the two attorney's bills, amounting to 390*l*., and wrote the required puff of Brodum and his Nervous Cordial.

One of the singular characters of Dublin a generation ago was John Brenan, M.D., a physician who edited the *Milesian Magazine*, a scurrilous publication of the satirist class, that flung dirt on every one dignified enough for the mob to take

pleasure in seeing him bespattered with filth. The man certainly was a great blackguard, but was not destitute of wit. How he carried on the war with the members of his own profession the following song will show :—

“ THE DUBLIN DOCTORS.

“ My gentle muse, do not refuse
To sing the Dublin Doctors, O ;
For they're the boys
Who make the joys
Of grave-diggers and proctors, O.

We'll take 'em in procession, O,
We'll take 'em in succession, O ;
But how shall we
Say who is he
Shall lead the grand procession, O ?

Least wit and greatest malice, O,
Least wit and greatest malice, O,
Shall mark the man
Who leads the van,
As they march to the gallows, O.

First come then, Doctor Big Paw, O,
Come first then, Doctor Big Paw, O ;
Mrs. Kilfoyle
Says you would spoil
Its shape, did you her wig paw, O.

Come next, dull Dr. Labat, O,
Come next, dull Dr. Labat, O ;
Why is it so,
You kill the doe,
Whene'er you catch the rabbit, O ?

Come, Harvey, drunken dandy, O,
Come, Harvey, drunken dandy, O ;

 Thee I could paint
 A walking saint,
If you lov'd God like brandy, O.

Come next, Doctor Drumsnuffle, O,
Come next, Doctor Drumsnuffle, O ;

 Well stuffed with lead,
 Your leather head
Is thick as hide of Buffaloe.

Come next, Colossus Jackson, O,
Come next, Colossus Jackson, O ;

 As jack-ass mute,
 A burthen brute,
Just fit to trot with packs on, O.

Come next, sweet Paddy Rooney, O,
Come next, sweet Paddy Rooney, O ;

 Tho' if you stay,
 Till judgment's day,
You'll come a month too soon-y, O.

Come next, sweet Breeny Creepmouse, O,
Come next, sweet Breeny Creepmouse, O ;

 Thee heaven gave
 Just sense to shave
A corpse, or an asleep mouse, O.

For I say creep-mouse Breeny, O,
For I say creep-mouse Breeny, O,

 Thee I can't sing
 The fairy's king,
But I'll sing you their Queen-y, O.

For I say, Dr. Breeny, O,
For I say, Dr. Breeny, O,

 If I for once
 Called you a dunce,
I'd shew a judgment weeny, O.

Come, Richards dull and brazen, O,
 Come, Richards dull and brazen, O ;
 A prosperous drone,
 You stand alone,
 For wondering sense to gaze on, O.
 Then come, you greasy blockhead, O,
 Then come, you greasy blockhead, O ;
 Balked by your face,
 We quickly trace,
 Your genius to your pocket, O.
 Come, Crampton, man of capers, O,
 Come, Crampton, man of capers, O ;

* * * *

And come, long Doctor Renney, O,
 And come, long Doctor Renney, O ;
 If sick I'd fee
 As soon as thee,
 Old Arabella Denny, O.

Come, Tandragee Ferguson, O,
 Come, Tandragee Ferguson, O ;
 Fool, don't recoil,
 But as your foil
 Bring Ireland or Puke Hewson, O.

Come, ugly Dr. Alman, O,
 Come, ugly Dr. Alman, O ;
 But bring a mask,
 Or do not ask,
 When come, that we you call man, O.

Come, Boyton, king of dunces, O,
 Come, Boyton, king of dunces, O ;
 Who call you knave
 No lies receive,
 Nay, that your name each one says, O.

Come, Colles, do come, Aby, O,
Come, Colles, do come Aby, O ;
 Tho' all you tell,
 You'll make them well,
You always 'hould say may be O.

Come, beastly Dr. Toomy, O,
Come, beastly Dr. Toomy, O ;
 If impudence
 Was common sense
As you no sage ere knew me, O.

Come, smirking, smiling Beattie, O,
Come, smirking, smiling Beattie, O ;
 In thee I spy
 An apple eye
Of cabbage and potaty, O.

Come, louse-bit Nasom Adams, O,
Come, louse-bit Nasom Adams, O ;
 In jail or dock
 Your face would shock
It thee as base and bad damus, O.

Come next, Frank Smyth on cockney, O,
Come next, Frank Smyth on cockney, O
 Sweet London's pride,
 I see you ride,
Despising all who flock nigh, O.

And bring your partner Bruen, O,
And bring your partner Bruen, O,
 And with him ride
 All by your side,
Like two fond turtles cooing, O.

Come next, Spilsberry Deegan, O,
Come next, Spilsberry Deegan, O ;
 With grace and air
 Come kill the fair,
Your like we'll never see 'gain, O.

Come, Harry Grattan Douglass, O,
Come, Harry Grattan Douglass, O ;

A doctor's name
I think you claim,
With right than my dog pug less, O.

Come, Oronoko Harkan, O,
Come, Oronoko Harkan, O ;
I think your face
Is just the place
God fix'd the blockhead's mark on, O.

Come, Christ-denying Taylor, O,
Come, Christ-denying Taylor, O ;
Hell made your phiz
On man's a quiz,
But made it for a jailor, O.

Come, Packwood, come, Carmichael, O,
Come, Packwood, come, Carmichael, O ;
Your cancer-paste,
The fools who taste,
Whom it kills not does nigh kill, O.

Come next, Adonis Harty, O,
Come next, Adonis Harty, O ;
Your face and frame
Shew equal claim,
Tam Veneri quam Marti, O.

Here ends my song on Doctors, O,
Here ends my song on Doctors, O ;
Who, when all damn'd
In hell are cramm'd,
Will beggar all the Proctors, O."

Brenan (to do him justice) was as ready to fell a professional antagonist and brother with a bludgeon, hunting-whip, or pistol, as he was to

scarify him with doggerel. He was as bold a fellow as Dr. Walsh, the Hibernian Æsculapius, who did his best to lay Dr. Andrew Marshall down amongst the daisies and the dead men. Andrew Marshall, when a divinity-student at Edinburgh, was insulted (whilst officiating for Stewart, the humanity professor) by a youngster named Macqueen. The insolence of the lad was punished by the professor (*pro tem.*) giving him a caning. Smarting with the indignity offered him, Macqueen ran home to his father, imploring vengeance. The irate sire promptly sallied forth, and entering Marshall's lodgings, exclaimed:—

“Are you the scoundrel that dared to attack my son?”

“Draw, and defend yourself!” screamed the divinity student, springing from his chair, and presenting a sword point at the intruder's breast. Old Macqueen, who had expected to have to deal only with a timid half-starved usher, ready to crouch whiningly under personal castigation, was so astonished at this reception that he turned and fled precipitately. This little affair happened in 1775. As a physician Andrew Marshall was not less valiant than he had been when a student of theology. On Walsh challenging him, he went out, and stood up at ten paces like a gentleman. Walsh, a little short fellow, invisible when looked at sideways, put himself in the regular attitude,

shoulder to the front. Marshall disdained such mean prudence, and faced his would-be murderer with his cheeks and chest inflated to the utmost. Shots were exchanged, Dr. Andrew Marshall receiving a ball in his right arm, and Dr. Walsh losing a lock of hair—snipped off by his opponent's bullet, and scattered by the amorous breeze. Being thus the *gainer* in the affair, Dr. Andrew Marshall made it up with his adversary, and they lived on friendly terms, like jolly good fellows, ever afterwards. Why don't some of our living *medici* bury the hatchet with a like effective ceremony?

When Barrowby was a censor of the College of Physicians, he was challenged, under very remarkable circumstances, by Matthew Baillie, who afterwards achieved the highest distinction in his profession. Baillie, then a young man, and smarting under the ignominy of being plucked by the college, was resolved on taking vengeance on that learned body by shooting one of their censors. Barrowby had quite enough pluck for a man of his small stature, but he did not see the fun of being riddled by a young Scotchman, simply because he had done his duty; so he replied:—

“In point of age, sir, I am only third censor. When you have killed our president, Sir Hans Sloane, and the two senior censors—then I'll meet you.”

As Sloane had Scotch blood in his veins, Baillie thought better of his position, swallowed his chagrin, and, like a man, wiped out a youthful disgrace by a life of honourable action. An affair that ended not less agreeably was that in which Dr. Brocklesby was concerned as principal, where the would-be belligerents left the ground without exchanging shots, because their seconds could not agree on the right number of paces at which to stick up their man. When Akenside was fool enough to challenge Ballow, a wicked story went about that the fight didn't come off because one had determined never to fight in the morning, and the other that he would never fight in the afternoon. But the fact was—Ballow was a paltry mean fellow, and shirked the peril into which his ill-manners had brought him. The lively and pleasant author of "Physic and Physicians," countenancing this unfair story, reminds us of the off-hand style of John Wilkes in such little affairs. When asked by Lord Talbot "How many times they were to fire?" the brilliant demagogue responded—

"Just as often as your lordship pleases—I have brought a *bag of bullets and a flask of gunpowder* with me."

CHAPTER X.

THE LOVES OF PHYSICIANS.

HONOUR has flowed to physicians by the regular channels of professional duty in but scant allowance. Their children have been frequently ennobled by marriage or for political services. Sir Hans Sloane's daughter Elizabeth, and manor of Chelsea, passed into the Cadogan family, the lady marrying the second Baron Cadogan. Like Sir Hans, Dr. Huck Sanders left behind him two daughters, co-heiresses of his wealth, of whom one (Jane) was ennobled through wedlock, the tenth Earl of Westmoreland raising her to be his second wife. Lord Combermere married the heiress of Dr. Gibbings, of Cork. In the same way Dr. Marwood's property came to the present Sir Marwood Elton by the marriage of his grandfather with Francis, the daughter and

heiress of the Devonshire doctor. On the other hand, as instances of the offspring of physicians exalted to the ranks of the aristocracy for their political services, the Lords Sidmouth, Denman, and Kingsdown may be mentioned. Henry Addington, created Viscount Sidmouth, of the county of Devon, was the eldest son of Anthony Addington, M.D., of Reading — the physician who objected to fighting any brother physician who had not graduated at either Oxford or Cambridge. Dr. Anthony was the enthusiastic toady of the great Earl of Chatham. Devoted to his own interests and the Pitt family, he rose from the humble position of keeper of a provincial lunatic asylum to eminence in the medical profession. Coming up to town in 1754, under the patronage of Pitt, he succeeded in gaining the confidence of the Court, and was, with Dr. Richard Warren, Dr. Francis Willis, Dr. Thomas Gisborne, Sir Lucas Pepys, and Dr. Henry Revell Reynolds, examined, in 1782, by the committee appointed to examine “the physicians who attended his illness, touching the state of his Majesty’s health.” He took a very hopeful view of the king’s case; and, on being asked the foundation of his hopes, alluded to his experience in the treatment of the insane at Reading. The doctor had himself a passion for political intrigue, which descended to his son. The career of this

son, who raised himself to the Speaker's chair in the House of Commons, to the dignity of First Minister of the Crown, and to the peerage of the realm, is matter of history.

Lord Denman was closely connected with the medical profession by family ties: his father being Dr. Denman, of Mount Street, Grosvenor Square, the author of a well-known work on a department of his profession; his uncle being Dr. Joseph Denman of Bakewell; and his two sisters having married two eminent physicians, Margaret being the wife of Sir Richard Croft, Bart., and Sophia the wife of Dr. Baillie. Lord Kingsdown's medical ancestor was his grandfather, Edward Pemberton, M.D., of Warrington.

But though the list of the ennobled descendants of medical practitioners might be extended to the limits of a volume, the writer of these pages is not aware of any case in which a doctor has, by the exercise of his calling, raised himself to the peerage. As yet, the dignity of a baronetcy is the highest honour conferred on the most illustrious of the medical faculty, Sir Hans Sloane being the first of the order to whom that rank was presented. More than once a physician has won admission into the *noblesse*, but the battle resulting in such success has been fought in the arena of politics or the bustle of the law courts. Sylvester Douglas deserted the counter,

at which he commenced life as an apothecary, and after a prolonged servitude to, or warfare with, the cliques of the House of Commons, had his exertions rewarded and his ambition gratified with an Irish peerage and a patrician wife. On his elevation he was of course taunted with the humility of his origin, and by none was the reproach flung at him with greater bitterness than it was by a brother *parvenu* and brother poet.

“What’s his title to be?” asked Sheridan, as he was playing at cards; “what’s Sylvester Douglas to be called?”

“Lord Glenbervie,” was the answer.

“Good Lord!” replied Sheridan; and then he proceeded to fire off an *impromptu*, which he had that morning industriously prepared in bed:—

“Glenbervie, Glenbervie,
What’s good for the scurvy?
But why is the doctor forgot?
In his arms he should quarter
A pestle and mortar,
For his crest an immense gallipot.”

Henry Bickersteth, Lord Langdale, was the luckiest of physicians and lawyers. He used the medical profession as a stepping-stone, and the legal profession as a ladder, and had the fortune to win two of the brightest prizes of life—wealth

and a peerage—without the humiliation and toil of serving a political party in the House. The second son of a provincial surgeon, he was apprenticed to his father, and educated for the paternal calling. On being qualified to kill, he became medical attendant to the late Earl of Oxford, during that nobleman's travels on the Continent. Returning to his native town, Kirby Lonsdale, he for awhile assisted his father in the management of his practice; but resolved on a different career from that of a country doctor, he became a member of Caius College, Cambridge, and devoted himself to mathematical study with such success that, in 1808, when he was twenty-eight years old, he became Senior Wrangler and First Smith's prizeman. As late as the previous year he was consulted medically by his father. In 1811 he was called to the bar by the Inner Temple, and from that time, till his elevation to the Mastership of the Rolls, he was both the most hard-working and hard-worked of the lawyers in the Equity Courts, to which courts he confined his practice. In 1827 he became a bencher of his Inn; and, in 1835, although he was a staunch and zealous liberal, and a strenuous advocate of Jeremy Bentham's opinions, he was offered a seat on the judicial bench by Sir Robert Peel. This offer he declined, though he fully appreciated the compliment paid him by the Tory

chieftain. He had not, however, to wait long for his promotion. In the following year (1836) he was, by his own friends, made Master of the Rolls, and created a peer of the realm, with the additional honour of being a Privy-Councillor. His lordship died at Tunbridge Wells, in 1851, in his sixty-eighth year. It would be difficult to point to a more enviable career in legal annals than that of this medical lawyer, who won the most desirable honours of his profession without ever sitting in the House of Commons, or acting as a legal adviser of the Crown,—and when he had not been called quite twenty-five years. To give another touch to this picture of a successful life, it may be added, that Lord Langdale, after rising to eminence, married Elizabeth, daughter of the Earl of Oxford to whom he had formerly been travelling medical attendant.

Love has not unfrequently smiled on doctors, and elevated them to positions at which they would never have arrived by their professional labours. Sir Lucas Pepys, who married the Countess de Rothes, and Sir Henry Halford, whose wife was a daughter of the eleventh Lord St. John of Bletsoe, are conspicuous amongst the more modern instances of medical practitioners advancing their social condition by aristocratic alliances. Not less fortunate was the farcical Sir John Hill, who gained for a bride the Honourable

Miss Jones, a daughter of Lord Ranelagh—a nobleman whose eccentric opinion, that the welfare of the country required a continual intermixture of the upper and lower classes of society, was a frequent object of ridicule with the caricaturists and lampoon-writers of his time. But the greatest prize ever made by an *Æsculapius* in the marriage-market was that acquired by Sir Hugh Smithson, who won the hand of Percy's proud heiress, and was created Duke of Northumberland. The son of a Yorkshire baronet's younger son, Hugh Smithson was educated for an apothecary—a vocation about the same time followed for several years by Sir Thomas Geery Cullum, before he succeeded to the family estate and dignity. Hugh Smithson's place of business was Hatton Garden, but the length of time that he there presided over a pestle and mortar is uncertain. In 1736 he became a Fellow of the Society of Antiquaries, but he withdrew from that learned body, on the books of which his signature may be found, in the year 1740. A few months after this secession, Sir Hugh led to the altar the only child and heiress of Algernon Seymour, Duke of Somerset. There still lives a tradition that the lady made the offer to Sir Hugh immediately after his rejection by a famous belle of private rank and modest wealth. Another version of the story is that, when she heard of his disappointment, she observed publicly,

“that the disdainful beauty was a fool, and that no other woman in England would be guilty of like folly.” On hearing this, the baronet, a singularly handsome man, took courage to sue for that to which men of far higher rank would not have presumed to aspire. The success that followed his daring, of course, brought upon him the arrows of envy. He had won so much, however, that he could, without ill-humour, bear being laughed at. On being created Duke of Northumberland in 1766, he could afford to smile at a proposition that his coronet should be surrounded with senna, instead of strawberry, leaves; for, however much obscure jealousy might affect to condemn him, he was no fit object for disdain—but a gentleman of good intellect and a lordly presence, and (though he had mixed drugs behind a counter) descended from an old and honourable family. The reproach of being a Smithson, and no Percy, had more force when applied to the second duke in the Anti-Jacobin, than it had when hurled vindictively at the ex-doctor himself by the mediocrities of the *beau monde*, whom he had beaten on their own ground by superior attractions and accomplishments.

“Nay,” quoth the Duke, “in thy black scroll
Deductions I espye—
For those who, poor, and mean, and low,
With children burthen’d lie.”

And though full sixty thousand pounds
My vassals pay to me,
From Cornwall to Northumberland,
Through many a fair countree.

Yet England's church, its king, its laws,
Its cause I value not,
Compared with this, my constant text,
A penny saved is got.

No drop of princely Percy's blood
Through these cold veins doth run ;
With Hotspur's castles, blazon, name,
I still am *poor* Smithson."

Considering the opportunities that medical men have for pressing a suit in love, and the many temptations to gentle emotion that they experience in the aspect of feminine suffering, and the confiding gratitude of their fair patients, it is perhaps to be wondered at that only one medical duke is to be found in the annals of the peerage. When Swift's Stella was on her death-bed, her physician said, encouragingly—"Madam, you are certainly near the bottom of the hill, but we shall endeavour to get you up again," the *naïve* reply of the poor lady was, "Doctor, I am afraid I shall be out of *breath* before I get to the top again." Not less touching was the fear expressed by Steele's merry daughter to her doctor, that she should "die *before the holidays*." Both Stella and Sir Richard's child had left their personal charms behind them when they so addressed their physi-

cians; but imagine, my brother, what the effect of such words would be on your susceptible heart, if they came from the lips of a beautiful girl. Would you not (think you) try to win other such speeches from her?—and if you tried, dear sir, surely *you* would succeed!

Prudence would order a physician, endowed with a heart, to treat it in the same way as Dr. Glynn thought a cucumber ought to be dressed—to slice it very thin, pepper it plentifully, pour upon it plenty of the best vinegar, and then—throw it away. A sentimental disposition is a great nuisance to a doctor. He has quite enough work on his hands to keep the affections of his patients in check, without having to mount guard over his own emotions. Thackeray says that girls make love in the nursery, and practise the arts of coquetry on the page-boy who brings the coals upstairs—a hard saying for simple young gentlemen triumphing in the possession of a *first* love. The writer of these pages could point to a fair dame, who enjoys rank amongst the highest, and wealth equal to the station assigned her by the heralds, who not only aimed tender glances, and sighed amorously to a young, waxen-faced, blue-eyed apothecary, but even went so far as to write him a letter proposing an elopement, and other merry arrangements, in which a carriage, everlastingly careering over the country at the heels of

four horses, bore a conspicuous part. The silly maiden had, like Dinah, a "fortune in silvyr and gold," amounting to 50,000*l.*, and her blue-eyed Adonis was twice her age; but fortunately he was a gentleman of honour, and, without divulging the mad proposition of the young lady, he induced her father to take her for twelve months for change of air and scene. Many years since the heroine of this little episode, after she had become the wife of a very great man, and the mother of children who bid fair to become ornaments to their illustrious race, expressed her gratitude cordially to this Joseph of the doctors, for his magnanimity in not profiting by the absurd fancies of a child, and the delicacy with which he had taken prompt measures for her happiness; and, more recently, she manifested her good-will to the man who had offered her what is generally regarded as the greatest insult a woman can experience, by procuring a commission in the army for his eldest son.

The embarrassments Sir John Eliot suffered under from the emotional overtures of his fair patients are well known. St. John Long himself had not more admirers amongst the *élite* of high-born English ladies. The king had a strong personal dislike to Sir John, that possibly was heightened by a feeling that it was sheer impudence in a doctor to capture without an effort the

hearts of half the prettiest women amongst his subjects—and then shrug his shoulders with chagrin at his success. Lord George Germain had hard work to wring a baronetcy out of his Majesty for the victim of misplaced affection.

“Well,” said the king, at last grudgingly promising to make Eliot a baronet—“my lord, since you desire it, let it be; but remember, he shall not be my physician.”

“No, sir,” answered Lord George—“he shall be your Majesty’s baronet, and my physician.”

Amongst other plans Sir John resorted to, to scare away his patients and patronesses, he had a death’s-head painted on his carriage-panels; but the result of this eccentric measure on his practice and his sufferings was the reverse of what he desired. One lady—the daughter of a noble member of a Cabinet—ignorant that he was otherwise occupied, made him an offer, and on learning to her astonishment that he was a married man, vowed that she would not rest till she had assassinated his wife.

Poor Radcliffe’s loves were of a less flattering sort, though they resembled Sir John Eliot’s in respect of being instances of reciprocity all on one side. But the amorous follies of Radcliffe, ludicrous though they became under the touches of Steele’s pen, are dignified and manly when compared with the senile freaks of Dr. Mead, whose

highest delight was to comb the hair of the lady on whom, for the time being, his affections were set.

Dr. Cadogan, of Charles the Second's time, was, like Sir John Eliot, a favourite with the ladies. His wont was to spend his days in shooting and his evenings in flirtation. To the former of these tastes the following lines refer:—

“Doctor, all game you either ought to shun,
Or sport no longer with the unsteady gun ;
But, like physicians of undoubted skill,
Gladly attempt what never fails to kill,
Not *lead's* uncertain dross, but physic's deadly pill.”

Whether he was a good shot we cannot say; but he was sufficiently adroit as a squire of dames, for he secured as his wife a wealthy lady, over whose property he had unfettered control. Against the money, however, there were two important points figuring under the head of “set-off”—the bride was old and querulous. Of course such a woman was unfitted to live happily with an eminent physician, on whom bevy of court ladies smiled, whenever he went west of Charing Cross. After spending a few months in alternate fits of jealous hate and jealous fondness, the poor creature conceived the terrible fancy that her husband was bent on destroying her with poison, and so ridding his life of her execrable temper. One day, when surrounded by her

friends, and in the presence of her lord and master, she fell on her back in a state of hysterical spasms, exclaiming:—

“Ah! he has killed me at last. I am poisoned!”

“Poisoned!” cried the lady-friends, turning up the whites of their eyes. “Oh! gracious goodness!—you have done it, doctor!”

“What do you accuse me of?” asked the doctor, with surprise.

“I accuse you—of—killing me—ce,” responded the wife, doing her best to imitate a death-struggle.

“Ladies,” answered the doctor, with admirable *nonchalance*, bowing to Mrs. Cadogan’s bosom associates, “it is perfectly false. You are quite welcome to open her at once, and then you’ll discover the calumny.”

John Hunter administered a scarcely less startling reproof to his wife, who, though devoted in her attachment to him, and in every respect a lady worthy of esteem, caused her husband at times no little vexation by her fondness for society. She was in the habit of giving enormous routs, at which authors and artists, of all shades of merit and demerit, used to assemble to render homage to her literary powers, which were very far from common-place. A lasting popularity has attested the excellence of her song:—

“ My mother bids me bind my hair
With bands of rosy hue ;
Tie up my sleeves with ribbons rare,
And lace my boddice blue.

“ For why,” she cries, “ sit still and weep,
While others dance and play ? ”
Alas ! I scarce can go or creep,
While Lubin is away.

“ ’Tis sad to think the days are gone,
When those we love are near ;
I sit upon this mossy stone,
And sigh when none can hear.

“ And while I spin my flaxen thread,
And sing my simple lay,
The village seems asleep or dead,
Now Lubin is away.”

John Hunter had no sympathy with his wife's poetical aspirations, still less with the society which those aspirations led her to cultivate. Grudging the time which the labours of practice prevented him from devoting to the pursuits of his museum and laboratory, he could not restrain his too irritable temper when Mrs. Hunter's frivolous amusements deprived him of the quiet requisite for study. Even the fee of a patient who called him from his dissecting instruments could not reconcile him to the interruption. “ I must go,” he would say, reluctantly, to his friend, Lynn, when the living summoned him from his investigations among the dead, “ and

earn this d——d guinea, or I shall be sure to want it to-morrow." Imagine the wrath of such a man, finding, on his return from a long day's work, his house full of musical professors, connoisseurs, and fashionable idlers—in fact, all the confusion, and hubbub, and heat of a grand party, which his lady had forgotten to inform him was that evening to come off! Walking straight into the middle of the principal reception-room, he faced round and surveyed his unwelcome guests, who were not a little surprised to see him—dusty, toil-worn, and grim—so unlike what "the man of the house" ought to be on such an occasion.

"I knew nothing," was his brief address to the astounded crowd—"I knew nothing of this kick-up, and I ought to have been informed of it beforehand; but, as I have now returned home to study, I hope the present company will retire."

Mrs. Hunter's drawing-rooms were speedily empty. What would Sir Creswell Creswell's juries think of such ferocious conduct on the part of a marital respondent?

One of the drollest love-stories in medical ana is that which relates to Dr. Thomas Dawson, a century since alike admired by the inhabitants of Hackney as a pulpit orator and a physician. Dawson was originally a Suffolk worthy, uncon-

nected, however, with the eccentric John Dawson who, in the reign of Charles the Second, was an apothecary in the pleasant old town of Framlingham, in that county. His father, a dissenting minister, had seven sons, and educated six of them for the nonconformist pulpit. Of these six, certainly three joined the established church, and became rectors—Benjamin Dawson, LL.D., the controversial writer, being rector of Burgh, in the county of Suffolk, and Abraham Dawson, M.A., also a theological writer, being rector of Kingsfield and Sotterly, in the same county. Thomas Dawson adhered to the tenets of his father, and, combining the vocations of divine and physic-man, preached on Sundays, and doctored during the rest of the week. He was Mead and Mead's father in one; though the conditions of human existence, which render it impossible for one person to be in two places at the same time, prevented him from leaving chapel to visit his patients, and the next minute urging the congregation to offer up a prayer for the welfare of the unfortunate sufferers. Amongst the doctor's circle of acquaintance Miss Corbett of Hackney was at the same time the richest, the most devout, and the most afflicted in bodily health. Ministering to her body and soul, Dr. Dawson had frequent occasions for visiting her. One day he found her alone, sitting with the large family

Bible before her, meditating on perhaps the grandest chapter in all the Old Testament. The doctor read the words to which the forefinger of her right hand pointed—the words of Nathan to David: “*Thou art the man.*” The doctor took the hint; and the 29th of May, 1758, he found a wife—and the pious lady won a husband. The only offspring of this strange match was one son, a Mr. Dawson, who still resides at a very advanced age of life in the charming village of Botesdale, in Suffolk. When the writer of these pages was a happy little boy, making his first acquaintance with Latin and Greek, at the Botesdale Grammar School, then presided over by the pious, manly, and gentle —, he was an especial pet with this Mr. Dawson. The worthy gentleman’s little house was in the centre of a large garden, densely stocked with apple and other fruit trees; and in it he led a very retired life, visited by only a very few friends, and tended by two or three servants—of whom one, an ancient serving-man, acted as a valet, gardener, and groom to an antique horse which constituted Mr. Dawson’s entire stud. The small urchin before mentioned had free access at all times to the venerable gentleman, and used to bring him the gossip of the town and school, in exchange for apples and other substantial gifts. Thin and attenuated, diminutive, so as to be little more than a

dwarf, with vagrant eager eye, hooked as to his nose, and with a long beard, snowy-white, streaming over his waistcoat, the octogenarian used to receive his fair-haired child visitor. What sort of man he was, in the important particulars of life, this deponent cannot say. May he be happy—as may all old gentlemen be, who are kind to little schoolboys, and give them apples and “tips.”

The day that Abernethy was married he went down to the lecture-room to deliver his customary instruction to his pupils. His selection of a wife was as judicious as his marriage was happy; and the funny stories for long current about the mode in which he made his offer are known to be those most delusive of fabrications, fearless and extreme exaggerations of a little particle of the truth. The brutality of procedure attributed to the great surgeon by current rumour was altogether foreign to his nature. The Abernethy biscuit was not more audaciously pinned upon his reputation, than was the absurd falsehood that when he made his offer to his future wife he had only seen her once, and then wrote saying he should like to marry her, but as he was too busy to “make love,” she must entertain his proposal without further preliminaries, and let him know her decision by the end of a week.

Of Sir John Eliot the fortunate mention has already been made in this chapter. Let us now

speak of John Elliot, the luckless hero of a biography published in 1787, under the title of "A Narrative of the Life and Death of John Elliot, M.D., containing an account of the Rise, Progress, and Catastrophe of his unhappy passion for Miss Mary Boydell." A native of Somersetshire, John Elliot wrote a tragedy when only twelve years of age, and, after serving an apprenticeship to a London apothecary, fell in love with one Miss Mary Boydell, a niece of a city alderman. The course of this gentleman's love ran smoothly, till he chanced, by evil fortune, to read an announcement in a newspaper, that *a* Miss Boydell had, on the previous day, been led to the altar by some gentleman—not called Dr. John Elliot, certainly not himself. Never doubting that *the* Miss Boydell of the newspaper was *his* Miss Boydell, the doctor, without making any further inquiries after the perfidious fair one, sold his shop and fixtures, and ran off from the evil city of heartless women, to commune with beasts of the field and birds of the air in sylvan retirement. Not a little chagrined was Miss Boydell at the sudden disappearance of her ideal apothecary, whom her uncle, the alderman, stigmatized, in round, honest, indignant language, as a big blackguard. After twelve years spent in wandering, "a forlorn wretch, over the kingdom," Dr. Elliot returned to London, set

up once more in business, and began, for a second time, to drive a thriving trade, when Dalilah again crossed his path. "One day," he says, telling his own story, "entering my shop (for I had commenced again the business of apothecary) I found two ladies sitting there, one of whom I thought I could recognize. As soon as she observed me, she cried out, "Mr. Elliot! Mr. Elliot!" and fell back in a swoon. The well-known voice struck me like a shock of electricity—my affections instantly gushed forth—I fell senseless at her feet. When I came to myself, I found Miss Boydell sitting by my side." And *his* Miss Boydell was Miss Boydell still—innocent of wedlock.

Imogene being proved true, and Alonso having come to life, the youthful couple renewed the engagement entered into more than twelve years before. The wedding-day was fixed, the wedding clothes were provided, when uncle (the alderman), distrustful that his niece's scranny lover would make a good husband, induced her at the last moment to jilt him, and marry Mr. Nicols, an opulent bookseller. The farce was now to wear an aspect of tragedy. Infuriated at being, after all, *really* deceived, Dr. Elliot bought two brace of pistols, and bound them together in pairs. One pair he loaded only with powder; into the other he put the proper quantum of lead, as well

as the pernicious dust. Armed with these weapons, he lay in wait for the destroyer of his peace. After some days of watching, he saw her in Princes Street, walking with the triumphant Nicols. Rushing up, he fired at her the two pistols (not loaded with ball), and then snatching the other brace from his pocket, was proceeding to commit suicide, when he was seized by the bystanders and disarmed.

The next scene in the drama was the principal court of the Old Bailey, with Dr. Elliot in the dock, charged with an attempt to murder Miss Boydell. The jury, being satisfied that the pistols were not loaded with ball, and that the prisoner only intended to create a startling impression on Miss Boydell's mind, acquitted him of that charge, and he was remanded to prison to take his trial for a common assault. Before this second inquiry, however, could come off, the poor man died in Newgate, July 22, 1787, of a broken heart—or jail fever. Ere his death, he took a cruel revenge of the lady, by writing an autobiographic account of his love experiences, in which appeared the following passage:—"Fascinated as I was by the charms of this faithless woman, I had long ceased to be sensible to these defects, or rather my impassioned imagination had converted them into perfections. But those who did not labour under

the power of this magic were struck by her ungraceful exterior, and mine ears have not unfrequently been shocked to hear the tongue of indifference pronounce that the object of my passion was *ugly and deformed*. Add to this, that Miss Boydell has long since ceased to boast the bloom of youth, and then let any person, impartial and unprejudiced, decide whether a passion for her, so violent as that I have manifested, could be the produce of a slight and recent acquaintance; or whether it must not rather be the consequence of a long habit and inveterate intimacy." Such was the absurd, sad story of John Elliot, author of "The Medical Almanack," "Elements of the Branches of Natural Philosophy," and "Experiments and Observations on Light and Colours."

The mournful love-story of Dr. John Elliot made a deep impression on the popular mind. It is found alluded to in ballads and chap-books, and more than one penny romance was framed upon it. Not improbably it suggested the composition of the following parody of Monk Lewis's "Alonzo the Brave and the Fair Imogene," which appeared at the close of the last century during the first run of popularity which that familiar ballad obtained:—

"GILES BOLUS THE KNAVE AND BROWN
SALLY GREEN.

A ROMANCE BY M. G. LEWIS.

- " A Doctor so grave and a virgin so bright,
Hob-a-nobbed in some right marasquin ;
They swallowed the cordial with truest delight,
Giles Bolus the knave was just five feet in height,
And four feet the brown Sally Green.
- " ' And as,' said Giles Bolus, ' to-morrow I go
To physic a feverish land,
At some sixpenny hop, or perhaps the mayor's show,
You'll tumble in love with some smart city beau,
And with him share your shop in the Strand.'
- " ' Lord ! how can you think so ? ' Brown Sally Green
said,
' You must know mighty little of me ;
For if you be living or if you be dead,
I swear, 'pon my honour, that none in your stead,
Shall husband of Sally Green be.'
- " ' And if e'er I by love or by wealth led aside
Am false to Giles Bolus the knave ;
God grant that at dinner so amply suppli'd,
Overeating may give me a pain in the side ;
May your ghost then bring rhubarb to physic the bride,
And send her well dosed to the grave.'
- " To Jamaica the doctor now hastened for gold,
Sally wept till she blew her nose sore ;
Yet scarce had a twelvemonth elaps'd, when behold !
A brewer quite stylish his gig that way roll'd,
And stopped it at Sally Green's door.

“His barrels, his bungs, and his brass-headed cane,
Soon made her untrue to his vows ;
The stream of small beer now bewildered her brain ;
He caught her while tipsy—denials were vain—
So he carried her home as his spouse.

“And now the roast-beef had been blessed by the priest,
To cram now the guests had begun ;
Tooth and nail, like a wolf, fell the bride on the feast,
Nor yet had the clash of her knife and fork ceased,
When a bell ('twas the dustman's) toll'd *one*.

“Then first, with amazement, brown Sally Green found,
That a stranger was stuck by her side.
His cravat and his ruffles with snuff were embrown'd ;
He ate not—he drank not—but, turning him round,
Sent some pudding away to be fried.

“His wig was turned forwards, and wort was his height,
His apron was dirty to view ;
The women (oh ! wondrous) were hushed at the sight,
The cats as they eyed him drew back (well they might),
For his body was pea-green and blue.

“Now, as all wish'd to speak, but none knew what to say,
They look'd mighty foolish and queer :
At length spoke the lady with trembling—‘ I pray,
Dear sir, that your peruke aside you would lay,
And partake of some strong or small beer.’

“The bride shuts her fly-trap—the stranger complies,
And his wig from his phiz deigns to pull.
Adzooks ! what a squall Sally gave through surprise !
Like a pig that was stuck, how she opened her eyes,
When she recognized Giles's bare skull.

“ Each miss then exclaimed, while she turn’d up her snout,
 ‘ Sir, your head isn’t fit to be seen ! ’—
The pot-boys ran in, and the pot-boys ran out,
And couldn’t conceive what the noise was about,
While the doctor addressed Sally Green.

“ ‘ Behold me, thou jilt-flirt ! behold me ! ’ he cri’d—
 ‘ I’m Bolus, whom some call the ‘ knave ! ’
God grant, that to punish your falsehood and pride,
You should feel at this moment a pain in your side.
Quick, swallow this rhubarb !—I’ll physic the bride,
And send her well-dosed to the grave ! ’

“ Thus saying, the physic her throat he forced down,
 In spite of whate’er she could say :
Then bore to his chariot the maiden so brown,
Nor ever again was she seen in that town,
Or the doctor who wisked her away.

“ Not long lived the brewer, and none since that time
 To inhabit the brewhouse presume ;
For old women say that by order sublime
There Sally Green suffers the pain of her crime,
And bawls to get out of the room.

“ At midnight four times in each year does her sprite
 With shrieks make the chamber resound.
‘ I wont take the rhubarb ! ’ she squalls in affright,
While a cup in his left hand, a draught in his right,
Giles Bolus pursues her around.

“ With wigs so well powdered, twelve doctors so grave,
 Dancing hornpipes around them are seen ;
They drink chicken-broth, and this horrible stave
Is twanged through each nose, ‘ To Giles Bolus the knave,
And his patient the sick Sally Green.’ ”

In the court of love Dr. Van Buchell, the empiric, may pass muster as a physician. When that droll charlatan lost his first wife, in 1775, he paid her the compliment of preserving her body with great care. Dr. Hunter, with the assistance of Mr. Cruikshank, injected the blood-vessels of the corpse with a carmine fluid, so that the cheeks and lips had the hue of healthy life; the cavities of the body were artistically packed with the antiseptics used by modern embalmers; and glass eyes were substituted in place of the filmy balls which Death had made his own. Decked in a dainty apparel of lace and finest linen, the body was then placed in a bed of thin paste of plaster of Paris, which, crystalizing, made a most ornamental couch. The case containing this fantastic horror had a glass lid, covered with a curtain; and as Van Buchell kept it in his ordinary sitting room, he had the pleasure of introducing his visitors to the lifeless form of his "dear departed." For several years the doctor lived very happily with this slough of an immortal soul—never quarrelling with it, never being scolded by it—on the whole, enjoying an amount of domestic tranquillity that rarely falls to one man's lot. Unwisely he made in advanced years a new alliance, and manifested a desire to be on with the new and the old love at the same time. To this Mrs. Van Buchell

(No. 2) strongly objected, and insisted that the quaint coffin of Mrs. Van Buchell (No. 1) should be removed from the parlour in which she was expected to spend the greatest part of her days. The eccentric mode in which Buchell displayed his affection for his first wife was scarcely less repulsive than the devotion to the interests of anatomical science which induced Rondeletius to dissect the dead body of his own child in his theatre at Montpellier.

Are there no more loves to be mentioned? Yes; let these concluding pages tell an interesting story of the last generation.

Fifty years ago the picturesque, sunny town of Holmnook had for its physician one Dr. Kemp, a grave and reverend *Æsculapius*, punctilious in etiquette, with an imposing formality of manner, accurate in costume, in every respect a courtier of the old school. Holmnook is an antique market-town, square and compact, a capital in miniature, lying at the foot of an old feudal castle, in which the Bigods once held sway. That stronghold of moated towers was three centuries since the abode of a mighty Duke; Surrey, the poet earl, luckless and inspired, was born within its walls. The noble acres of the princely house fell into the hands of a *parvenu*—a rich, grasping lawyer;—that was bad. The lawyer died and went to his place, leaving the land to the poor;—that

was better. And now the produce of the rich soil, which whilom sent forth a crop of mailed knights, supports a college of toil and time-worn peasants, saving their cold thin blood from the penury of the poor-house, and sheltering them from the contumelies of—Guardians of the Poor. Hard by the college, housing these ancient humble children of man, is a school, based on the same beneficent foundation, where the village lads are taught the three R's and round which they play their rough, noisy games, under the observation of the veterans of the bourg—the almsmen and almswomen who sit in the sun and on benches before their college, clad in the blue coats of the charity, and feeling no shame in them, though the armorial badge of that old lawyer is tacked upon them in red cloth.

Holmnook is unlike most other English towns of its size, abounding as it does in large antique mansions, formerly inhabited by the great officers and dependents on the ducal household, who in many cases were blood relations of the duke himself. Under the capacious windows of these old houses, in the streets, and round the market-square, run rows of limes, spreading their cool shade over the pinnacles of gabled roofs, and flinging black bars across the shining shingle which decorates the plaster walls of the older houses. In the centre of the town stands an

enormous church, large enough to hold an entire army of Christians, and containing many imposing tombs of earls and leaders, long since gone to their account.

Think of this old town, its venerable dwellings—each by itself suggesting a romance. Hear the cooing and lazy flapping of pigeons, making continual holiday round the massive chimneys. Observe, without seeming to observe, the mayor's pretty daughter sitting at the open oriel window of the Guildhall, merrily singing over her needlework, and wondering if her bright ribbon have a good effect on passers below. Heed the jingle of a harpsichord in the rector's parlour. Be pleased to remember that the year is 1790—not 1860. Take a glass of stinging ale at "The Knight of Armour" hostelry—and own you enjoy it. Take another, creaming good-naturedly up under your lip, and confess you like it better than its predecessor. See the High Sheriff's carriage pass through the excited town, drawn by four enormous black horses, and having three Bacchic footmen hanging on behind. Do all this, and then you'll have a faint notion of Holmnook, its un-English picturesqueness, its placid joy, and experience of pomp.

Who is the gentleman emerging from the mansion on the causeway, in this year 1790—with white peruke and long pig-tail, snuff-coloured

coat and velvet collar, tight, dark nether garments, silk stockings, and shoes with buckles, volumes of white shirt-frill rising up under his chin? As he taps his shoes on his door-step you can see he is proud of his leg, a pleasant pride, whether one has reason for it or not!

Seventy years of age, staid, decorous, and thoroughly versed in the social proprieties of the old world, now gone clean from us, like chivalry or chartism, Dr. Kemp was an important personage in Holmnook and its vicinity. An *éclat* was his that a country doctor does not usually possess. For he was of gentle blood, being a cadet of an old and wealthy family on the other side of the country, the representative of which hailed him "cousin," and treated him with the intimacy of kinship—the kinship of 1790.

Michael Kemp's youth had been spent away from Holmnook. Doubtless so polite and dignified a gentleman had once aimed at a brighter lot than a rural physician's. Doubtless he had a history, but he kept it to himself. He had never married. Strange that so handsome and social a man had never married! The rumour went that he had been disappointed—had undertaken the conquest of a high-born lady, who gave another ending to the game; and having conquered him, went off to conquer others. Ladies could do such things in the last century, when men had hearts.

Anyhow, Michael Kemp, M.D., was an old bachelor, of spotless honour, and a reputation that scandal never dared to trifle with. A lady, much respected by the simple inhabitants of Holmnook, kept his house.

Let us speak of her—fair and forty, comely, with matronly outlines, but graceful. Pleasant of voice, cheerful in manner, active in benevolence, Mistress Alice was a great favourite; no christening or wedding could go off without her for miles around. The doctor's grandest patients treated her as an equal; for apart from her personal claims to respect and goodwill, she was, it was understood, of the doctor's blood—a poor relation, gentle by birth as she was by education. Mistress Alice was a great authority amongst the Holmnook ladies, on all matters pertaining to dress and taste. Her own ordinary costume was an artistic one. A large white kerchief, made so as to set like a jacket, close and high round the throat, concealed her fair arms and shoulders, and reached down to the waist of her dress, which, in obedience to the fashion of the time, ran close beneath her arms. In 1790 a lady's waist at Holmnook occupied just about the same place where the drapery of a London belle's Mazeppa harness offers its first concealment to its wearer's charms. But it was on her foot-gear that Mistress Alice devoted especial care. The short skirts of that day encouraged a

woman to set her understanding off to the best advantage. Mistress Alice wore natty high-heeled shoes and clocked stockings—bright crimson stockings with yellow clocks.

Do you know what clocked stockings were, ladies? This writer is not deeply learned on such matters, but having seen a pair of Mistress Alice's stockings, he can tell you that they had on either side, extending from the heel upwards some six inches, flowers gracefully embroidered with a light yellow silk on the crimson ground. And these wreaths of broidery were by our ancestors called clocks. This writer could tell something else about Mistress Alice's apparel. She had for grand evenings of high festivity white kid gloves reaching up to the elbow, and having a slit at the tips of the forefinger and thumb of each hand. It was an ordinary fashion long syne. So, ladies could let out the tips of those digits to take a pinch of snuff!

One night Michael Kemp, M.D., Oxon., was called up to come with every possible haste to visit a sick lady, urgently in want of him. The night-bell was rung violently, and the messenger cried to the doctor over and over from the pavement below to make good speed. The doctor did his best to comply; but, as ill-luck would have it, after he had struck a light the candle illumined by it fell down, and left the doctor in darkness.

This was very annoying to the good man, for he could not reconcile it to his conscience to light another, and yet it was hard for such a decorous man to make his hasty toilet in the dark.

He managed, however, better than he expected. His peruke came to hand all right; so did the tight inexpressibles; so did the snuff-coloured coat with high velvet collar; so did the buckled shoes. Bravo!

In another five minutes the active physician had groped his way downstairs, emerged from his stately dwelling, and had run to his patient's house.

In a trice he was admitted; in a twinkling he was up the stairs; in another second he was by the sick lady's bedside, round which were seated a nurse and three eminent Holmnook gossips.

He was little prepared for the reception he met with—he little anticipated the effect which his appearance was to produce.

The sick lady, struggling though she was with severe pain, burst out laughing outright.

The nurse said, "Oh my!—Doctor Kemp!"

Gossip No. 1 exclaimed, "Oh, you'll kill me!"

Gossip No. 2 cried, "I can't believe my eyes!"

Gossip No. 3 exploded with—"Oh, Doctor Kemp, do look at your stockings!"

And the doctor, obeying, did look at his stock-

ings. One was of black silk—the other was a crimson one, with yellow clocks.

Was there not merry talk the next day at Holmnook? Didn't one hear blithe hearty laughter at every street corner—at every window under the limes?

What did they laugh about? What did they say?

Only this, fair reader—

“*Honi soit qui mal y pense.*”

God bless thee, Holmnook! The bells of thy old church-tower are jangling in this writer's ears now, though he be a hundred miles away from thee. He sees the blue heavens kissing thy limes!

CHAPTER XI.

LITERATURE AND ART.

THE old proverb says "Every man is a physician or a fool by forty." Sir Henry Halford happening to quote the old saw to a circle of friends, Canning, with a pleasant humour smiling in his eyes, inquired, "Sir Henry, mayn't he be both?"

John Locke, according to academic registration, was not a physician till he was past forty. He was born in 1632, and took his M.B. degree Feb. 6th, 1674. To what extent Locke exercised his profession is still a matter of dispute; but there is no doubt that he was for some period of time an active practitioner of it. Amongst his letters to Sir Hans Sloane, that are still extant, the following is one:—

“DEAR SIR,—

“I have a patient here sick of the fever at this season. It seems not violent; but I am told 'tis a sort that is not easily thrown off. I desire to know of you what your fevers in town are, and what methods you find most successful in them? I shall be obliged by your favour if you will give me a word or two by to-morrow's post, and direct it to me, to be left at Mr. Harrison's, in the 'Crown' at Harlow.

“I am, sir,

“Your most humble servant,

“J. LOCKE.”

Popularly the name of Locke is as little associated with the profession of medicine as that of Sir James Mackintosh, who was a practising physician, till ambition and poverty made him select a more lucrative vocation, and turn his energies to the bar.

Literary physicians have as a rule not prospered as medical practitioners. The public harbour towards them the same suspicions and unfavourable prejudices as they do to literary barristers. A man, it is presumed, cannot be a master of two trades at the same time, and where he professes to carry on two it is usually concluded that he understands neither. To display the injustice of such views is no part of

this writer's work, for the task is in better hands—time and experience, who are yearly adding to the cases that support the converse proposition that if a man is really a proficient in one subject, the fact is of itself a reason for believing him master of a second.

Still, the number of brilliant writers who have enrolled themselves in the medical fraternity is remarkable. If they derived no benefit from their order, they have at least generously conferred lustre upon it. Goldsmith—though no one can say on what his claim to the title of doctor rested, and though in his luckless attempts to get medical employment, he underwent even more humiliation and disgrace than fell to his lot as the drudge of Mrs. Griffiths—is one of the most pleasant associations that our countrymen have in connection with the history of “the Faculty.” Smollett, like Goldsmith, tried ineffectually to escape from literary drudgery to the less irksome and more profitable duties that surround the pestle and mortar. Of Garth, Blackmore, Arbuthnot, and Akenside, notice has already been taken.

Anything like a complete enumeration of medical men who have made valuable contributions to *belles lettres* would fill a volume, by the writing of which very little good would be attained. By no means the least of them was

Armstrong, whose portrait Thomson introduced into the "Castle of Indolence."

" With him was sometimes joined in silken walk
 (Profoundly silent—for they never spoke),
One shyder still, who quite detested talk ;
 If stung by spleen, at once away he broke
 To grove of pine and broad o'ershadowing oak.
There, inly thrilled, he wandered all alone,
 And on himself his pensive fury woke :
He never uttered word, save when first shone
The glittering star of eve—' Thank Heaven, the day is
 done.' "

His medical writings, and his best known poem, "The Art of Health," had he written nothing else, would in all probability have brought him patients, but the licentiousness of "The Economy of Love" effectually precluded him from ever succeeding as a family physician. Amongst Armstrong's poet friends was Grainger, the amiable and scholarly physician who enjoyed the esteem of Percy and Samuel Johnson, Shenstone and Sir Joshua. Soon after the publication of his translation of the "Elegies of Tibullus," (1758), Grainger went to the island of St. Christopher's, and established himself there as a physician. The scenery and industrial occupations of the island inspired him to write his most important poem, "The Sugar Cane," which, in escaping such derision as was poured on Blackmore's effusions, owed its good fortune to the personal popularity

of the author rather than its intrinsic merits.
The following sample is a fair one :—

“ Destructive, on the upland groves
The monkey nation preys : from rocky heights,
In silent parties they descend by night,
And posting watchful sentinels, to warn
When hostile steps approach, with gambols they
Pour o’er the cane-grove. Luckless he to whom
That land pertains ! in evil hour, perhaps,
And thoughtless of to-morrow, on a die .
He hazards millions ; or, perhaps, reclines
On luxury’s soft lap, the pest of wealth ;
And, inconsiderate, deems his Indian crops
Will amply her insatiate wants supply.

“ From these insidious droles (peculiar pest
Of Liamigia’s hills) woul’st thou defend
Thy waving wealth, in traps put not thy trust,
However baited : treble every watch,
And well with arms provide them ; faithful dogs,
Of nose sagacious, on their footsteps wait.
With these attack the predatory bands ;
Quickly, th’ unequal conflict, they decline,
And chattering, fling their ill-got spoils away.
So when, of late, innumerable Gallic hosts,
Fierce, wanton, cruel, did by stealth invade
The peaceable American’s domains,
While desolation marked their faithless rout ;
No sooner Albion’s martial sons advanc’d,
Than the gay dastards to their forests fled,
And left their spoils and tomahawks behind.

“ *Nor with less haste the whisker’d vermin race,
A countless clan, despoil the low-land cane.*

“ These to destroy, &c.”

When the poem was read in MS. at Sir Joshua’s

house, the lines printed in italics were not part of the production, but in their place stood—

“Now, Muse, let's sing of *rats*.”

The immediate effect of such *bathos* was a burst of inextinguishable laughter from the auditors, whose sense of the ridiculous was by no means quieted by the fact that one of the company, slyly overlooking the reader, discovered that “the word had originally been *mice*, and had been altered to *rats*, as more dignified.”

Above the crowd of minor medical *litterateurs* are conspicuous, Moore, the author of “Zeluco;” Dr. Aikin, one of whose many works has been already referred to; Erasmus Darwin, author of “The Botanic Garden;” Mason Good, the translator of “Lucretius,” and author of the “Study of Medicine;” Dr. Ferriar, whose “Illustrations of Sterne” just doubled the value in the market of “Burton's Anatomy of Melancholy;” Cogan, the author of “Life and Opinions of John Bunce, jun.,” Dr. Harrington, of Bath, editor of the “Nugæ Antiquæ;” Millingen, who wrote “The Curiosities of Medical Practice,” and “The History of Duelling;” Dr. Paris, whose “Life of Sir Humphrey Davy,” unsatisfactory as it is in many places, is still a useful book, and many of whose other writings will long remain of great value; Wadd, the humorous collector of “Medical Ana;”

Dr. Merriman, the late contributor to the *Gentleman's Magazine*, and *Notes and Queries*; and Pettigrew, the biographer of Lettsom. If the physicians and surgeons still living, who have openly or anonymously written with good effect on subjects not immediately connected with their profession, were placed before the reader, there would be found amongst them many of the most distinguished of their fraternity.

Apropos of the Dr. Harrington mentioned above, a writer says—"The Doctor for many years attended the Dowager Lady Trevor, relict of Lord Trevor, and last surviving daughter of Sir Richard Steele. He spoke of this lady as possessing all the wit, humour, and gaiety of her father, together with most of his faults. She was extravagant, and always in debt; but she was generous, charitable, and humane. She was particularly partial to young people, whom she frequently entertained most liberally, and delighted them with the pleasantry and volubility of her discourse. Her person was like that which her pleasant father described himself in the *Spectator*, with his short face, &c. A little before her death (which was in the month of December) she sent for her doctor, and, on his entering her chamber, he said, 'How fares your ladyship?' She replied, 'Oh, my dear Doctor, ill fare! I am going to break up before the holidays!' This

agreeable lady lived many years in Queen's Square, Bath, and, in the summer months, at St. Ann's Hill, Surrey, the late residence of Rt. Hon. Chas. James Fox."

Wolcot, better known as Peter Pindar, was a medical practitioner, his father and many of his ancestors having followed the same calling in Devonshire and Cornwall under the names of Woolcot, Wolcott, Woolacot, Walcot, or Wolcot. After acquiring a knowledge of his profession in a somewhat irregular manner Wolcot found a patron in Sir William Trelawney, Bart., of Trelawney, co. Cornwall, who on going out to assume the governorship of Jamaica, took the young surgeon with him to act as medical officer to his household. In Jamaica Wolcot figured in more characters than one. He was the governor's grand master of the ceremonies, private secretary, and chaplain. When the King of the Musquitoes waited on the new governor, to express his loyal devotion to the King of England's representative, Wolcot had to entertain the royal guest—no difficult task as long as strong drink was in the way.

His majesty—an enormously stout black brute—regarded intoxication as the condition of life most fit for kings.

"Champagne the courtier drinks, the spleen to chase,
The colonel Burgundy, and port his grace."

The autocrat of the Musquitoes, as the greatest only are, in his simplicity sublime, was contented with rum or its equivalent.

“Mo’ drink for king! Mo’ drink for king!” he would bellow, dancing round the grand-master of the governor’s household.

“King,” the grand-master would reply, “you are drunk already.”

“No, no; king no drunk. Mo’ drink for king! Broder George” (*i. e.* George III.) “love drink!”

Grand-Master.—“Broder George does not love drink: he is a sober man.”

Autocrat.—“But King of Musquito love drink. Me will have mo’ drink. Me love drink like devil. Me drink whole ocean!”

The different meagre memoirs of Peter Pindar are conflicting as to whether he ever received ordination from the hands of the Bishop of London. It seems most probable that he never did. But, consecrated or not, there is no doubt that he officiated as a colonial rector for some time. Droll stories of him as a parish priest used to circulate amongst his friends, as well as amongst his enemies. He read prayers and preached whenever a congregation appeared in his church, but three Sundays out of every four not a soul came to receive the benefit of his ministrations.

The rector was an admirable shot, and on his

way from his house to church used to amuse himself with shooting pigeons, his clerk—also an excellent shot—walking behind with a fowling-piece in his hand, and taking part in the sport. Having reached the sacred edifice, his reverence and attendant opened the church door and waited in the porch ten minutes for the advent of worshippers. If none had presented themselves at the end of ten minutes, the pastor beat a retreat. If only a few black Christians straggled up, the rector bought them off with a few coins and then went home. One cunning old negro, who saw that the parson's heart was more with the wild-fowl of the neighbouring bay than bent on the discharge of his priestly functions, after awhile presented himself every Sunday, when the following interview and arrangement were regularly repeated:—

“What do you come here for, blackee?” the parson would exclaim.

“Why, massa, to hear your good sermon and all de prayer ob de church.”

“Would not a *bit* or two do you more good?”

“Yes, massa doctor—me lub prayer much, but me lub money too.”

The “*bit or two*” would then be paid, and the devotee would retire speedily from the scene. For an entire twelvemonth was this *black-mail* exacted.

On his return to England, Wolcot, after a few unsuccessful attempts to establish himself in practice, relinquished the profession of physic as well as that of divinity, and, settling himself in London, made both fame and a good income by his writings. As a political satirist he was in his day almost without a rival, and the popularity of his numerous works would have placed a prudent man in lasting affluence. Improvidence, however, necessitated him to sell the copyright of his works to Messrs. Robinson, Golding, and Walker for an annuity of 250*l.* payable half-yearly, during the remainder of his life. Loose agreements have always been the fashion between author and publisher, and in the present case it was not clearly stated what "copyright of his works" meant. The publishers interpreted it as the copyright of both what the author had written at the time of making the agreement, and also of what he should subsequently write. Wolcot, however, declared that he had in the transaction only had regard to his prior productions. After some litigation and more squabbling, the publishers consented to take Wolcot's view of the case; but he never forgave them the discomfort they had caused him. His rancour against "the trade" increased with time, and inspired some of his most violent and unjust verses:—

“Fired with the love of rhyme, and, let me say,
 Of virtue, too, I sound the moral lay ;
 Much like St. Paul (who solemnly protests
 He battled hard at Ephesus with beasts),
 I’ve fought with lions, monkeys, bulls, and bears,
 And got half Noah’s ark about my ears ;
 Nay, more (which all the courts of justice know),
 Fought with the brutes of Paternoster Row.”

For medicine Peter Pindar had even less respect than Garth had. He used to say “that he did not like the practice of it as an art. He was entirely ignorant, indeed, whether the patient was cured by the *vis medicatrix naturæ*, or the administration of a little pill, which was either directly or indirectly to reach the part affected.” And for the practitioners of the art held in such low esteem, he cherished a contempt that he would at times display with true Pindaric warmth. In his two-act farce, “Physic and Delusion ; or, Jezebel and the Doctors,” the dialogue is carried on in the following strain :—

“*Blister*.— By God, old prig !
 Another word, and, by my wig—
 “*Bolus*.—Thy wig ? Great accoucheur, well said,
 ’Tis of more value than thy head ;
 And ’mongst thy customers—poor ninnies !
 Has helped thee much to bag thy guineas.”

Amongst Peter Pindar’s good services to the world was the protection he afforded to Opie (or Oppy, as it was at one time less euphoniously spelt

and pronounced) the artist, when he was a poor country clown, rising at three o'clock in the summer's mornings, to pursue his art with rude pieces of chalk and charcoal. Wolcot presented the boy with his first pencils, colours, and canvas, and put him in the way to paint portraits for the magnificent remuneration of half-a-guinea, and subsequently a guinea, a-head. And it was to the same judicious friend that Opie, on leaving the provinces, owed his first success in London.

Wolcot used to tell some droll stories about his artist friend. Opie's indiscreet manner was a source of continual trouble to those who endeavoured to serve him; for, priding himself on being "a rough diamond," he took every pains that no one should fail to see the roughness. A lady sitter was anxious that her portrait should be "very handsome," and frankly told the painter so. "Then, madam," was the reply, "you wish to be painted otherwise than you are. I see, you do not want your own face." Not less imprudent was he, at the close of his first year in London, in taking out writs against several sitters who were rather tardy in their payments.

Opie was not the only artist of celebrity deeply indebted to Peter Pindar. Bone, the painter in enamel, found an efficient friend in the same discerning lover of the arts. In this respect Wolcot was worthy of the profession which he

deserted, and affected to despise; and his name will ever be honourably mentioned amongst those physicians who have fostered art, from the days of picture-loving Mead, down to those of the writer's very kind friend, Dr. Diamond, who gathered from remote quarters "The Diamond Collection of Portraits," which may be seen amongst the art treasures of Oxford.

Amongst the medical poets, there is one whom all scholarly physicians jealously claim as of their body—John Keats; he who, dying at Rome at the age of twenty-six, wished his epitaph to be, "Here lies one whose name was writ in water." After serving his apprenticeship under an Edmonton surgeon, the author of "Endymion," became a medical student at St. Thomas's hospital.

Mention here, too, may be made of Dr. Macnish, the author of "The Anatomy of Drunkenness," and "The Modern Pythagorean;" and of Dr. Moir, the poet, whose death, a few years since, robbed the world of a simple and pathetic writer, and his personal acquaintance of a noble-hearted friend.

But of all modern English poets who have had an intimate personal connection with the medical profession, the greatest by far is Crabbe—

"Nature's sternest painter, yet the best."

In 1754 George Crabbe was born, in the old sea-faring town of Aldborough, in the county of

Suffolk. His father, the collector of salt-duties, or salt-master of the town, was a churlish, sullen fellow at the best of times; but, falling upon adversity in his old days, became the *beau-ideal* of a domestic tyrant. He was not, however, without his respectable points. Though a poor man, he did his best to educate his children above the ranks of the very poor. One of them became a thriving glazier in his native town; another went to sea, and became captain of a Liverpool slave-ship; and a third, also a sailor, met with strange vicissitudes—at one time enjoying a very considerable amount of prosperity, and then suffering penury and persecution. A studious and a delicate lad, George, the eldest of the party, was designed for some pursuit more adapted to his disposition and physical powers than the avocations of working mechanics, or the hard duties of the marine service. When quite a child, he had amongst the inhabitants of Aldborough a reputation for mental superiority that often did him good service. On one occasion he chanced to offend a playmate—his senior and “master,” as boys and savages term it—and was on the point of receiving a good thrashing nigh the roaring waves of old ocean, when a third boy, a common acquaintance, exclaimed, in a voice of affright:—

“Yar marn’t middle a’ him; lit him aloone—he ha’ got l’arning.”

The plea was admitted as a good one, and the future bard escaped the profanation of a drubbing.

George was sent to two respectable schools, the one at Bungay, in Norfolk, and the other (the better of the two) at Stowmarket, in his own county. The expense of such an education, even if it amounted to no more than 20*l.* per annum, was no small undertaking for the salt-master of a fishing-village; for Aldborough—now a handsome and much frequented provincial watering-place—was in 1750 nothing better than a collection of huts, whose humble inhabitants possessed little stake in the commonweal beyond the right of sending to parliament two members to represent their interests and opinions. On leaving school, in his fourteenth year, George was apprenticed to a country doctor of a very rough sort, who plied his trade at Wickham Brook, a small village near Bury St. Edmunds. It is a fact worthy of note, as throwing some light on the state of the profession in the provinces, that the apprentice shared the bed of his master's stable-boy. At Wickham Brook, however, the lad did not remain long to endure such indignity. He was removed from that scene of trial, and placed under the tutelage of Mr. Page, a surgeon of Woodbridge, a gentleman of good connections and polite tastes, and through the marriage of his daughter with

EUGENIA DE ACTON.

the late famous Alderman Wood, an ancestor of a learned judge, who is not more eminent as a lawyer than beloved as a man.

It was during his apprenticeship to Mr. Page of Woodbridge that Crabbe made his first important efforts in poetry, publishing, in the year 1772, some fugitive pieces in *Wheble's Magazine*, and in 1775 "Inebriety, a poem, in three parts. Ipswich: printed and sold by C. Punchard, bookseller, in the Butter-market." While at Woodbridge, too, his friend Levett, a young surgeon of the neighbourhood, took him over to Framlingham, introducing him to the families of that picturesque old town. William Springall Levett was at that time engaged to Alethea Brereton, a lady who, under the *nom de plume* of "Eugenia Acton," wrote certain novels that created a sensation in their brief day. Amongst them were "Vicissitudes of Genteel Life," "The Microcosm," and "A Tale without a Title." The love-making of Mr. Levett and Miss Eugenia de Acton was put a stop to by the death of the former, in 1774. The following epitaph, transcribed from the History of Framlingham, the work of the able antiquarian, Mr. Richard Green, is interesting as one of Crabbe's earlier compositions.

"What! though no trophies peer above his dust,
Nor sculptured conquests deck his sober bust ;

What! though no earthly thunders sound his name,
Death gives him conquest, and our sorrows fame;
One sigh reflection heaves, but shuns excess,
More should we mourn him, did we love him less."

Subsequently Miss Brereton married a gentleman named Lewis, engaged in extensive agricultural operations. However brief her literary reputation may have been, her pen did her good service; for, at a critical period of her husband's career, it brought sums of much-needed money.

Mr. Levett's romance closed prematurely together with his life, but through him Crabbe first became acquainted with the lovely girl whom he loved through years of trial, and eventually made his wife. Sarah Elmy was the niece of John Tovell, *yeoman*, not *gentleman*—he would have scorned the title. Not that the worthy man was without pride of divers kinds, or that he did not hold himself to be a gentleman. He believed in *the* Tovells as being one of the most distinguished families of the country. A Tovell, by mere right of being a Tovell, could thrash more Frenchmen than any Englishman, not a Tovell, could. When the good man said, "I am nothing more than a plain yeoman," he never intended or expected anyone to believe him, or to regard his words in any other light than as a playful protest against being deemed "a plain yeoman," or that contemptible hybrid, "a gentleman-farmer."

He was a well-made, handsome, pleasant fellow

—riding a good horse with the hounds—loving good cheer—enjoying laughter, without being very particular as to the cause of it—a little too much addicted to carousing, but withal an agreeable and useful citizen. He lived at Parham Lodge, a house that a peer inhabited after him, without making any important alterations in the place.

Crabbe's son and biographer gives a description of the establishment—bright with his father's humour, and valuable as an illustration of manners that have already deserted us. "The establishment was that of the first-rate yeoman of that period—the yeoman that already began to be styled, by courtesy, an esquire. Mr. Tovell might possess an estate of some 800*l.* per annum, a portion of which he himself cultivated. Educated at a mercantile school, he often said of himself, 'Jack will never make a gentleman;' yet he had a native dignity of mind and manners, which might have enabled him to pass muster in that character with any but very fastidious critics. His house was large, and the surrounding moat, the rookery, the ancient dovecote, and the well-stored fishponds were such as might have suited a gentleman's seat of some consequence; but one side of the house immediately overlooked a farm-yard, full of all sorts of domestic animals, and the scene of constant bustle and noise. On entering the house there was nothing at first sight to re-

mind one of the farm; a spacious hall, paved with black and white marble, at one extremity a very handsome drawing-room, and at the other a fine old staircase of black oak, polished till it was as slippery as ice, and having a dinner-clock, as well as a barrel-organ, on its landing places. But this drawing-room, a corresponding dining parlour, and a handsome sleeping apartment upstairs, were all tabooed ground, and made use of on great and solemn occasions only—such as rent-days, and an occasional visit with which Mr. Tovell was honoured by a neighbouring peer. At all other times the family and their visitors lived entirely in the old-fashioned kitchen along with the servants. Mr. Tovell occupied an arm-chair, or, in attacks of the gout, a couch on one side of a large open chimney. Mrs. Tovell sat at a small table, on which, in the evening, stood one small candle, in an iron candlestick, plying her needle by a feeble glimmer, surrounded by her maids, all busy at the same employment; but in winter a noble block of wood, sometimes the whole circumference of a pollard, threw its comfortable warmth and cheerful blaze over the apartment.

“At a very early hour the alarum called the maids, and their mistress also; and if the former were tardy, a louder alarum and more formidable was heard chiding the delay—not that scolding was peculiar to any occasion, it regularly ran on

all through the day, like bells on harness, inspiring the work whether it were done ill or well. After the important business of the dairy, and a hasty breakfast, their respective employments were again resumed; that which the mistress took for her especial privilege being the scrubbing of the floors of the state apartment, A new servant, ignorant of her presumption, was found one morning on her knees, hard at work on the floor of one of these preserves, and was thus addressed by her mistress:—

“‘You wash such floors as these? Give me the brush this instant, and ‘roop to the scullery and wash that, madam! . . . As true as God’s in heaven, here comes Lord Rochford, to call on Mr. Tovell. Here, take my mantle’ (a blue woollen apron), ‘and I’ll go to the door!’

“If the sacred apartments had not been opened, the family dined on this wise: the heads seated in the kitchen, at an old table; the farm men standing in the adjoining scullery, door open; the female servants at a side-table, called a bouter; with the principals, at the table, perchance some travelling rat-catcher, or tinker, or farrier, or an occasional gardener in his shirt-sleeves, his face probably streaming with perspiration. My father well describes, in ‘The Widow’s Tale,’ my mother’s situation when living, in her younger days, at Parham:—

“ ‘ But when the men beside their station took,
The maidens with them, and with these the cook ;
When one huge wooden bowl before them stood,
Fill'd with huge balls of farinaceous food ;
With bacon, mass saline ; where never lean
Beneath the brown and bristly rind was seen :
When from a single horn the party drew
Their copious draughts of heavy ale and new ;
When the coarse cloth she saw with many a stain,
Soiled by rude hands, who cut and come again,
She could not breathe, but, with a heavy sigh,
Reined the fair neck and shut the offended eye ;
She minced the sanguine flesh in frustums fine,
And wondered much to see the creatures dine.’ ”

“ On ordinary days, when the dinner was over, the fire replenished, the kitchen sanded and lightly swept over in waves, mistress and maids, taking off their shoes, retired to their chambers for a nap of one hour to the minute. The dogs and cats commenced their siesta by the fire. Mr. Tovell dozed in his chair, and no noise was heard, except the melancholy and monotonous cooing of a turtle-dove, varied, however, by the shrill treble of a canary. After the hour had expired, the active part of the family were on the alert, the bottles (Mr. Tovell's tea-equipage) placed on the table ; and, as if by instinct, some old acquaintance would glide in for the evening's carousal, and then another, and another. If four or five arrived, the punch-bowl was taken down, and emptied and filled again.”

Such was the hearty unrefined life of our immediate ancestors. Whatever good our increased personal refinement has done for us, there can be no question that it has the evil result of separating further than ever the rich from the poor. What would the minor gentry of our counties—the wealthy rectors and modest squireens—think now-a-days of a proposition that they and their domestic servants should dine together in the same room, their daughters exchanging compliments with such guests as the neighbouring farrier, or the rat-catcher of the district?

On Crabbe's first introduction to Parham Lodge he was received with cordiality; but when it was seen that he had fallen in love with the squire's niece, it was only natural that "his presumption" should not at first meet the approval either of Mrs. Tovell or her husband. But the young people plighted troth to each other, and the engagement was recognized by the lady's family. It was years, however, before the wedding bells were set ringing. Crabbe's apprenticeship to Mr. Page finished, he tried ineffectually to raise the funds for a regular course of hospital instruction in London. Returning to Aldborough, he furnished a shop with a few bottles and a pound's worth of drugs, and set up as "an apothecary." Of course it was only amongst the poor of his native town that he obtained patients, the wealthier inha-

bitants of the borough distrusting the knowledge of a doctor who had not walked the hospitals. In the summer of 1778, however, he was appointed surgeon to the Warwickshire militia, then stationed at Aldborough, and in the following winter, on the Warwickshire militia being moved and replaced by the Norfolk militia, he was appointed surgeon to the latter regiment also. But these posts were only temporary, and conferred but little emolument on their holder. At length poverty drove the poet from his native town. The rest of his career is matter of notoriety. Every reader knows how the young man went to London and only escaped the death of Otway or Chatterton by the generous patronage of Burke, how through Burke's assistance he was ordained, became the Duke of Rutland's chaplain, obtained comfortable church preferment, and for a long span enjoyed an amount of domestic happiness that was as great and richly deserved as his literary reputation.

Crabbe's marriage with Sarah Elmy eventually conferred on him and his children the possession of Parham Lodge, which estate, a few years since, passed from them into the hands of wealthy purchasers. The poet also succeeded to other wealth through the same connection, an old-maid sister of John Lovell leaving him a considerable sum of money. "I can screw Crabbe up and down like an old fiddle," this amiable lady

was fond of saying ; and during her life she proved that her boast was no empty one. But her will was a handsome apology for all her little tiffs.

CHAPTER XII.

NUMBER ELEVEN—A HOSPITAL STORY.

“YOU may rely on me, Mrs. Mallet,” said I, taking my pipe from my mouth, and giving it an emphatic twist, that terminated in a yet more impressive shake; “what I tell you is as true as that you are a living woman.”

It is needless, and indeed impossible, to state what it was that I wished Mrs. Mallet to believe; for, though doubtless it was something noteworthy and valuable, it has (like much other wisdom) vanished from my memory, and (whatever it was) had no relation to the narrative in hand, save that it induced me to make the above earnest asseveration of my veracity, which, in its turn, spurred Mrs. Mallet to respond—

“It’s true as I am a living woman!—and pray, sir, may I ask you what right you have to think I am a living woman?”

"You look remarkably like one, madam," said I.

"Maybe," answered Mrs. Mallet, rising from her seat on the opposite side of the hearth, and leaning forward till her thin eager face was within twelve inches of mine, and her keen bright eyes seemed bent on boring their way, gimlet-fashion, into the core of my brain—"Maybe *you* think so; but there are those who know more about me who'd tell you a different tale to that, and let you know, in double-quick time, that I'm nothing better than—dead!—dead, sir, as your pipe will be in another second, if you don't puff a little sharper!"

"Bless me!—don't, now! Really, this is very uncomfortable!" I exclaimed nervously, shifting uneasily in my chair.

"Lor, sir, don't you worry yourself," returned Mrs. Mallet, composing herself once more in her seat, and relieving me not a little by increasing the distance between us to about six feet: "it's nothing when you get used to it; it's as simple as sweeping bricks."

"*What* on earth do you mean, Mrs. Mallet?—what is as simple as sweeping bricks?"

"Dying, to be sure. It's clear, sir, you've never tried it. Well, sir, I don't wish to persuade you, or any other living creature, to try it against your will; but you may believe me, whenever

you do lie down in your coffin, you'll find it a much easier bed than you expect."

All this happened in the kitchen of No. 101 $\frac{1}{2}$, Great Ormond Street, Queen's Square, of which house Mrs. Mallet was landlady, and I was principal lodger. The drawing-rooms had been mine for one year and three months—indeed ever since a certain lady (whose name I forbear from mentioning) treated me unfaithfully in Pimlico, and caused me to beat a hasty retreat from that more fashionable and perfidious quarter. It was in a lucky moment that I knocked at Mrs. Mallet's door, and decided to look at her first-floor apartments, in the most imposing window of which figured an enormous card, adorned, in a rotund calligraphy, with the curt and somewhat ungrammatical announcement, "To Let." As a landlady, Mrs. Mallet was exactly to my mind. She was past middle age—so was I: she had had her troubles—so had I: her firm determination was never to marry again—my most adamant resolve was the same: she possessed civil manners, and a most conciliating address—my urbanity has always been unvarying: as a housewife she was cleanly to a fault—I am a sleek, neat, fastidiously nice old bachelor. Of the excellencies of my drawing-rooms I will not speak in detail, for fear a host of lone men should swarm up to No. 101 $\frac{1}{2}$, and try to buy me out of them. I will only say

that respect to the dainty curtains, and regard to the feelings of my sister Tabitha—who leaves Regent's Park, and makes a ceremonious call on me once a week—caused me to negotiate with my hostess that I should smoke my nocturnal pipes in the kitchen, which contained no furniture that could suffer from the fumigation. And thus it came to pass that I sate by my landlady's fire, and heard her discourse on death.

“Then, sir,” said she, “if you'll only not look so frightened, I'll tell you how it was. It is now twenty years ago that I was very unfortunate. I was not more than thirty years of age, but I was old enough to have just lost a good husband and a dear little babe; and then, when I hadn't a sixpence in my pocket, I caught the fever, and had to go to a hospital. I wasn't used to trouble; for though I was nothing better than a poor man's child, I had known all my life nothing but kindness. I never had but one mistress,—my lady, who, when she was the most beautiful young lady in all Devonshire, took me out of a village school, and raised me to be her maid; and her maid I was for twelve years—first down in Devonshire, and afterwards up in London, when she married (somewhat against the will of her family) a thorough good gentleman, but a poor one, who after a time took her out to India, where he became a judge, and she a grand lady. My dear

mistress would have taken me out to India with her, only she was then too poor to pay for my passage out, and bear the expense of me there, where labour can be got so cheap, and native servants can live on a handful of rice a day. She, sir, is Lady Burrige—the same who gave me the money to start in this house with, and whose carriage you saw yesterday at my door.

“So my mistress went eastward, and I was left behind to marry a young man I had loved for some few years, and who had served during that time as clerk to my lady’s husband. I was a young woman, and young women, to the end of the chapter, will think it a brave thing to fall in love. I thought my sweetheart was a handsomer and cleverer man than any other of his station in all London. I wonder how many girls have thought the same of their favourites! I went to church one morning with a fluttering heart and trembling knees, and came out under the porch thinking that all my life would ever afterwards be brighter, and lighter, and sunnier than it had been before. Well! in dancing into that pretty blunder, I wasn’t a bigger fool than lots of others.

“And if a good husband is a great blessing (and she must be a paltry woman who can say nay to that), I was born to luck; for my husband was kind, good, and true—his temper was as sweet at home as his manners were abroad—he

was hard-working and clever, sober and devout; and—though you may laugh at a woman of my age talking so like a romance—I tell you, sir, that if my life had to come all over again, I'd rather have the mischance of marrying my dear Richard, than the good fortune of wedding a luckier man.

“There's no doubt the game turned out ill for me. At first it seemed as if it would be just otherwise, for my husband had good health, plenty of work, and sufficient pay; so that, when my little girl came, her sweet face brought no shadow of anxiety with it, and we hoped she would be followed in due course by half-a-dozen more. But ere the dear babe had learned to prattle, a drear change came over the happy prospect. The fever crept over the gentle darling, and after she had suffered for a week or more, lying on my arms, God raised her from me into his happy home, where the beauty of summer reigns for ever, and the coldness of winter never enters. Richard and I took the body of our babe to the burial-ground, and saw it covered up in the earth which by turns gives all we get, and takes away from us all we have; and as we walked back to our deserted home, arm-in-arm, in the light of the summer's evening, we talked to each other more solemnly and tenderly than we had done for many a day. And the next morning he went back to his work in the office, from which he had absented himself

since our child's death ; and I encouraged him to cheer up, and not to give way to sorrow when I was not nigh to comfort him, but toil bravely and hopefully, as a man should ; and in so advising him, I do not blush to say that I thought not only of what was best for his spirits, but also of what our necessities required—for we were only poor people, not at any time beforehand in the world, and now reduced by the cost of our little one's illness and funeral ; and, sir, in this hard world we women, most times, have the best of it, for when the house is full of sorrow we have little else to do but to weep, but the men have to grieve and toil too.

“But poor Richard could not hold up his head. He came back from work that day pale and faint, and in the evening he had a chill and a heat-fit, that let me know the fever which had killed our little one had passed into him. The next day he could not leave his bed, and the doctor (a most kind man, who was always making rough jokes in a rough voice—just to hide his womanliness) said to me, “If your husband goes down to his master's chambers in the Temple to-day, he had better stop at the coffin-maker's, in the corner of Chancery Lane, and leave his measure.” But Richard's case was not one for a jest, and he rapidly became worse than the doctor fancied he would be when he made that light speech. He

was ill for six weeks, and then began slowly to mend; he got on so far as to sit up for two days for half-an-hour while he had his tea, and we were hoping that soon he would be able to be moved into the country—to my sister's, whose husband was an engineer at Stratford; but, suddenly, he had a relapse, and on the morning that finished the tenth week from his being seized, his arms let go their hold on my neck—and I was left alone!

“All during my babe's and Richard's long illness my sister Martha had behaved like a true sister to me. She was my only sister, and, to the best of my knowledge, the only relation I had in the world—and a good one she was; from girl to woman her heart always rung out clear like a bell. She had three young children, but even fear of contagion reaching them could not keep her from me in my trouble. She kept making the journey backwards and forwards, at least once a week, in the carrier's cart; and, though she had no money to spare, she brought me, with her husband's blessing, presents of wine, and jellies, and delicate meat, to buy which, I knew right well, she and her husband, and her children, must have pinched themselves down to scanty rations of bread and water. Her hands helped mine to put the flowers in poor Richard's coffin; she bore me up while I followed it, pale and trembling, to the grave; and when that

horrible day was coming to an end, and she was about to return home, she took me into her arms, and covering me with kisses and caressings, and a thousand gentle sayings, as if I had been a child of her own, instead of her sister and a grown woman, she made me promise to come down to her at Stratford at the end of the week, and stay with her till God should give me strength and spirits, and guidance, to work for myself again.

“But that promise was not kept. Next morning the rough-tender doctor came in, out of his mere goodness, to give me a friendly look, and a ‘God speed you,’ and found me, too, sickening for an illness. I knew, sir, he had made the discovery before his lips confessed a word; for when he had taken my wrist and felt my pulse, and looked up into my worn face, he turned pale, as if almost frightened, and such a look of grief came on his eyes and lips that he could not have said plainer, ‘My poor woman! my poor woman! what I feared from the beginning, and prayed God not to permit, has come to pass at last.’

“Then I fairly broke down and cried bitterly; and I told the doctor how sore afflicted I was—how God had taken my husband and babe from me—how all my little means had been consumed in the expenses of nursing—how the little furniture in my rooms would not pay half what I owed

to honest folk—and how, even in my unspeakable wretchedness, I could not ask the Almighty to take away my life, for I could not rest in death if I left the world without paying my just debts. Well, sir, the doctor sate down by me, and said, in his softest and simplest way :—

“Come, come, neighbour, don't you frighten yourself. Be calm, and listen to me. Don't let the thought of debts worry you. What little I have done in the way of business for your poor child and husband I never wish to be paid for—so there's your greatest creditor disposed of. As for the rest, I won't trouble you; for I'll be sure that none of them shall think I wish I could do more. I wish I could do more for such a rich man, and I have got a few little ones at home, who are running, to make me richer—although I am sure they'll make me happier. But now for yourself: you must go to the fever-hospital, to have your illness out; the physician who'll take care of you there is the cleverest in all London; and, as he is an old friend of mine, I can ask him to pay especial attention to you. You'll find it a pleasant, cheerful place, much more cool and comfortable than your rooms here; the nurses are all of them good people; and while lying on your bed there you won't have to fret yourself with thinking how

you are to pay for the doctors, and medicine, and kitchen physic.'

"I was only too thankful to assent to all the doctor said; and forthwith he fetched a coach, put me into it, and took me off to the fever-hospital, to which his influence procured me instant admittance. Without delay I was conveyed to a large and comfortable bed, which, with another similar bed parallel to it, was placed against the wall at the end of a long gallery, containing twenty other beds. The first day of my hospital life I spent tranquilly enough; the languor of extreme exhaustion had soothed me, and my malady had not robbed me of my senses. So I lay calmly on my couch, and watched all the proceedings and arrangements of the great bed-room. I noticed how clean and white all the beds looked, and what kindly women the nurses were; I remarked what a wide space there was down the middle of the room between the two rows of beds, and again what large intervals there were between the beds on each side; I observed, too, that over every bed there was a ventilator set in the wall, and beneath the ventilator a board, on which was pinned a paper, bearing, in a filled-up, printed form, the number of the bed to which it belonged, the date when the occupant was admitted to the ward, the names of the physician and nurse under whose charge she was, the medicine she was

taking, and the diet on which she was put. It made me smile, moreover, to note how the nurses, when giving physic or nourishment, or otherwise attending to their charges, would frequently address them by the numbers on their boards, instead of their names.

“‘Nurse, dear,’ I asked, with a smile, when my attendant came near me, ‘what’s my name?’

“‘Oh, dear!’ said she, looking up at the board which had already been fixed over my head, ‘your name is Number Eleven.’

by discovering how we had suffered alike. We often interchanged a few words during the sorrowful hours of the long, hot nights, but our whisperings always turned on the same subject. 'Number Eleven,' I used to hear her poor thin lips murmur, 'are you thinking of your baby, dear?' 'To be sure, darling,' I would answer; 'I am awake, and when I am awake, I am always thinking of her.' Then most times she would inquire, 'Number Eleven, dear, which do you think of most—the little one or her father?' Whereto I would reply, 'I think of both alike, dear, for whenever I look at her—a fair young angel in heaven—she seems to be lying in her father's arms.' And after we had conversed so, No. 22 would be quiet for a few minutes; and often, in the silence of the night, I could at such times hear that which informed me the poor woman was weeping to herself—in such a way that she was happier for her tears.

"But my malady progressed unfavourably. Each succeeding night was worse to endure; and the morning light, instead of bringing refreshment and hope, only gave to me a dull, gloomy consciousness that I had passed hours in delirium, and that I was weaker, and heavier in heart, and more unlikely than ever to hold my head up again. They cut all the hair off my head, and put blisters at the back of my neck; but the awful weight of

sorrow and the gnawing heat kept on my brain all the same. I could no longer amuse myself with looking at what went on in the ward; I lost all care for the poor woman who lay in the next bed; and soon I tossed to and fro, and heeded nothing of the outer world except the burning, and aching, and thirst, and sleeplessness that encased me.

“One morning I opened my eyes, and saw the doctor standing between me and No. 22, talking to the nurse. A fit of clearness passed over my understanding, such as people suffering under fever often experience for a few seconds, and I heard the physician say softly to the nurses, ‘We must be careful and do our best, sister, and leave the rest to God. They are both very ill; this is now the fourth day since either of them recognized me. They must have more wine and brandy to help them through. Here, give me their boards.’ On this, the nurse took down the boards, and handed them, one after the other, to the physician, and he, taking a pen from a clerk, who always attended him, wrote his directions on the papers, and handed them back to the nurse. Having heard and seen all this, I shifted in my bed, and after a few weak efforts to ponder on my terrible condition, and how awful a thing it is to die, I fell back into my former state of delirium and half-consciousness.

“The next distinct memory I have of my illness was when I opened my eyes and beheld a wooden screen standing between me and the next bed. My head felt as if it had been put into a closely fitting cap of ice; but apart from this strange sensation, I was free from pain. My body was easy, and my mind was tranquil. My nurse was standing at the foot of my bed, looking towards me with an expression of solemn tenderness; and by her side was another woman—as I afterwards found out, a new nurse, unaccustomed to the ways of the hospital.

“‘What is the screen there for?’ asked the novice.

“My nurse lowered her voice, and answered slowly, ‘Number Eleven, poor soul, is dying; she’ll be dead in half an hour; and the screen is there so that Number Twenty-two mayn’t see her.’

“‘Poor soul!’ said the novice, ‘may God have mercy upon her!’

They spoke scarcely above a whisper, but I heard them distinctly; and a solemn gladness, such as I used to feel, when I was a young girl, at the sound of church music, came over me at learning that I was to die. Only half an hour, and I should be with baby and Richard in heaven! Mixed with this thought, too, there was a pleasant memory of those I had loved and who had loved

me—of sister Martha and her husband and children, of the doctor who had been so good to me and brought me to the hospital, of my lady in India, of many others; and I silently prayed the Almighty with my dying heart to protect and bless them. Then passed through me a fluttering of strange, soft fancies, and it was revealed to me that I was dead.

“By-and-by the physician came his round of the ward, stepping lightly, pausing at each bed, speaking softly to nurses and patients, and, without knowing it, making many a poor woman entertain kinder thoughts than she had ever meant to cherish of the wealthy and gentle. When he came to the end of the ward, his handsome face wore a pitiful air, and it was more by the movement of his lips than by the sound of his mouth that I knew what passed from him to the nurse.

“‘Well, sister, well,’ he said, ‘she sleeps quietly at last. Poor thing! I hope and believe the next life will be a fairer one for her than this has been.’

“‘Her sister has been written to,’ observed the nurse.

“‘Quite right; and how is the other?’

“‘Oh, No. 22 is just the same—quite still, not moving at all, scarcely breathing, sir!’

“‘Um!—you must persevere. Possibly she’ll pull through. Good-bye, sister.’

“Late in the evening my sister Martha came.

She was dressed in black, and led with her hand Rhoda, her eldest daughter. Poor Martha was very pale, and worn, and ill; when she approached the bed on which I lay, she seemed as if she would faint, and she trembled so painfully that my kind nurse led her behind the screen, so that she might recover herself out of my sight. After a few seconds—say two minutes—she stood again at the foot of my bed—calmer, but with tears in her eyes, and such a mournful loveliness in her sweet face as I had never seen before.

“‘I shouldn’t have known her, nurse,’ she said, gazing at me for a short space, and then withdrawing her eyes—‘she is so much altered.’

“‘Ah, dear!’ answered the nurse, ‘sickness alters people much—and death more.’

“‘I know it, nurse—I know it. And she looks very calm and blissful—her face is so full of rest—so full of rest!’

“The nurse fetched some seats, and made Martha and Rhoda sit down side by side; and then the good woman stood by them, ready to afford them all comfort in her power.

“‘How did she bear her illness?’ enquired Martha.

“‘Like an angel, dear,’ answered the nurse. ‘She had a sweet, grateful, loving temper. Whatever I did for her, even though my duty compelled me to give her pain, she was never fretful, but always

concealed her anguish and said, "Thank you, dear, thank you, you are very good; God will reward you for all your goodness," and as the end came nigher I often fancied that she had reasonable and happy moments, for she would fold her hands together, and say scraps of prayers which children are taught.'

"'Nurse,' replied my sister after a pause, 'she and I were the only children of our father, and we were left orphans very young. She was two years older than I, and she always thought for me and did for me as if she had been my mother. I could fill whole hours with telling you all the goodness, and forbearance, and love she displayed to me, from the time I was little or no bigger than my child here. I was often wayward and peevish, and gave her many hours of trouble, but though at times she could be hot to others she never spoke an unkind word to me. There was no sacrifice that she would not have made for me; but all the return I ever made was to worry her with my evil, jealous temper.—I was continually imagining unchristian things against her: that she slighted me; that, because she had a mistress who made much of her, she didn't care for me; that she didn't think my children fit to be proud of. And I couldn't keep all these foolish thoughts in my head to myself, but I must needs go and speak them out to her, and irritate her to quarrel with

me. But she always returned smooth words to my angry ones, and I had never a fit of my unjust temper but she charmed me out of it, and showed me my error in such a way that I was reproved, without too much humiliation, and loved her more than ever. Oh! dear friend, dear good nurse, if you have a sister, don't treat her, as I did Abigail, with suspicion and wicked passion; for should you, all the light speeches of your frowardness will return to you, and lie heavy on your heart when hers shall beat no more.'

"When Martha had said this she cried very bitterly; and as I lay dead on my bed, and listened to her unfair self-reproaches, I longed to break the icy bonds that held me, and yearned to clasp her to my breast. Still, though I could neither move nor utter a sound, it thrilled me with gladness to see how she loved me.

"'Mother,' said little Rhoda, softly, 'don't cry. We shan't be long away from Aunt and her baby, for when this life is done we shall go to them. You know, mother, you told me so last night.'

"It was not permitted to me to hear any more. A colder chill came over my brain—and, wrapt in unconsciousness and deep stillness, I lay upon my bed.

"My next recollection is of beholding the gray dawn stream in through the half-opened windows, and of wondering, amid vague reminiscences of

my previous sensations, how it was that a dead person could take notice of the world it moved in when alive. It is not enough to say that my experience of the last repose was pleasant to me: I was rejoiced and greatly delighted by it. Death, it seemed then, was no state of cold decay for men to shudder at with affright—but a condition of tranquillity and mental comfort. I continued to muse on this remarkable discovery for an hour and more, when my favourite nurse re-appeared, to relieve the woman who had taken the night-watch, and approached me.

“‘Ah!’ she surprised me by saying, as a smile of congratulation lighted her face, ‘then you are alive this morning, dear, and have your handsome eyes wide open.’

“‘This in my opinion was a singularly strange and inappropriate address; but I made no attempt to respond to it, for I knew that I was dead, and that the dead do not speak.

“‘Why, dear heart,’ resumed the nurse, kneeling by my side and kissing me, ‘can’t you find your tongue? I know by your eyes that you know me; the glassy stare has left them. Come, do say a word, and say you are better.’

“Then a suspicion flashed across my brain, and raising my right hand slightly, I pointed to the bed of No. 22, and asked, ‘How is she?—how is she?’

“‘Don’t frighten yourself, dear,’ answered the nurse, ‘she isn’t there. She has been moved. She doesn’t have that bed any longer!’

“‘Then it is *she* who is dead, nurse; and all the rest was a dream? It is she who is dead?’

“‘Hush, hush, dear! she has gone to rest’—

“Yes! It was all clear to me. Not I, but my unfortunate companion, had died; and in my delirious fancy I had regarded the friends who came to see her, and convey her to the grave, as my sister Martha and her little daughter Rhoda. I did not impart to the nurse the delusion of which I had been the victim; for, as is often the case with the sick, I was sensitive with regard to the extreme mental sickness into which I had fallen, and the vagaries of my reason. So I kept my secret to the best of my power; and having recognized how much better I was, how the fever had quitted my veins and the weight had left my head, I thanked God in my heart for all his mercies, and once more cherished a hope that he might see fit to restore me to health.

“My recovery was rapid. At the end of a fortnight I was moved into the convalescents’ ward, and was fed up with wine and meat in abundance. I had every reason to be thankful for all the kindness bestowed on me in the hospital, and all the good effect God permitted that kindness to have. But one thing troubled me

very much, and cut me to the quick. Ever since I had been in the hospital my sister had neither been to see me, nor sent to enquire after me. It was no very difficult business to account for her neglect of me. She had her good qualities (even in the height of my anger I could not deny that), but she was of a very proud, high temper. She could sacrifice anything but her pride for love of me. I had gone into an hospital, had received public charity, and she hadn't courage to acknowledge a sister who had sunk so low as that! But if she was proud, so was I; I could be as high and haughty as she; and, what was more, I would show her that I could be so! What, to leave her own sister—her only sister—who had worked for her when she was little, and who had loved her as her own heart! I would resent it! Perhaps fortune might yet have a turn to make in my favour; and if so, I would in my prosperity remember how I had been treated in my adversity. I am filled with shame now, when I think on the revengeful imaginations which followed each other through my breast. I am thankful that when my animosity was at its height my sister did not present herself before me; for had she done so, I fear that, without waiting for an explanation from her, I should have spoken hasty words that (however much I might have afterwards repented them, and she forgiven them) would have ren-

dered it impossible for us to be again the same as we were before. I never mentioned to any one—nurse or patient—in the convalescent ward, the secret of my clouded brows, or let out that I had a friend in the world to think of me or to neglect me. Hour after hour I listened to women and girls, and young children, talking of home pleasures, and longing to be quite well, and dismissed from the confinement of the hospital, and anticipating the pleasure which their husbands, or mothers, or sisters, or children, would express at welcoming them again ; but I never gave a word to such gossip ; I only hearkened, and compared their hopes with my desolation, morosely and vindictively. Before I was declared perfectly restored, I got very tired of my imprisonment ; indeed the whole time I was in the convalescent ward my life was wearisome, and without any of the pleasures which the first days of my sickness had had. There was only one inmate of the ward to which I was at first admitted, as yet, amongst the convalescents ; none of them knew me, unless it was by my number—a new one now, for on changing my ward I had changed my number also. The nurses I didn't like so well as my first kind attendant ; and I couldn't feel charitably, or in any way as a Christian ought to feel, to the poor people by whom I was surrounded.

“ At length the day came for my discharge.

The matron enquired of me where I was going; but I would not tell her; I would not acknowledge that I had a sister—partly out of mere perverseness, and partly out of an angry sense of honour; for I was a country-bred woman, and attached to the thought of ‘going into an hospital’ a certain idea of shame and degradation, such as country people attach to ‘going on the parish’; and I was too proud to let folk know that my sister had a sister in an ‘hospital, when she clearly flinched from having as much said of her.

“Well, finding I was not in a communicative humour, the matron asked no more questions; but, giving me a bundle containing a few articles of wearing apparel, and a small donation of money, bade me farewell; and without saying half as much in the way of gratitude as I ought to have said, I walked out from the hospital garden into the wide streets of London. I did not go straight to my old lodgings, or to the house of the doctor who had been so kind to me; but I directed my steps to an inn in Holborn, and took a place in the stage-cart for Stratford. As I rode slowly to my sister’s town I thought within myself how I should treat her. Somehow my heart had softened a great deal towards her during the few last days; a good spirit within me had set me thinking of how she had helped me to nurse my husband and baby—how she had accompanied me when I fol-

lowed them to their graves—how she and her husband had sacrificed themselves so much to assist me in my trial; and the recollection of these kindnesses and proofs of sisterly love, I am thankful to know, made me judge Martha much less harshly. Yes! yes! I would forgive her! She had never offended me before! She had not wronged me seven times, or seventy times seven, but only *once*! After all, how much she had done for me! Who was I, that I should forget all that she had done, and judge her only by what she had left undone?

“The stage-cart reached Stratford as the afternoon began to close into evening; and when I alighted from it, I started off at a brisk pace, and walked to my sister’s cottage, that stood on the outskirts of the town. Strange to say, as I got nearer and nearer to her door, my angry feelings became fainter and fainter, and all my loving memories *of* her strong affection *for* me worked so in me, that my knees trembled beneath me, and my eyes were blinded with tears—though, if I had trusted my deceitful, wicked, malicious tongue to speak, I should still have declared she was a bad, heartless, worthless, sister.

“I reached the threshold, and paused on the step before it, just to get my breath, and to collect as much courage and presence of mind as would let Martha know that, though I forgave her, I

still was fully aware she might have acted more nobly. When I knocked, after a few seconds, little Rhoda's steps pattered down the passage, and opened the door. Why, the child was in black! What did that mean? Had anything happened to Martha or her husband, or little Tommy? But before I could put the question, Rhoda turned deadly white, and ran back into the living-room. In another instant I heard Tommy screaming at the top of his voice; and in a trice I was in the room, with Martha's arms flung round my neck, and her dear, blessed eyes covering me with tears.

"She was very ill in appearance; white and haggard, and, like Rhoda and Tommy, she too was dressed in black. For some minutes she could not speak a word for sobbing hysterically: but when at last I had quieted her and kissed Rhoda, and cossetted Tommy till he had left off screaming, I learnt that the mourning Martha and her children wore was in my honour. Sure enough Martha had received a notice from the hospital of my death; and she and Rhoda had not only presented themselves at the hospital, and seen there a dead body which they believed to be mine, but they had also, with considerable expense, and much more loving care, had it interred in the Stratford churchyard, under the impression that in so doing they were offering me

the last respect which it would be in their power to render me. The worst of it was that poor Martha had pined and sorrowed so for me, that she seemed likely to fall into some severe illness.

“On enquiry it appeared that the morning when I and No. 22 were so much worse, and the doctor altered the directions of our boards, the nurse by mistake put the No. 22 board over my bed, and my board (No. 11) over the bed of the poor woman who had died. The consequence was that, when the hospital clerk was informed that No. 11 had died, he wrote to the doctor who placed me in the hospital, informing him of my death, and the doctor communicated the sad intelligence to my sister.

“The rest of the story you can fill up, sir, for yourself, and without my assistance you can imagine how it was that, while in a state of extreme exhaustion, and deeming myself dead, I heard my sister, in a strong agony of sorrow and self-reproach, say to my nurse, ‘Oh, dear friend—dear good nurse—if you have a sister, don’t treat her, as I did Abigail, with suspicion and wicked passion; for should you, all the light speeches of your frowardness will return to you, and lie heavy on your heart, when hers shall beat no more.’”

CHAPTER XIII.

MEDICAL BUILDINGS.

THE medical buildings of London are seldom or never visited by the sight-seers of the metropolis. Though the science and art of nursing have recently been made sources of amusement to the patrons of circulating libraries, the good sense and delicacy of the age are against converting the wards of an hospital into galleries for public amusement. In the last century the reverse was the case. Fashionable idlers were not indeed anxious to pry into the mysteries of Bartholomew's, Guy's, and St. Thomas's hospitals; for a visit to those magnificent institutions was associated in their minds with a risk of catching fevers or the disfiguring small-pox. But Bethlehem, devoted to the entertainment and cure of the insane, was a favourite haunt with all classes.

house was situated at Charing-cross, and very soon the king began to find it (when used for the reception of lunatics) disagreeably near his own residence. The asylum was therefore removed, at a "cost nigh 17,000*l.*," to Bishopgate Without,* where it remained till 1814, and the inmates were removed to the present noble hospital in St. George's Fields, the first stone of which was laid April 18th, 1812.

One of the regulations of old Bedlam has long since been disused. The harmless lunatics were allowed to roam about the country with a tin badge—the star of St. Bethlehem—on the right arm. Tenderness towards those to whom the Almighty has denied reason is a sentiment not confined to the East. Wherever these poor creatures went they received alms and kindly entreat-

ment. The ensign on the right arm announced to the world their lamentable condition and their need of help, and the appeal was always mercifully responded to. Aubrey thus describes their appearance and condition :—

“Till the breaking out of the Civil Wars Tom o’ Bedlams did travel about the country. They had been poor distracted men, but had been put into Bedlam, where, recovering some soberness, they were licentiated to go a-begging, *i.e.*, they had on their left arm an armilla of tin, about four inches long; they could not get it off. They wore about their necks a great horn of an ox in a string or baudry, which, when they came to an house for alms, they did wind, and they did put the drink given them into this horn, whereto they did put the stoppl^e. Since the wars I do not remember to have seen any one of them.”

The custom, however, continued long after the termination of the Civil War. It is not now the humane practice to label our fools, so that society may at once recognize them and entertain them with kindness. They still go at large in our public ways. Facilities are even given them for effecting an entrance into the learned profession. Frequently they are docketed with titles of respect, and decked with the robes of office. But however gratifying this plan may be to their personal vanity, it is not unat-

tended with cruelty. Having about them no external mark of their sad condition, they are often, through carelessness and misapprehension—not through hardness of heart—chastised with undue severity. “Poor Tom, thy horn is dry,” says Edgar, in “Lear.” Never may the horn of mercy be dry to such poor wretches.

It is needless to say that Easter holiday-makers are no longer permitted in swarms, on the payment of two-pence each, to race through the St. Bethlehem galleries, insulting with their ribaldry the most pitiable of God’s afflicted creatures. A useful lesson, however, is taught to the few strangers who still, as merely curious observers, obtain admission for a few minutes within the walls of the asylum—a lesson conveyed, not by the sufferings of the patients, so much as by the gentle discipline, the numerous means of innocent amusement, and the air of quiet contentment, which are the characteristics of a well-managed hospital for the insane.

Not less instructive would it be for many who now know of them only through begging circulars and charity dinners, to inspect the well-ventilated, cleanly—and it may be added, *cheerful*—dwellings of the impoverished sick of London. The principal hospitals of the capital, those, namely, to which medical schools are attached, are eleven in number—St. George’s, the London

(at Mile End), University College, King's, St. Mary's, Westminster, Middlesex, and Charing-cross, are for the most part dependent on voluntary contributions for support, the Westminster Hospital (instituted 1719) being the first hospital established in this kingdom on the voluntary system. The three other hospitals of the list have large endowments, Bartholomew's and Guy's being amongst the wealthiest benevolent foundations of the country.

Like Bethlehem, St. Thomas's Hospital was originally a religious house. At the dissolution of the monasteries it was purchased by the citizens of London, and, in the year 1552, was opened as a hospital for the sick. At the commencement of the present century it was rebuilt by public subscription, three wards being erected at the cost of Thomas Frederick, and three by Guy, the founder of Guy's Hospital.

The first place of precedence amongst the London hospitals is contended for by St. Bartholomew's and Guy's. They are both alike important by their wealth, the number of patients entertained within their walls, and the celebrity of the surgeons and physicians with whom their schools have enriched the medical profession; but the former, in respect of antiquity, has superior claims to respect. Readers require no introduction to the founder of Bartholomew's, for only

lately Dr. Doran, in his "Court Fools," gave a sketch of Rahere—the minstrel and jester, who spent his prime in the follies and vices of courts, and his riper years in the sacred offices of the religious vocation. He began life a buffoon, and ended it a prior—presiding over the establishment to the creation of which he devoted the wealth earned by his abused wit. The monk chronicler says of him: "When he attained the flower of youth, he began to haunt the households of noblemen, and the palaces of princes; where, under every elbow of them, he spread their cushions with apeings and flatterings, delectably anointing their eyes—by this manner to draw to him their friendships. And yet he was not content with this, but often haunted the king's palace; and, among the press of that tumultuous court, enforced himself with jollity and carnal suavity, by the which he might draw to him the hearts of many one." But the gay adventurer found that the ways of mirth were far from those of true gladness; and, forsaking quips, and jeers, and wanton ditties for deeds of mercy, and prayer, and songs of praise, he for long was an ensample unto men of holy living; and, "after the years of his prelacy (twenty-two years and six months), the 20th day of September (A.D. 1143) the clay-house of this world forsook, and the house everlasting entered."

In the church of St. Bartholomew may still be seen the tomb of Dr. Francis Anthony, who, in spite of the prosecutions of the College of Physicians, enjoyed a large practice, and lived in pomp, in Bartholomew Close, where he died in 1623. The merits of his celebrated nostrum, the *aurum potabile*, to which Boyle gave a reluctant and qualified approval, are alluded to in the inscription commemorating his services:—

“There needs no verse to beautify thy praise,
Or keep in memory thy spotless name.
Religion, virtue, and thy skill did raise
A three-fold pillar to thy lasting fame.
Though poisonous envy ever sought to blame
Or hide the fruits of thy intention,
Yet shall all they commend that high design
Of purest gold to make a medicine,
That feel thy help by that thy rare invention.”

Boyle's testimony to the good results of the *aurum potabile* is interesting, as his philosophic mind formed an opinion on the efficacy of the preparation by observing its operation in *two* cases—persons of great note. If the number of the cases from which he formed the induction was small, their rank was the reverse. “Though,” he says, “I have long been prejudiced against the *aurum potabile*, and other boasted preparations of gold, for most of which I have no great esteem, yet I saw such extraordinary and surprising effects from the tincture of gold I spake of (prepared by

two foreign physicians) upon persons of great note, with whom I was particularly acquainted, both before they fell sick and after their dangerous recovery, that I could not but change my opinion for a very favourable one as to some preparations of gold."

Attached to his priory of St. Bartholomew's, Rahere founded an hospital for the relief of poor and sick persons, out of which has grown the present noble institution, over the principal gateway of which stands, burly and with legs apart—like a big butcher watching his meat-stall—an effigy of Henry VIII. Another of the art treasures of the hospital is the staircase painted by Hogarth.

If an hospital could speak it could tell strange tales—of misery slowly wrought, ambition foiled, and fair promise ending in shame. Many a toil-worn veteran has entered the wards of St. Bartholomew's to die on the very couch by the side of which, in his youth, he daily passed—a careless student, joyous with the spring of life, and little thinking of the storm and unkind winds rising up behind the smiles of the nearer future. Scholars of gentle birth, brave soldiers of proud lineage, patient women whose girlhood, spent in luxury and refinement, has been followed by penury, evil entreatment, and destitution, find their way to our hospitals—to pass from a world of grief to

one where sorrow is not. It is not once in awhile, but daily, that a physician of any large charitable institution of London reads a pathetic tale of struggle and defeat—of honest effort and bitter failure—of slow descent from grade to grade of misfortune—in the tranquil dignity, the mild enduring quiet, and noiseless gratitude of poor sufferers—gentle once in fortune, gentle still in nature. One hears unpleasant stories of medical students—their gross dissipations and coarse manners. Possibly these stories have their foundation in fact, but at best they are broad and unjust caricatures. This writer in his youth lived much amongst the students of our hospitals, as he did also amongst those of our old universities, and he found them simple and manly in their lives, zealous in the pursuit of knowledge, animated by a *professional esprit* of the best sort, earnestly believing in the dignity of their calling, and characterized by a singular, ever-lively compassion for all classes of the desolate and distressed. And this quality of mercy, which unquestionably adorns in an eminent degree the youth of our medical schools, he has always regarded as a happy consequence of their education, making them acquainted, in the most practical and affecting manner, with the sad vicissitudes of human existence.

Guy's hospital was the benevolent work of a London bookseller, who, by perseverance, eco-

mony, and lucky speculation, amassed a very large fortune. Thomas Guy began life with a stock of about 200*l.*, as a stationer and bookseller in a little corner house between Cornhill and Lombard-st., taking out his freedom of the Stationers' Company in 1668. He was a thrifty tradesman, but he won his wealth rather by stock-jobbing than by the sale of books, although he made important sums by his contract with the University of Oxford, for their privilege of printing bibles. Maitland informs us, "England being engaged in an expensive war against France, the poor seamen on board the royal navy, for many years, instead of money received tickets for their pay, which those necessitous but very useful men were obliged to dispose of at thirty, forty, and sometimes fifty in the hundred discount. Mr. Guy, discovering the sweets of this traffick, became an early dealer therein, as well as in other Government securities, by which and his trade he acquired a very great estate." In the South-sea stock he was not less lucky. He bought largely at the outset, held on till the bubble reached its full size, and ere the final burst sold out. It may be questioned whether Guy's or Rahere's money was earned the more honourably,—whether to fawn, flatter, and jest at the tables of princes was a meaner course of exertion than to drive a usurious trade with poor sailors, and fatten on a stupendous na-

tional calamity. But however basely it may have been gathered together, Guy's wealth was well expended, in alleviating the miseries of the same classes from whose sufferings it had been principally extracted. In his old age Guy set about building his hospital, and ere his death, in 1724, saw it completed. On its erection and endowment he expended 238,292*l.* 16*s.* 5*d.* To his honour, it must be stated that, notwithstanding this expenditure and his munificent contributions to other charities, he had a considerable residue of property, which he distributed amongst his poor relations.

Of the collegiate medical buildings of London, the one that belongs to the humblest department of the profession is the oldest, and for that reason—apart from its contents, which are comparatively of little value—the most interesting. Apothecaries' Hall, in Water Lane, Blackfriars, was built in 1670. Possibly the size and imposing aspect of their college stimulated the drug-vendors to new encroachments on the prescriptive and enacted rights of the physicians. The rancour of the Dispensary passes over the merits (graces it has none) of the structure, and designates it by mentioning its locality—

“Nigh where Fleet Ditch descends in sable streams,
To wash his sooty Naiads in the Thames,
There stands a structure on a rising hill,
Where tyros take their freedom out to kill.”

Amongst the art-treasures of the hall are a portrait of James I. (who first established the apothecaries as a company distinct from the grocers), and a bust of Delaune, the lucky apothecary of that monarch's queen, who has already been mentioned in these pages.

The noble college of the physicians, in Pall Mall east, was not taken into use till the 25th of June, 1825. The doctors migrated to it from Warwick Hall, now in the occupation of the butchers of Newgate Market. Had the predecessors of the present tenants been "the surgeons," instead of "the physicians," the change of masters would have given occasion for a joke. As it is, not even the consolation of a jest can be extracted from the desecration of an abode of learning that has many claims on our affection.

In "The Dispensary," the proximity of the college dome to the Old Bailey is playfully pointed at:—

"Not far from that most celebrated place,
Where angry justice shows her awful face,
Where little villains must submit to fate,
That great ones may enjoy the world in state,
There stands a dome, majestic to the sight,
And sumptuous arches bear its oval height;
A golden globe, placed high with artful skill,
Seems, to the distant sight, a gilded pill:
This pile was, by the pious patron's aim,
Raised for a use as noble as its frame.

Nor did the learn'd society decline
The propagation of that great design;
In all her mazes, Nature's face they viewed,
And, as she disappeared, their search pursued.
Wrapt in the shade of night, the goddess lies,
Yet to the learn'd unveils her dark disguise,
But shuns the gross access of vulgar eyes."

The Warwick Lane college was erected on the college at Amen Corner (to which the physicians removed on quitting their original abode in Knight-Rider Street) being burnt to the ground in the great fire of 1666. Charles II. and Sir John Cutler were ambitious of having their names associated with the new edifice, the chief fault of which was that, like all the other restorations following the memorable conflagration, it was raised near the old site. Charles became its pious patron, and Sir John Cutler its munificent benefactor. The physicians duly thanked them, and honoured them with statues, Cutler's effigy having inscribed beneath it, "*Omnis Cutleri cedat labor Amphitheatro.*"

So far, so good. The fun of the affair remains to be told. On Sir John's death, his executors, Lord Radnor and Mr. Boulter, demanded of the college 7,000*l.*, which covered in amount a sum the college had borrowed of their deceased benefactor, and also the sum he pretended to have given. Eventually the executors lowered their claim to 2,000*l.* (which, it is reasonable to pre-

“ His Grace's fate sage Cutler could foresee,
And well (he thought) advised him, ‘ Live like me.’
As well his Grace replied, ‘ Like you, Sir John ?
That I can do when all I have is gone.’ ”

In consideration of the 5,000*l.* retained of the niggard's money, the physicians allowed his statue to remain, but they erased the inscription from beneath it.

The College of Surgeons in London was founded till the year 1800—more than a century after the final disruption of the Hospital of St. Andrew, and the college in Edinburgh was dissolved till 1835. The Anatomical and Antiquarian Collection of the College of Surgeons, for 15,000*l.*, and a few preparations that are valuable for their historical associations or sheer eccentricity, rather than for any worth from a strictly scientific point of view. Amongst them are Martin Van Buchell's first wife, whose embalmment by William Hunter has already been mentioned; the intestines of Napoleon, showing the progress of the disease which was eventually fatal to him; and the fore-arms (preserved in

spirits) of Thomas Beaufort, third son of John of Gaunt, Duke of Lancaster.

The writer had recently submitted to his notice, by Dr. Diamond, of Twickenham, a very interesting and beautifully-penned manuscript, relating to these remains, of which the following is a copy :—

“BURY ST. EDMUNDS.

“Joseph Pater scripsit, when thirteen years of age.

“On the 20th of February, 1772, some labourers employed in breaking up part of the old abbey church discovered a leaden coffin, which contained an embalmed body, as perfect and entire as at the time of its death; the features and lineaments of the face were perfect, which were covered with a mask of embalming materials. The very colour of the eyes distinguishable; the hairs of the head a brown, intermixed with some few gray ones; the nails fast upon the fingers, and toes as when living; stature of the body, about six feet tall, and genteelly formed. The labourers, for the sake of the lead (which they sold to Mr. Faye, a plumber, in this town, for about 15s.) stript the body of its coffin, and threw it promiscuously amongst the rubbish. From the place of its interment it was soon found to be the remains of Thomas Beaufort, third son of John de Gaunt, Duke of Lancaster,

by his third duchess, Lad
relict of Sir Otho de Swinefor
shire. He took the name of Beaufort from the
place of his birth, a castle of the duke's, in
France. He was half-brother to King Henry
IV., created Duke of Exeter and Knight of the
Garter; in 1410, Lord Chancellor of England; in
1412, High Admiral of England, and Captain of
Calais; he commanded the Rear-Guard of his
nephew King Henry the Fifth's army at the battle
of Agincourt, on the 25th of October, 1415; and
in 1422, upon the death of King Henry the Fifth,
was jointly with his brother, Henry, Cardinal
Bishop of Winchester, appointed by the Parlia-
ment to the government, care, and education of
the royal infant, Henry the Sixth. He married
Margaret, daughter of Sir Thomas Nevil, by
whom he had issue only one son, who died young.
He was a great benefactor to this church, died at
East Greenwich, 1427, in the 5th year of King
Henry ye Sixth, and was interred in this Abbey
near his dutchess (as he had by his will directed)
at the entrance of the Chapel of our Lady, close
to the wall. On the 24th of February following,
the mangled remains were inclosed in an oak
coffin, and buried about eight feet deep, close to
the north side of the north-east pillar, which for-
merly assisted to support the Abbey belfrey. Be-
fore its re-interment, the body was mangled and

cut with the most savage barbarity by Thomas Gery Cullum, a young surgeon in this town, lately appointed Bath King-at-arms. The skull sawed in pieces, where the brain appeared it seemed somewhat wasted, but perfectly contained in its proper membranes; the body ript open from the neck to the bottom, the cheek cut through by a saw entering at the mouth; his arms chopped off below the elbows, and taken away. One of the arms the said Cullum confesses to have in spirits. The crucifix, supposed to be a very valuable one, is missing. It is believed the body of the dutchess was found (within about a foot of the Duke's) on the 24th of February. If she was buried in lead she was most likely conveyed away clandestinely the same night. In this church several more of the antient royal blood were interred, whose remains are daily expected to share the same fate. Every sensible and humane mind reflects with horror at the shocking and wanton inhumanity with which the princely remains of the grandson of the victorious King Edward the Third have been treated—worse than the body of a common malefactor, and 345 years after his death. The truth of this paragraph having been artfully suppressed, or very falsely represented in the county newspapers, and the conveyance of public intelligence rendered doubtful, no method could be

taken to convey a true account to the public but by this mode of offering it."

The young surgeon whose conduct is here so warmly censured was the younger son of a Suffolk baronet. On the death of his brother he succeeded to the family estate and honours, and, having no longer any necessity to exert himself to earn money, relinquished medical practice. He was born in 1741, and died in 1831. It is from him that the present baronet, of Hawstead Place and Hardwicke House, in the county of Suffolk, is descended.

The fore-arms, now in the custody of the College of Surgeons, were for a time separated. One of them was retained by Mr. Cullum, and the other, becoming the property of some mute, inglorious Barnum, was taken about to all the fairs and wakes of the county, and exhibited as a raree-show at a penny a peep. The vagrant member, however, came back after a while to Mr. Cullum, and he presented both of the mutilated portions to their present possessors.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE COUNTRY MEDICAL MAN.

THE country doctor, such as we know him—a well-read and observant man, skilful in his art, with a liberal love of science, and in every respect a gentleman—is so recent a creation, that he may almost be spoken of as a production of the present century. There still linger in the provinces veteran representatives of the ignorance which, in the middle of the last century, was the prevailing characteristic of the rural apothecary. Even as late as 1816, the law required no medical education in a practitioner of the healing art in country districts, beyond an apprenticeship to an empiric, who frequently had not information of any kind, beyond the rudest elements of a druggist's learning, to impart to his pupils. Men who commenced business under this

system are still to be found in every English county, though in most cases they endeavour to conceal their lack of scientific culture under German or Scotch diplomas—bought for a few pounds.

Scattered over these pages are many anecdotes of provincial doctors in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, from which a truthful but not complimentary picture of their order may be obtained. Indeed, they were for the most part vulgar, drunken knaves, with just learning enough to impose on the foolish crowds who resorted to them. The most brilliant of the fraternity in Henry the Eighth's reign was Andrew Borde, a Winchester practitioner. This gentleman was author and buffoon, as well as physician. He travelled about the country, from market to fair, and from fair to market, making comic orations to the crowds who purchased his nostrums, singing songs, and enlivening the proceedings when they were becoming dull with grimaces of inexpressible drollery. It was said of Sir John Hill,

“For physick and farces,
His equal there scarce is,
His farces are physick,
His physick a farce is.”

Borde's physick doubtless was a farce; but if his wit resembled physick, it did so, not (like Hill's) by making men sick, but by rousing their spirits and bracing their nerves with good hearty

laughter. Everywhere he was known as "Merry Andrew," and his followers, when they mounted the bank, were proud to receive the same title.

Mr. H. Fleetwood Sheppard communicated, in the year 1855, some amusing anecdotes to "Notes and Queries" about the popular Dorsetshire doctor—little Dr. Grey. Small but warlike, this gentleman, in the reign of James the First, had a following of well-born roisterers, that enabled him to beard the High-Sheriff at the assizes. He was always in debt, but as he always carried a brandy flask and a brace of loaded pistols in his pocket or about his neck, he neither experienced the mental harass of impecuniosity, nor feared bailiffs. In the hour of peril he blew a horn, which he wore suspended to his person, and the gentlemen of his body-guard rallied round him, vowing they were his "sons," and would die for him. Says the MS.—"This Doctor Grey was once arreste by a pedlar, who coming to his house knocked at ye dore as y^e (he being desirous of Hobedyes) useth to doe, and ye pedler having gartars upon his armes, and points, &c., asked him whether he did wante any points or gartars, &c., pedler like. Grey hereat began to storme, and ye other tooke him by ye arine, and told him that he had no neede be so angry, and holdinge him fast, told him y^e he had ye kinge's proces for him, and showed him his

warrant. ‘Hast thou?’ quoth Grey, and stoode still awhile; but at length, catchinge ye fellowe by both ends of his collar before, held him fast, and *drawinge out a great run-dagger, brake his head in two or three places.*”

Again, Dr. Grey “came one day at ye assizes, wheare ye sheriffe had some sixty men, and he wth his twenty sonnes, ye trustyest young gentlemen and of ye best sort and rancke, came and drancke in Dorchester before ye sheriffe, and bad who dare to touch him; *and so after awhile blew his horn and came away.*” On the same terms who would not like to be a Dorsetshire physician?

In 1569 (*vide* “Roberts’ History of the Southern Counties”) Lyme had no medical practitioner. And at the beginning of the seventeenth century, Sir Symonds D’Ewes was brought into the world at Coxden Hall, near Axminster, by a female practitioner, who deformed him for life by her clumsiness. Yet more, Mrs. D’Ewes set out with her infant for London, when the babe, unable to bear the jolting of the carriage, screamed itself into a violent illness, and had to be left behind at Dorchester under the care of another doctress—Mrs. Margaret Waltham. And two generations later, in 1665, the Rev. Giles Moore, of Essex, had to send twenty-five miles for an ordinary medical man, who was paid 12s. per

visit, and the same distance for a physician, whose fee was 1*l.*—a second physician, who came and stayed two days, being paid 1*l.* 10*s.*

Of the country doctors of the middle and close of the last century Dr. Slop is a fair specimen. They were a rude, vulgar, keen-witted set of men, possessing much the same sort of intelligence, and disfigured by the same kind of ignorance, as a country gentleman expects now to find in his farrier. They had to do battle with the village nurses, at the best on equal terms, often at a disadvantage. Masculine dignity and superior medical erudition were in many districts of less account than the force of old usage, and the sense of decorum, that supported the lady practitioners. Mrs. Shandy had an express provision in her marriage settlement, securing her from the ignorance of country doctors. Of course, in respect to learning and personal acquirements, the rural practitioners, as a class, varied very much, in accordance with the intelligence and culture of the district in which their days were spent, with the class and character of their patients, and with their own connections and original social condition. On his Yorkshire living Sterne came in contact with a rough lot. The Whitworth Taylors were captains and leaders of the army in which Dr. Slop was a private. The original of the last-mentioned worthy was so ill-read that he

mistook Lithopædii Senonensis Icon for the name of a distinguished surgical authority, and, under this erroneous impression, quoted Lithopædus Senonensis with the extreme of gravity.

This Lithopædus Senonensis story is not without its companions. A prescription, in which a physician ordered *extract. rad. valer.*, and immediately under it, as an ingredient in the same mixture, a certain quantity of *tinctura ejusdem*, sorely perplexed the poor apothecary to whom it was sent to be dispensed. *Tinctura ejusdem!* What could it be? *Ejusdem!* In the whole pharmacopœia such a drug was not named. Nothing like it was to be found on any label in his shop. At his wits' end, the poor fellow went out to a professional neighbour, and asked in an off-hand way, "How are you off for *Tinctura Ejusdem*? I am out of it. So can you let me have a little of yours." The neighbour, who was a sufficiently good classical scholar to have *idem*, *eadem*, *idem* at his tongue's end, lamented that he too was "out of the article," and sympathizingly advised his *confrère*, without loss of time, to apply for some at Apothecaries' Hall. What a delightful blunder to make to a *friend*, of all people in the world! The apothecary must have been a dull as well as an unlettered fellow, or he would have known the first great rule of his art—"When in doubt—*Use water!*"

May not mention here be made of thee, ancient friend of childhood, Roland Trevor? The whole country round, for a circle of which the diameter measured thirty fair miles, thou wert one of the most popular doctors of East Anglia. Who rode better horses? Who was bolder in the hunt, or more joyous over the bottle? Cheery of voice, with hearty laughter rolling from purple lips, what company thou wert to festive squires! The grave some score years since closed over thee, when ninety-six years had passed over thy head—covering it with silver tresses, and robbing the eye of its pristine fire, and the lip of its mirthful curl. The shop of a country apothecary had been thy only *Alma Mater*; so, surely, it was no fault of thine if thy learning was scanty. Still, in the pleasant vales of Loes and Wilford is told the story of how, on being asked if thou wert a believer in *phrenology*, thou didst answer with becoming gravity, “I never keep it, and I never use it. But I think it highly probable that, given frequently and in liberal dose, it would be very useful in certain cases of irregular gout.”

Another memory arises of a country doctor of the old school. A huge, burly, surly, churlish old fellow was Dr. Standish. He died in extremely advanced age, having lived twenty-five years in the present century. A ferocious radical, he was an object of considerable public interest

during the period of political excitement consequent on the French Revolution. Tom Paine, the Thetford breeches-maker, of whom the world has heard a little, was his familiar friend and correspondent. It was rumoured throughout the land that "government" had marked the doctor out for destruction.

"Thar sai," the humbler Suffolk farmers used to gossip amongst themselves, "thar sai a picter-taikin chap hav guv his' poortright to the King. And Billy Pitt ha' sin it. And oold King Georgie ha' swaren as how that sooner or later he'll have his hid" (*i.e.*, head).

The "upper ten" of Holmnook, and the upper ten times ten of the district round about Holmnook, held themselves aloof from such a dangerous character. But the common folk believed in and admired him. There was something of romance about a man whom George III. and Billy Pitt were banded together to destroy.

Standish was a man of few words. "Down with the bishops!" "Up with the people!" were his stock sentiments. He never approached nearer poetry than when (yellow being then the colour of the extreme liberal party in his district) he swore "there worn't a flower in the whol' o' crashun warth lookin' at but a sunflower, for that was yallow, and a big un."

The man had no friends in Holmnook or the

neighbourhood; but every evening for fifty years he sate, in the parlour of the chief inn, drinking brandy-and-water, and smoking a "churchwarden." His wife—(his wooing must have been of a queer sort)—a quiet, inoffensive little body, sometimes forgot she was but a woman, and presumed to have an opinion of her own. On such occasions Standish thrashed her soundly with a dog-whip. In consequence of one of these castigations she ran away from her tyrant. Instead of pursuing her, Dr. Standish merely inserted the following advertisement in the county paper:—

*"Dr. Standish to all whom it may concern—*Dr. Standish's wife having run away, this is to give notice that he'll be skinned before he pays her debts, and that he wants a housekeeper. Dr. Standish doesn't want good looks in a woman; but she must know how to hold her tongue and cook a plain joint. He gives ten pounds. Mrs. Standish needn't apply—she's too much of a lady."

But poor Mrs. Standish did apply, and, what is more, obtained the situation. She and her lord never again had any quarrel that obtained publicity; and so the affair ended more happily than in all probability it would have done had Sir Creswell Creswell's court been then in existence. Standish's practice lay principally amongst the mechanics and little farmers of the neighbour-

hood. Much of his time was therefore spent in riding his two huge lumbering horses about the country. In his old age he indulged himself in a gig (which, out of respect to radical politics, he painted with a flaring yellow paint); but at the commencement of the present century the by-roads of Suffolk—now so good that a London brougham drawn by one horse can with ease whisk over the worst of them at the rate of ten miles an hour—were sô bad that a doctor could not make an ordinary round in them in a wheeled carriage. Even in the saddle he ran frequent risk of being mired, unless his horse had an abundance of bone and pluck.

Standish's mode of riding was characteristic of the man. Straight on he went, at a lumbering six miles an hour trot—dash, dosh, dush!—through the muddy roads, sitting loosely in his seat, heavy and shapeless as a sack of potatoes, looking down at his brown corduroy breeches and his mahogany top boots (the toes of which pointed in directly opposite directions), wearing a perpetual scowl on his brows, and never either rising in his stirrups, or fixing himself in the saddle with his knees. Not a word would he speak to a living creature in the way of civil greeting.

“Doctor, good morning to you,” an acquaintance would cry out; “’tis a nice day!”

“Ugh!” Standish would half grunt, half roar, trotting straight on—dish dosh, dush!

“Stop, doctor, I am out of sorts, and want some physic,” would be the second form of address.

“Then why the —— didn’t you say so, instead of jawing about the weather?” the urbane physician would say, checking his horse.

Standish never turned out an inch for any wayfarer. Sullen and overbearing, he rode straight on, upon one side of the road; and however narrow the way might be, he never swerved a barley-corn from his line for horse or rider, cart or carriage. Our dear friend Charley Halifax gave him a smart lesson in good manners on this point. Charley had brought a well-bred hackney, and a large fund of animal spirits, down from Cambridge to a title for orders in mid-Suffolk. He had met Standish in the cottages of some of his flock, and afterwards meeting elsewhere, had greeted him, and had no greeting in return. It was not long ere Charley learnt all about the clownish apothecary, and speedily did he devise a scheme for humbling him. The next time he saw Standish in the distance, trotting on towards him, Charley put his heels to his horse, and charged the man of drugs at full gallop. Standish came lumbering on, disdaining to look before him and ascertain who was clattering along at such a pace. On arriving

within six feet of Standish's horse, Halifax fell back on his curb-rein, and pulled up sharp. Astonished, but more sensible than his master, Standish's horse (as Charley knew would be the case) suddenly came to a dead stop, on which Standish rolled over its head into the muddy highway. As he rolled over, he threw out a volley of oaths. "Ah, doctor," cried Charley, good-humouredly, "I said I would make you speak to me." Standish was six feet high, and a powerful man. For a few moments, on recovering his legs, he looked as if he contemplated an assault on the young parson. But he thought better of it; and, climbing into his seat once more, trotted on, without another word—dish, dosh, dush! The incident didn't tend to soften his feelings towards the Established Church.

The country doctor of the last century always went his rounds on horseback booted and spurred. The state of the roads rendered any other mode of travelling impracticable to men who had not only to use the highways and coach-roads, but to make their way up bridle-paths, and drifts, and lanes, to secluded farmsteads and outlying villages. Even as late as the last generation, in Suffolk, where now people drive to and fro at the rate of twelve miles an hour, a doctor (whom the writer of these pages has reason to think of with affection) was more than once mired on a slightly-built

blood horse so effectually, that he had to dismount ere the animal could be extricated; and this happened in roads that at the present time are, in all seasons, firm as a garden walk.

Describing the appearance of a country doctor of this period, a writer observes—"When first I saw him, it was on Frampton Green. I was somewhat his junior in years, and had heard so much of him that I had no small curiosity to see him. He was dressed in a blue coat and yellow buttons, buckskins, well-polished jockey-boots, with handsome silver spurs, and he carried a smart whip with a silver handle. His hat, after the fashion, was done up in a club, and he wore a broad-brimmed hat." Such was the appearance of Jenner as he galloped across the vale of Gloucester, visiting his patients. There is little to remind us of such a personage as this in the statue in Trafalgar Square, which is the slowly-offered tribute of our gratitude to Edward Jenner, for his imperishable services to mankind. The opposition that Jenner met with in his labours to free our species from a hideous malady that, destroying life, and obliterating beauty, spared neither the cottage nor the palace, is a subject on which it is painful to reflect. The learned of his own profession, and the vulgar of all ranks, combined to persecute and insult him; and when the merit of his inestimable discovery was acknowledged by all

intelligent persons, he received from his country a remuneration that was little better than total neglect.

While acting as an apprentice to a country surgeon he first conceived the possibility of checking the ravages of small-pox. A young servant woman, who accidentally said that she was guarded from that disease by having "had cow-pox," first apprized him that amongst the servants of a rural population a belief existed that the virus from the diseased cow, on being absorbed by the human system, was a preventive against small-pox. From that time, till the ultimate success of his enquiries, he never lost sight of the subject.

The ridicule and misrepresentation to which he was subjected are at this date more pleasant for us to laugh at than at the time they were for him to bear. The ignorant populace of London was instructed that people, on being vaccinated, ran great risks of being converted into members of the bovine family. The appearance of hair covering the whole body, of horns and a tail, followed in many cases the operation. The condition of an unhappy child was pathetically described, who, brutified by vaccine ichor, persisted in running on all-fours, and roaring like a bull. Dr. Woodville and Dr. Moseley opposed Jenner, the latter with a violence that little became a scientific enquirer.

Numerous were the squibs and caricatures the controversy called forth. Jenner was represented as riding on a cow—an animal certainly not adapted to show the doctor (“booted and spurred” as we have just seen him) off to the best advantage. Of Moseley the comic muse sung:—

“Oh, Moseley! thy book, nightly phantasies rousing,
Full oft makes me quake for my heart’s dearest treasure;
For fancy, in dreams, oft presents them all browsing
On common, just like little Nebuchadnezzar.
There, nibbling at thistle, stand Jem, Joe, and Mary,
On their foreheads, O horrible! crumpled horns bud;
There Tom with his tail, and poor William all hairy,
Reclined in a corner, are chewing the cud.”

If London was unjust to him, the wiseacres of Gloucestershire thought that burning was his fit punishment. One dear old lady, whenever she saw him leaving his house, used to run out and attack him with indescribable vivacity. “So your book,” cried this charming matron, in genuine Gloucestershire dialect, “is out at last. Well! I can tell you that there bean’t a copy sold in our town, nor shan’t neither, if I can help it.” On hearing, subsequent to the publication of the book (a great offence to the lady!), some rumours of vaccination failures, the same goodie bustled up to the doctor, and cried, with galling irony, “Shan’t us have a general inoculation now?”

But Jenner was compensated for this worthy

woman's opposition, in the enthusiastic support of Rowland Hill, who not only advocated vaccination in his ordinary conversation, but from the pulpit used to say, after his sermon to his congregation, wherever he preached, "I am ready to vaccinate to-morrow morning as many children as you choose; and if you wish them to escape that horrid disease, the small-pox, you will bring them." A Vaccine Board was also established at the Surrey Chapel—*i. e.*, the Octagon Chapel, in Blackfriars Road.

"My lord," said Rowland Hill once to a nobleman, "allow me to present to your lordship my friend, Dr. Jenner, who has been the means of saving more lives than any other man."

"Ah!" observed Jenner, "would that I, like you, could say—souls."

There was no cant in this. Jenner was a simple, unaffected, and devout man. His last words were, "I do not marvel that men are grateful to me, but I am surprised that they do not feel gratitude to God for making me a medium of good."

Babbage, in his "Decline of Science in England," has remarked that "some of the most valuable names which adorn the history of English science have been connected with this (the medical) profession." Of those names many have

belonged to country doctors; amongst which Jenner has a conspicuous place.

Jenner was a bright representative of that class of medical practitioners—sagacious, well-instructed, courageous and self-dependent in intellect—who, at the close of the last century, began to spring up in all parts of the country, and have rapidly increased in number; so that now the prejudiced, vulgar, pedantic doctors of Sterne's and Smollett's pages are extinct—no more to be found on the face of the earth than are the drunken squires who patronized and insulted them.

Of such a sort was Samuel Parr, the father of the famous classic scholar and Whig politician of the same name. The elder Parr was a general practitioner at Harrow, "a man" (as his son described him) "of a very robust and vigorous intellect." Educated in his early years at Harrow School, Samuel Parr (the son) was taken from that splendid seminary at the age of fourteen years and apprenticed to his father. For three or four years he applied himself to the mastery of the elements of surgical and medical knowledge—dispensing medicines, assisting at operations, and performing all the duties which a country doctor's pupil was expected to perform. But he had not nerve enough for the surgical department of the profession. "For a physician," he used to say,

"I might have done well, but for a surgeon never." His father consequently sent him to Cambridge, and allowed him to turn his intellects to those pursuits in which Nature had best fitted him to excel. Dr. Parr's reminiscences of this period of medical instruction were nearly all pleasant—and some of them were exquisitely droll. At that early age his critical taste and faculty caused him to subject the prescriptions that came under his notice to a more exact scrutiny than the dog Latin of physicians usually undergoes.

"Father," cried the boy, glancing his eye over a prescription, "here's another mistake in the grammar!"

"Sam," answered the irritable sire, "d—— the prescription, make up the medicine."

Laudanum was a preparation of opium just then coming into use. Mr. Parr used it at first sparingly and cautiously. On one occasion he administered a small quantity to a patient, and the next day, pleased with the effects of the dose, expressed his intention (but hesitatingly) to repeat it.

"You may do that safely, sir," said the son.

"Don't be rash, boy. Beginners are always too bold. How should you know what is safe?" asked the father.

"Because, sir," was the answer, "when I made up the prescription yesterday, I doubled the dose."

"Doubled the dose! How dared you do that?" exclaimed the angry senior.

"Because, sir," answered little Sam, coolly, "*I saw you hesitate.*"

The father who would not feel pride in such a son would not deserve to have him.

Though Parr made choice of another profession, he always retained a deep respect for his father's calling and the practitioners of it. Medical men formed a numerous and important portion of his acquaintance, and in his years of ripest judgment he often declared that "he considered the medical professors as the most learned, enlightened, moral, and liberal class of the community."

How many pleasant reminiscences this writer has of country surgeons—a class of men interesting to an observer of manners, as they comprise more distinct types of character than any other professional body. Hail to thee, Dr. Agricola!—more yeoman than *savant*, bluff, hearty, and benevolent, hastening away from fanciful patients to thy farm, about which it is thy pleasure, early and late, to trudge, vigilant and canny, clad in velveteen jacket and leathern gaiters, armed with spud-stick or double-barrel gun, and looking as unlike Andrew Borde or Dr. Slop as it is possible to conceive mortal! What an eccentric, pious, tyrannical, most humane giant thou art! When thou wast mayor of thy borough, what

lawless law didst thou maintain ! With thine own arm and oaken stick didst thou fustigate the drunken poacher who beat his wife ; and the little children, who made a noise in the market-square on a Sunday, thou didst incarcerate (for the sake of public morality) in “the goose-house” for two hours ; but (for the sake of mercy) thou didst cause to be served out to each prisoner one large gingerbread bun—to soften the hardships of captivity. When the ague raged, and provisions were scarce in what the poor still refer to as “the bad year,” what prescriptions didst thou, as parish-doctor, shower down on the fever-ridden ?—Mutton and gin, beef and wine—such were thy orders ! The parsons said bravo ! and clapt thee on the back ; but the guardians of the poor and the relieving officers were up in arms, and summoned thee before a solemn tribunal at the union-house—“the board !” in fact. What an indignant oath and scream of ridicule didst thou give, when an attorney (Sir Oracle of “the board”) endeavoured to instil into thy mind the first principles of supply and demand, and that grandest law of political economy—to wit, if there are too many poor people in a neighbourhood, they must be starved out of it into one where they will not be in the way ; and if there are too many poor people in the entire world, they must be starved out of that also into

another, where there'll be more room for them ! And what was thy answer to the chairman's remark, "Doctor, if mutton and gin are the only medicines that will cure the sick poor, you must supply them yourself, in accordance with your contract"? What was thy answer? Why, a shower of butchers' and vintners' bills, pulled from the pockets of thy ancient gray coat—bills all receipted, and showing that, before asking the ratepayers for a doit, thou hadst expended every penny of thy salary of 150*l.* on mutton and gin, beef and wine—for the sick poor ! What a noble answer to a petty taunt ! The chairman blushed. The attorney hurried away, saying he had to be present at an auction. The great majority of "the board" came to a resolution, engaging to support you in your schemes for helping the poor through "the bad year." But the play was not yet at an end. Some rumours of what had occurred at the board reaching the ears of a few poor peasants, they made bold to thank thee for thy exertions in their behalf. How didst thou receive them?—With a violent harangue against their incorrigible laziness, dishonesty—an assurance that half their sufferings sprung from their own vices—and a vehement declaration that, far from speaking a good word for them to the guardians, thou didst counsel the sternest and cruelest of measures.

A man of another mould and temper was the writer's dear friend, Felix. Gentle and ardent, tranquil as a summer evening, and unyielding as a rock, modest but brave, unobtrusive but fearless, he had a mind that poets only could rightly read. Delicate in frame, as he was refined in intellect, he could not endure rude exertion or vulgar pleasure. Active in mind, he still possessed a vein of indolence thoroughly appreciating the pleasure of dreaming the whole day long on a sunny chair, in a garden, surrounded with bright flowers, and breathing a perfumed air. In the hot season the country-people used to watch their doctor traversing the country in his capacious phaeton. Alone, without a servant by his side, he held the reins in his hands, but in his reveries altogether forgot to use them. Sometimes he would fall asleep, and travel for miles in a state of unconsciousness, his great phlegmatic horse pounding the dust at the rate of five miles an hour. The somnolent doctor never came to harm. His steed knew how to keep on the left-hand side of the road, under ordinary circumstances passing all vehicles securely, but never thinking of overtaking any; and the country people, amongst whom the doctor spent his days, made his preservation from bodily harm an object of their especial care. Often did a rustic wayfarer extricate the doctor's equipage from a

perilous position, and then send it onwards without disturbing the gentleman by waking him. The same placid, equable man was Felix in society, that he was on these professional excursions—nothing alarming or exciting him. It was in his study that the livelier elements of his nature came into play. Those who, for the first time, conversed with him in private on his microscopic and chemical pursuits, his researches in history, or his labours in speculative or natural philosophy, caught fire from his fire, and were inspired with his enthusiasm.

Felix belonged to a class daily becoming more numerous; Miles was of a species that has already become rare—the army surgeon. The necessities of the long war caused the enrolment of numbers of young men in the ranks of the medical profession, whose learning was not their highest recommendation to respect. An old navy surgeon, of no small wit, and an infinite capacity for the consumption of strong liquors—wine, brandy, whisky, usquebaugh (anything, so long as it was strong)—gave a graphic description to this writer of his examination on things pertaining to surgery by the Navy Board.

“Well,” said the narrator, putting down his empty glass, and filling it again with Madeira—“I was shown into the examination-room. Large table, and half-a-dozen old gentlemen at it. ‘Big-

wigs, no doubt,' thought I; 'and sure as my name is Symonds, they'll pluck me like a pigeon.'

" 'Well, sir, what do you know about the science of your profession?' asked the stout man in the chair.

" 'More than he does of the practice, I'll be bound,' tittered a little wasp of a dandy—a West End ladies' doctor.

" 'I trembled in my shoes.

" 'Well, sir,' continued the stout man, 'what would you do if a man was brought to you during action with his arms and legs shot off? Now, sir, don't keep the Board waiting! What would you do? Make haste!'

" 'By Jove, sir!' I answered—a thought just striking me—'I should pitch him overboard, and go on to some one else I could be of more service to.'

" 'By ——! every one present burst out laughing; and they passed me directly, sir—passed me directly!'

The examiners doubtless felt that a young man who could manifest such presence of mind on such an occasion, and so well reply to a terrorizing question, might be trusted to act wisely on other emergencies.

Many stories of a similar kind are very old acquaintances of most of my readers.

"What"—an examiner of the same Board is

reported to have said to a candidate — “would you have recourse to if, after having ineffectually tried all the ordinary diaphoretics, you wanted to throw your patient, in as short a time as possible, into a profuse perspiration ?”

“I should send him here, sir, to be examined,” was the reply.

Not less happy was the audacity of the medical student to Abernethy.

“What would you do,” bluntly inquired the surgeon, “if a man was brought to you with a broken leg ?”

“Set it, sir,” was the reply.

“Good—very good—you’re a very pleasant, witty young man; and doubtless you can tell me what muscles of my body I should set in motion if I kicked you, as you deserve to be kicked, for your impertinence.”

“You would set in motion,” responded the youth, with perfect coolness, “the flexors and extensors of my right arm; for I should immediately knock you down.”

If the gentlemen so sent forth to kill and cure were not overstocked with professional learning, they soon acquired a knowledge of their art in that best of all schools—experience. At the conclusion of the great war they were turned loose upon the country, and from their body came many of the best and most successful practitioners of

every county of the kingdom. The race is fast dying out. A Waterloo banquet of medical officers, serving in our army at that memorable battle, would at the present time gather together only a small number of veterans. This writer can remember when they were plentiful; and, in company with two or three of the best of their class, he spent many of the happiest days of his boyhood. An aroma of old camp life hung about them. They rode better horses, and more boldly, than the other doctors round about. However respectable they might have become with increased years and prosperity, they retained the military knack of making themselves especially comfortable under any untoward combination of external circumstances. To gallop over a bleak heath, through the cold fog of a moonless December night; to sit for hours in a stifling garret, by a pauper's pallet; to go for ten days without sleeping on a bed, without undressing, and with the wear of sixteen hours out of every twenty-four spent on horseback—were only features of "duty," and therefore to be borne manfully, and with generous endurance, at the time—and, in the retrospect, to be talked of with positive contentment and hilarity. They loved the bottle, too—as it ought to be loved: on fit occasions drinking any given quantity, and, in return, giving any quantity to drink; treating claret and the thinner

wines with a levity at times savouring of disdain but having a deep and unvarying affection for good sound Port—(Brighton and Port wine were George the Fourth's gifts to the country—and may his name be praised for them!)—and, at the later hours, very hot and very strong whisky and water, *with* a slice of lemon in each tumbler. How they would talk in their potations! What stories and songs! George the Fourth (even according to his own showing) had scarce more to do in bringing about the victory at Waterloo than they. Lord Anglesey's leg must have been amputated thrice; for this writer knew three surgeons who each—separately, and by himself—performed the operation. But this sort of boasting was never indulged in before the —th tumbler.

May a word not be here said on the topping country doctor? Shame on these times!—ten years hence one will not be able to find a bibulous apothecary, though he search throughout the land from Dan to Beersheba! Sailors, amongst the many superstitions to which they cling with tenacity, retain a decided preference for an inebrious to a sober surgeon. Not many years since, in a fishing village on the eastern coast, there flourished a doctor in great repute amongst the poor; and his influence over his humble patients literally depended on the fact that he was sure, once in the four-and-twenty hours, to be handsomely in-

toxicated. Charles Dickens has told the public how, when he bought the raven immortalised in "Barnaby Rudge," the vendor of that sagacious bird, after enumerating his various accomplishments and excellences, concluded, "But, sir, if you want him to come out very strong, you must show him a drunk man." The simple villagers of Flintbeach had a firm faith in the strengthening effects of looking at a tipsy doctor. They always postponed their visits to Doctor Mutchkin till evening, because then they had the benefit of the learned man in his highest intellectual condition. "Dorn't goo to he i' the mornin', er can't doctor noways to speak on tills er's had a glass," was the advice invariably given to a stranger not aware of the doctor's little peculiarities.

Mutchkin was unquestionably a shrewd fellow, although he did his best to darken the light with which nature had endowed him. One day, accompanied by his apprentice, he visited a small tenant farmer who had been thrown on his bed with a smart attack of bilious fever. After looking at his patient's tongue and feeling his pulse, he said somewhat sharply:—

"Ah! 'tis no use doing what's right for you, if you will be so imprudent."

"Goodness, doctor, what do you mean?" responded the sick man; "I have done nothing imprudent."

“What!—nothing imprudent? Why, bless me, man, you have had green peas for dinner.”

“So I have, sir. But how did you find that out?”

“In your pulse—in your pulse. It was very foolish. Mind, you mayn’t commit such an indiscretion again. It might cost you your life.”

The patient, of course, was impressed with Mutchkin’s acuteness, and so was the apprentice. When the lad and his master had retired, the former asked:—

“How did you know he had taken peas for dinner, sir? Of course it wasn’t his pulse that told you.”

“Why, boy,” the instructor replied, “I saw the pea-shells that had been thrown into the yard, and I drew my inference.”

The hint was not thrown away on the youngster. A few days afterwards, being sent to call on the same case, he approached the sick man, and, looking very observant, felt the pulse.

“Ah!—um—by Jove!” exclaimed the lad, mimicking his master’s manner, “this is very imprudent. It may cost you your life. Why, man, you’ve eaten a horse for your dinner.”

The fever patient was so infuriated with what he naturally regarded as impertinence, that he sent a pathetic statement of the insult offered him to Mutchkin. On questioning his pupil as

to what he meant by accusing a man, reduced with sickness, of having consumed so large and tough an animal, the doctor was answered—

“Why, sir, as I passed through from the yard I saw the saddle hanging up in the kitchen.”

This story is a very ancient one. It may possibly be found in one of the numerous editions of Joe Miller’s *facetiae*. The writer has, however, never met with it in print, and the first time he heard it, Dr. Mutchkin, of Flintbeach, was made to figure in it in the manner above described.

The shrewdness of Mutchkin’s apprentice puts us in mind of the sagacity of the hydropathic doctor mentioned in the “Life of Mr. Assheton Smith.” A gentleman devoted to fox-hunting and deep potations was induced, by the master of the Tedworth Hunt, to have recourse to the water cure, and see if it would not relieve him of chronic gout, and restore something of the freshness of youth. The invalid acted on the advice, and, in obedience to the directions of a hydropathic physician, proceeded to swathe his body, upon going to his nightly rest, with wet bandages. The air was chill, and the water looked—very—cold. The patient shivered as his valet puddled the bandages about in the cold element. He paused, as a schoolboy does, before taking his first “header” for the year on a keen May morn-

ing; and during the pause much of his noble resolve oozed away.

“John,” at last he said to the valet, “put into that d—— water half a dozen bottles of port wine, to warm it.”

John having carried out the direction, the bandages, saturated with port wine and water, were placed round the corpulent trunk of the invalid. The next morning the doctor, on paying his visit and inspecting the linen swathes, instead of expressing astonishment at their discoloration with the juice of the grape, observed, with the utmost gravity:—

“Ah, the system is acting beautifully. See, the port wine is already beginning to leave you!”

A different man from Dr. Mutchkin was jovial Ambrose Harvey. Twenty years ago no doctor throughout his county was more successful—no man more beloved. By natural strength of character he gained leave from society to follow his own humours without let, hindrance, or censure. Ladies did not think the less highly of his professional skill because he visited them in pink, and left their bedsides to ride across the country with Lord Cheveley's hounds. Six feet high, handsome, hearty, well-bred, Ambrose had a welcome wherever there was joy or sickness. To his little wife he was devotedly attached and

very considerate; and she in return was very fond, and — what with woman is the same thing — very jealous of him. He was liked, she well knew, by the country ladies, many of whom were so far her superiors in rank and beauty, and accomplishments, that it was only natural in the good little soul to entertain now and then a suspicious curiosity about the movements of her husband. Was it nothing but the delicate health of Lady Ellin that took him so frequently to Hove Hall? How it came about, from what charitable whisperings on the part of kind friends, from what workings of original sin in her own gentle breast, it would be hard to say; but 'tis a fact that, when Hove Hall was mentioned, a quick pain seized the little wife's heart, and colour left her cheek, to return again quickly, and in increased quantity. The time came when she discovered the groundlessness of her fears, and was deeply thankful that she had never, in any unguarded moment, by clouded brow, or foolish tears, or sharp reply, revealed the folly of her heart. Just at the time that Mrs. Ambrose was in the midst of this trial of her affection, Ambrose obtained her permission to drive over to a town twelve miles distant, to attend the hunt dinner. The night of that dinner was a memorable one with the doctor's wife. Ambrose had promised to be home at eleven o'clock. But

twelve had struck, and here he had not returned. One o'clock—two o'clock! No husband! The servants had been sent to bed four hours ago; and Mrs. Ambrose sate alone in her old wainscotted parlour, with a lamp by her side, sad, and pale, and feverish—as wakeful as the house-dog out of doors, that keeps roaming round the house, barking out his dissatisfaction at the prolonged absence of his master.

At length, at half-past 'two, a sound of wheels was at the door, and in another minute Ambrose entered the hall, and greeted his little wife. Ah, Mrs. Ellis, this writer will not pain you by entering into details in this part of his story. In defence of Ambrose, let it be said that it was the only time in all his married life that he paid too enthusiastic homage to the god of wine. Something he mumbled about being tired, and having a headache, and then he walked, not over-steadily, upstairs. Poor Mrs. Ambrose! It was not any good asking *him* what had kept him out so late. Incensed, frightened, and jealous, the poor little lady could not rest. She must have one doubt resolved. Where had her husband been all this time? Had he been round by Hove Hall? Had she reflected, she would have seen his Bacchic drowsiness was the best possible evidence that he had not come from a lady's drawing-room. But jealousy is love's blindness. A thought seized the

little woman's head; she heard the step of Ambrose's man in the kitchen, about to retire to rest. Ah, he could tell her. A word from him would put all things right. Quick as thought, without considering her own, or her husband's dignity, the angry little wife hastened downstairs, and entered the kitchen where John was paying his respects to some supper and mild ale that had been left out for him. As evil fortune would have it, the step she had taken to mend matters made them worse.

"Oh, John," said the lady, telling a harmless fib, "I have just come to see if cook left you out a good supper."

John—most civil and trustworthy of grooms—rose, and poising himself on his heels, made a respectful obeisance to his mistress, not a little surprised at her anxiety for his comfort. But, alas! the potations at the hunt-dinner had not been confined to the gentlemen of the hunt. John had, in strong ale, taken as deep draughts of gladness as Ambrose had in wine. At a glance his mistress saw the state of the case, and in her fright, losing all caution, put her question point-blank, and with imperious displeasure—"John, where have you and your master been?—tell me instantly."

An admirable servant—honest and well-intentioned at all times—just then confused and loqua-

cious—John remembered him how often his master had impressed upon him that it was his duty not to gossip about the places he stopped at in his rounds, as professional secrecy was a virtue scarcely less necessary in a doctor's man-servant than in a doctor. Acting on a muddle-headed reminiscence of his instructions, John reeled towards his mistress, endeavouring to pacify her with a profusion of duteous bobbings of the head, and in a tone of piteous sympathy, and with drunken incoherence, made this memorable answer to her question, "I'm very sorry, mum, and I do hope, mum, you wont be angry. I allus wish to do you my best duty—that I do, mum—and you're a most good, affable missus, and I, and cook, and all on us are very grateful to you."

"Never mind that. Where have you and your master been? That's my question."

"Indeed, mum—I darnatellye, it would bes goodasmeplace wi' master. I dare not say where we ha' been. For master rekwested me patikler not to dewulge."

But thou hadst not wronged thy wife. It was not thine to hurt any living thing, dear friend. All who knew thee will bear witness that to thee, and such as thee, Crabbe pointed not his bitter lines :—

"But soon a loud and hasty summons calls,
Shakes the thin roof, and echoes round the walls ;

Anon a figure enters, quaintly neat,
All pride and business, bustle and conceit,
With looks unalter'd by these scenes of woe,
With speed that entering speaks his haste to go ;
He bids the gazing throng around him fly,
And carries Fate and Physic in his eye ;
A potent quack, long versed in human ills,
Who first insults the victim whom he kills,
Whose murd'rous hand a drowsy bench protect,
And whose most tender mercy is neglect.

Paid by the Parish for attendance here,
He wears contempt upon his sapient sneer.
In haste he seeks the bed where misery lies,
Impatience mark'd in his averted eyes ;
And, some habitual queries hurried o'er,
Without reply, he rushes to the door ;
His drooping patient long inured to pain,
And long unheeded knows remonstrance vain ;
He ceases now the feeble help to crave
Of man, and mutely hastens to the grave."

THE END.

FRONTISPIECE, VOL. II.

THE FOUNDERS OF THE MEDICAL SOCIETY OF LONDON.

THE original painting from which this engraving is taken ornaments the walls of the Society's place of assembly, in George Street, Hanover Square. The artist was Samuel Medley, the friend and pupil of Sir Joshua Reynolds, and, in his later years, the co-operator of Lord Brougham in the foundation of the University of London. As the intimate companion of Lettsom, Sims, Jenner, Babington, Blair, and Hooper, Samuel Medley (himself an honorary member of the "Medical Society"), was widely and closely connected with the medical celebrities of George the Third's reign. He is also associated with the medical profession in the present generation, as the grandfather of Henry Thompson, the distinguished operator and surgical writer. Mr. Medley died at Chatham, August 10th, 1857, in the eighty-ninth year of his age.

R. BORN, PRINTER, GLOUCESTER STREET, REGENT'S PARK.

